











THE POETS AND POETRY  
OF  
MUNSTER.



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OF  
MUNSTER,

A Selection of Irish Songs by the Poets of the Eighteenth  
Century,

WITH POETICAL TRANSLATIONS BY  
JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Illustrated by the Original Music and  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHORS.

IRISH TEXT REVISED

By the late W. M. HENNESSY, M.R.I.A.

To which are Prefixed  
The Fragment of an Unfinished Autobiography of Mangan,  
And a Memoir of the Poet's Life  
By REV. C. P. MEEHAN.

With a New Introduction by JOHN P. DALTON.

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## Introduction to Fourth Edition.

Nearly eighty years have elapsed since the late Mr. John O'Daly of Dublin issued an anthology of Gaelic verse, selected from the poems of the gifted school of minstrels who had become generally known as The Munster Bards. The enterprise of the Publisher who engaged in such a venture amidst the dejection of that terrible period when Ireland lay stricken, almost unto death, by the scourges of famine and pestilence, was surely prompted, not by any anticipation of prospective gain—for no such hope could then have been entertained—but by a genuine motive of patriotism.

Though crushed by the weight of an appalling disaster popular sentiment failed not to extend to the little volume a cordial welcome ; and the first edition enjoyed a ready sale. To some extent, at all events, the strains of the Munster warblers served, amid the despair of the years 1849 and 1850, as an anodyne for the nation's sufferings. But they did much more. Like seedlings planted in a congenial—albeit a sadly desolated—soil, they struck root and helped to propagate in the next generation a vigorous regrowth of interest in Gaelic literature.

Gaelic scholarship has now regained much of its olden dignity and prestige. Remarkable, indeed, is the fact that the decade following the Great Famine witnessed the dawn of its era of resurrection, and preluded the restoration of its long-forfeited status in the academic world. The revival was inaugurated mainly by the achievements of two devoted men, Eugene O'Curry and John O'Donovan—*clara et venerabilia nomina*—who unlocked the treasuries of our ancient literature, and brought to bear on the elucidation of that literature's contents a genius and enthusiasm that can never be excelled.

While O'Donovan and O'Curry were laying the foundations of advanced Celtic study, and opening up the sources wherein materials for the erection of the edifice had long lain concealed, the spirit needed to ensure a permanent supply of architects and craftsmen competent to upraise the structure was fostered concurrently by books of the modest type exemplified in the publication which is here reissued in a new edition. It may confidently be affirmed,

therefore, that the impetus given to Gaelic studies in the black post-famine years by an obscure Dublin bookseller named O'Daly counted in no trifling degree among the fructifying influences whose composite effects have blossomed forth into the Gaelic Renaissance of our own time.

The title-deeds of the poetic faculty of Ireland to rank among the most primitive and exalted of Gaelic institutions are writ large in the legendary and annalistic history of the country. After Eber and Eremon the most influential of the sons of Golamh was the poet Amergin Glungel. It was in a chant he uttered his invocation to the land of Eriu on behalf of his brothers and people; and it was into its raptures he infused the spell of incantation that calmed the magically aroused billows then threatening to engulf the fleet of the emigrant host in the ocean outside Inver Scene.

It is told, furthermore, that Amergin's wife—whose name, Scéne, clave to the fateful creek wherein the expedition reached land—was a *bancainti*, or poetess-satirist. In the retinue of Eber and Eremon likewise came hither the refined poet Cir, son of Cis, and the not less eminent harper Cendfhinn. Unhappily it was their lot to get parted in Ireland, Cir being taken to the North by Eremon, and Cendfhinn accompanying Eber to the South. In this separation originated the contrast subsequently presented by the dual, yet cognate, species of artistic accomplishments that distinguished respectively Leath Chuinn and Leath Mogha, that is the northern and southern halves of Ireland. While Leath Chuinn took the lead in the finished quality of its poetry, music attained the highest excellence only in Leath Mogha.

But it should not be forgotten that the sister arts of poetry and harmony flourished in Ireland long before the advent of the Gaels. The early tale of the Battle of Magh Turedh informs us that at the courts of Tuatha De Danann sovereigns the assembled guests were regularly entertained by *poets, bards, satirists, harpers, pipers, trumpeters, jugglers and buffoons*. The social life of the People of Danu—or People of the goddess Anu—whom the Gaels supplanted as the paramount lords of Erin, is thus shown to have been gladdened and enriched by sundry varieties of music, song and recitative verse. It is implied, moreover, that from the remotest antiquity to which our vision can penetrate, poets and bards (*filidh* and *baird*) flourished side by side in Erin as distinct grades, or corporations, of artists.

The *filidh* in all probability were a native growth, a scholastic faculty evolved from the bards by the refinement and the elaboration

tion of their technical skill and the engrafting thereon of our choicest insular learning. The bards, on the other hand, were, if not wholly an imported fraternity, at all events an order who owed their distinctive appellation to the Celts. Since the beginning of time gleemen and versifiers have sprung up spontaneously in every inhabited region of the globe ; and we may feel assured that the emergence of the type in Ireland was coeval with the country's earliest occupation by rudimentary societies of men and women. Yet it is certain, nevertheless, that the initiators here of the privileged cultus and institutions that became the most ornamental feature of the national life were bard-protégées and compatriots of the men under whose leadership Celtic-speaking colonisers achieved ascendancy in Ireland. The word *bard* (*bard-os*) is Celtic, and *bardism* as a calling thrrove conspicuously throughout the length and breadth of Celtic Gaul.

A Greek historian of the first century B.C. wrote of the Celts : " They have poets whom in their own speech they denominate *bards* (BARDOI). Chanting to the accompaniment of instruments which resemble the lyre these individuals eulogise some folk and satirise others." The writer of this record derived his information from a first-hand source. Earlier in the same century Poseidonios of Apamea—the stoic savant at whose academy in Rhodes Cicero studied rhetoric and philosophy—travelled extensively among the Celts of western and central Europe, and supplied his contemporaries with a copious account of his observations. The work has unfortunately not escaped the wreckage of time ; but it was well known to the learned men of Hellas, and freely quoted by those of them who composed treatises on history and geography. The extract just cited came in the first instance from the pen of the philosopher Poseidonios ; and a still more vivid light is flashed on the customs of the Celts by a passage which another Greek author copied from him in the second century A.D.

That passage pourtrays, from real life, a Celtic potentate named Louernios—a sovereign whose boundless hospitality would have put the most lavish banquets of our own Guaire Aidhne to shame—driving in a chariot through his dominions, and scattering gold and silver in profusion among the crowds of his subjects who congregated along the route. A poet who, on an occasion of the kind, ran up beside the chariot chanting an ode in praise of the monarch's munificence was rewarded with a full bag of gold.

Son to this Louernios was Bituitus, who may fitly be described as the Rory O'Connor of Celtic Gaul, for he was the last over-king of the Celts. When the Romans advanced into the Rhone Valley,



in 122 B.C., an envoy of Bituitus came to treat with them, accompanied by a big train of attendants. Among the number was a minstrel ("musical man"), who opened the conference by singing a laudation both of the ambassador and of his royal master, extolling particularly the monarch's lineage, wealth and valour. The historian Appian, who relates this incident, adds that the bardic strain availed not to advance the embassy's object, the obduracy of the Roman generals being proof against the most impressive demonstrations of barbaric pageantry.

In another fragment which has come from Poseidonios it is told that the Celts when going to war were always accompanied by singers who sounded their praises in assemblies and on the field of battle. Therein, too, mention is again made of the bards as a class who combine music and poetry, and compose odes in celebration of the merits of their patrons. Among the populations beyond the Rhine whom the Celts called Germani bardic exercises were similarly practised, and the general name for war-songs was *barditus*. We learn from Tacitus that the courage of the fighting men, as they marched to battle, was there roused by martial chants which belauded the national bravery, and held up for imitation the achievements of departed heroes.

Thus we see that, while the term *bard* and the specialties of artistic performance which it connotes are traceable primarily to the Celts, bardism, as a natural accompaniment of Celticisation, streamed out in different directions from the land in which it was cultivated as an indigenous product. On Irish soil the bardic arts, as if invigorated by the change of environment, developed an energy and an intensification of vitality that secured for their professors a prepotent influence in the life of the Gaels. But by a strange ordering of fate the development eventuated in depressing the *bard* into professional inferiority to the *poet*.

Writers on subjects appertaining to the poetic literature of the Gaels not uncommonly classify the makers of that literature in all its varieties as *bards*. Thus James Hardiman, the learned compiler of two precious volumes of Gaelic poetry, refers to Dubthach Ua Lugair, to Muirchertach MacLiag, and to other poets of primal rank as bards. Owen Connellan, who was not less extensively acquainted than Hardiman with Gaelic literary history, styles Ua Lugair and MacLiag "Chief Bards"; and in the same category he places Cuan Ua Locháin, the arch-regent who in association with Corcraan Cleirach, presided over the Irish commonwealth for two years after the death of Malachy the Great. Yet it may



be taken as certain that each and all of these distinguished literati would have resented as an indignity the title of *bards*.

In the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, Maccu Lugair is styled *rig-file indsi hEreenn ocus indrig*, that is, "king-poet of the island of Ireland and of the (island's) sovereign." The *Senchus Mor* distinguishes him in identical language, and says that "he put a thread of poetry around the Senchus for Patrick." In the Annals of the Four Masters, MacLiag—who died in 1015, a year after the death of his illustrious patron, Brian Boru—is commemorated as *ard ollamh Ereann*, that is "Chief Ollamh of Ireland." Dr. John O'Donovan translates the title, "Chief Poet of Ireland"; and he is supported by Conell Mageoghagan who in his Annals of Clonmacnoise calls MacLiag "Arch-Poet of Ireland." The Clonmacnoise Annals name O'Locháin "Chief Poet of Ireland"; and the Four Masters concur, for they describe him as *primheceas Ereann agus saoi senchaidh*, "Chief-Poet of Ireland and a learned historian."

We know from the old Glossarists that *file* and *eces* are convertible terms; and we are warranted by competent authority to understand their import as ordinarily translatable by *poet*. But the enlightened Glossarists who attest the equivalence of *file* and *eces*, and the corresponding equivalence of *filidhecht* and *ecsi* (poetry), relegate *bairdne* and *bard* (bard-craft and bard) to a much lower level of respectability. Thus Donal O'Davoren—at whose school Duaid MacFirbis studied the various branches of *filidhecht*, including history, genealogy and law—explains *eolas* as the understanding that proceeds from learning; and in illustration of the definition he adds, "for knowledge in Ogham-trees and in poetic feet is not obligatory on the bards."

Equally explicit, but more severe, are the strictures of the Book of Rights:

" That is the history of the king of Teamhair ;  
It is not known to every prattling bard ;  
It is not the right of a bard, but the right of a poet  
To know each king and his right."

The Brehon Code testifies perhaps still more pointedly to the inferior status of the bard, not alone in his special vocation, but also in ordinary citizenship. While one of the Law Tracts characterises him as an individual who, being deficient in educational acquirements, had to rely in the exercise of his calling on his own natural wits, another groups together the bard, the half-

artist and the satirist in one of the social classes that were forbidden to act as sureties for the fulfilment of contracts.

Very different in the state organisation of the Gaels was the position of the *file*, or master of *filidhecht*. The ollamh-poet was entitled by constitutional right to a seat beside the king in the royal banqueting hall; and his honour-price was rated equally with that of a bishop or of a territorial king or chief. The variety of colours allowed for the clothes worn by different sections of the population constituted, we are told, one of the chief badges of rank in pagan Ireland. The dress even of the highest among the ordinary nobility should not show more than five colours; but six colours glowed from the costume of an ollamh, and seven from the robes of a king or queen.

Under the ollamh in professional dignity were six several grades of poets, differentiated by their attainments, by their privileges, by their rates of payment, and by their relative amounts of honour-price as fixed by legal scale. While the fee of a bard was assessed at a lower value than that of a poet, and while his honour-price only equalled his fee, the honour-price of a poet was double the amount of his authorised stipend, or fee. Honour-price, or the compensation payable for injury to an individual's person or property, served as the index to his position in society, and registered his relative worth in the eyes of the law. Judged by his place in the schedule of Gaelic degrees of citizenship, therefore, the bard was socially of much less consequence than the poet; yet *bairdne* or bard-craft, nevertheless, was an essential branch of the ollamh-poet's education.

In his *Auraicept na n-Eces* ("Primer of the Poets") Cenn-faeladh the Learned—whose brain of forgetfulness, "dashed out at the battle of Magh Ragh" in 637 A.D., was afterwards restored in the plenitude of its vigour and miraculously matured by "the mass of poetry, terminology and book-knowledge which he accumulated" at St. Bricin's seminary of Tuaim Dreacain—distinguishes *filidecht* and *bairdne* (poetry proper and bardic poetry) as two distinct species of *reim*, or of metrical movement of words. Verbal composition he elsewhere subdivides into three kinds, *filidecht*, *bairdne* and *pros*. Thus in the standard text-book of Gaelic high-schools bard-craft was assigned an intermediate position between poet-artistry and prose-construction.

The novitiate of the poet extended over twelve laborious years of study, and was regulated by a cumulative programme which, in addition to prescribing a more advanced course of exercises year by year throughout the entire period, required the annual revision

of all courses previously taught from the very beginning. In the seventh year the student was set to master *brosnacha suad*, or the metrical craftsmanship of the bards. The task must have been severe; for the varieties of bardic metres, even after excluding those inadmissible for the professional equipment of a poet, ran to many scores, and the apprentice-filé was obliged not alone to acquaint himself with the intricacies of their structure but also to apply them at call, in all their protean forms, to the composition of impromptu verses.

The last five years of training were devoted to the studies of closest concernment to professors and to scholastics holding the high office of ollamh-filé. Hence, during that finishing term there was much memorising and rehearsing of genealogies, synchronisms, historic tales, Dinnsenchus etymologies—in short, of all the voluminous stores of record and tradition that had come down from the nation's past. The practice of versification in its more refined and complex forms was, of course, kept up *pari passu* until expert proficiency was acquired in the crowning subject of the syllabus, to wit, *dichetal* or improvisation, which meant “to meditate and recite a poem on a given theme without any previous preparation.”

But the mantle of the ollamh-poet was well worth the large expenditure of time and effort demanded for its attainment. The hierarchical system of kingship that existed in Ireland necessitated a plenteous distribution of royal courts and establishments throughout the country; and it was ordained in the reign of Cormac MacAirt that ten magnates, including a prince, a filé and a brehon, should be constantly in attendance on a king. The law of the Féini annulled the honour-price of the king whose staff lacked any one of those three chief-officers. At the head of every royal household, therefore, functioned with the pomp, and with much more than the security of position, enjoyed by modern ministers of state, an ollamh of poetry and an ollamh of legal lore. The king could requisition a poem from his ollamh-filé, but not without paying in return its estimated price. If the poet, by a dexterous blending of flattery with his verse, stirred the vanity or the family pride of his patron-chief, the stipend which was his due might be magnified into a gift of immense value. It is told that Fiacha Muillethan, king of Munster, gave a territory extending from Claire (Duntryleague) north to Lough Derg to the poet-prince Cairpre Finmor, as a reward for a complimentary ode. In comparison with this superb donation the bag of gold which Louernios, over-king of the Celts, once flung from his chariot to a sycophantic bard shrinks to insignificance.

It is not surprising, then, that the poetic fraternity flourished, and attracted the more intellectual of the youths of Erinn in crowds to its ranks. The poets as a body constituted a sort of *imperium in imperio*, an exclusive corporation claiming prerogatives of autonomy that sometimes menaced the well-being of the state. Being collectively a formidable power, whose ire was dreaded even by kings, the poets were apt individually to push their exactions to intolerable limits. In the economic sphere the order were a heavy tax on the country's resources; for a *filé* meant the head of a school, that is of a peripatetic establishment which subsisted on the hospitality of the men of Erinn, and which withdrew from production hosts of Erinn's sons. Wherever the poet went he was entitled to take with him his college, or retinue of pupils. Definite limits, no doubt, were set to the numbers who might legitimately accompany him both on circuit and at the oft-recurring feasts of his patrons; but poets of the higher grades had no reason to decry the restrictions thus imposed as being unduly severe.

As the poets multiplied they became so overbearing, and so extortionate in their demands, that at length they provoked the high-king, Aodh MacAinmire, to the point of resolving that he would have them banished from the kingdom. MacAinmire is often falsely charged with having essayed to expatriate the *bards*. Geoffrey Keating, who was himself an accomplished poet as well as an erudite historian, sufficiently testifies that Aodh's edict was launched against the *filidh*, not the bards. First among the reasons which, as vouched by Keating, determined Aodh's action was "the heavy burden which they (the poets) were, and because it was so hard to rule them." The quarrel between Aodh and the *filidh* was composed at the convention of Druim Ceta in 575 A.D. by St. Columcille, who had come specially to Ireland from Hy to attend its sessions, "with a cerecloth over his eyes."

Three times in succession the *filidh* had been threatened with expulsion from the country; but on each occasion, having been compelled to quit the other provinces, they received entertainment in Ulster until, the nation's hostility to them subsiding, they were allowed to return to their several homes. At Druim Ceta their friend and advocate, St. Columcille, acknowledged that the multitude of poets in the island was largely excessive, and that the high-king would be fully justified in reducing their number. A revised constitution for the poets, framed on lines suggested by the Saint, was then drawn up and ratified by royal ordinance. Thenceforth one *ollamh-filé*, and one only, was allowed for the staff of every king and of every territorial dynast.

While the right of the ollamhs who officiated under this regulation to their customary stipends was not revoked, it was generously provided furthermore that each and every one of them should receive a substantial grant of free land in the dominion to which he was attached, and that the estates so assigned should be exempt from trespass or violation by the men of Erin as well as from public charges of every kind. In addition to the freehold given him for his own use, a second domain was set apart for each individual ollamh as an endowment for the high-school, or university, over which he was in duty bound to preside. At these academies the sons of the men of Erin, that is all the rising youths of free status by birth, were entitled to gratuitous instruction in the full curriculum of a liberal education.

The question of reconciling the pretensions of the poets with the general weal of the state was thereby permanently solved, and the scheme devised at Druim Ceta probably lasted in its main outlines as the operative system of organisation for poets and for poet-training institutions until the end of the Gaelic regime. The ollamh-ship and the associate office of college-presidency doubtless became hereditary in particular families throughout most of the *tuaths*, or minor kingdoms. The wide distribution of families who cultivated as-a traditional inheritance the cognate professions of poetry, history and law in mediaeval Ireland, and at the same time ministered in their academies to the educational requirements of the country, would thus be satisfactorily explained.

"A poet," says Horace—himself the most polished of Latin poets—"is born, not made." Not all the elaborate drilling to which the student was subjected under the Gaelic code of *filidhecht*-culture could make him a poet if the Muse of Poetry had not endowed him at birth with her celestial gift of song. Some Gaelic *filidh* there must have been who were poets by nature as well as by apprenticeship; but, so far as the literary products of the order that have reached us would reveal, the number cannot have been considerable. The *filidhecht* that has descended to us from ancient and mediaeval times is chiefly of the didactic species. Dramatic poetry the *filidh* did not attempt; and in epic poetry they never strove to emulate the classic models. Lays instinct with the feeling and fervour of the divine afflatus, and resonant with the music of spirit choirs, begem some of the prose tales that, in comparatively late redactions, enshrine fragments and phases of the epic life of Erin in the golden age of her champions and heroes. Such is Deirdre's thrilling lament over the dead body of her husband, Noisi, a strain whose frenzied flow glistens with the simple, sensuous,



passionate qualities that have been defined as the criteria of true lyrical poetry. But it is just as likely as not that the meed of praise for the lyric excellence of those rare and fugitive pieces belongs of right to mediaeval bards rather than to poet-dignitaries of the courts.

We should not mistake for a nascent *filé* the "minstrel boy" or "warrior bard" of Thomas Moore, for neither warriors nor minstrels were bred in the schools of *filidhecht*. A *filé* would not have deigned to sing his poems either with or without a musical accompaniment. He would have infringed the etiquette of his order even by reciting them in public—at the festive board of his chief just as well as before assemblies of the men of Erin. Such duties were proper only for bards or for the professional declaimers known as *reacairidhe*, who were sometimes bards to boot. If a king set out on a military expedition he naturally took with him a poet; for should fortune smile on the enterprise, the prowess and achievements of the victor-lord had to be chronicled in laudatory verse. Thus when Muirchertach of the Leather Coats made his memorable circuit of the provincial kingdoms in 941 Cormacan Eiges (Cormacan the Master-Poet) accompanied him throughout the foray, and shared in the jubilation of his triumphant return to Ailech; and worthily did Cormacan celebrate the exploit in a poem whose diction displays an unusual naturalness and spirit.

But Cormacan's commission obliged him not to take part in the actual soldiering; nor would a *filé* have been expected to substitute the sword for his wand of office. Though habitual glorifiers of martial distinction the poets themselves were a non-combatant class; and, unless when stricken down—like the gentle Cuan O'Locháin—by factious desperadoes, as a rule they died peacefully in their beds. "A hand that wounds not" heads the "four purities" prescribed in the Brehon Law Tracts for the behaviour of an ollamh; and among the qualifications indispensable for his position "hospitality, worthiness, antiquarian and genealogical knowledge" took a foremost place. Lovers of ceremonial and of festive ostentation, the poets mixed with the noblest families of the land, and gathered round them large circles of friends and admirers. Their own homes were not alone nurseries of the higher learning, but invariably, too, centres of social and convivial life. As far back as the year 1269, the death of Aonghus O'Dalaigh, "an eminent doctor (or professor) of poetry, and keeper of a house of hospitality," is registered in the Annals of Loch Cé. The O'Donnellans—to cite just one further example—who were chief-poets of the Siol-Murray O'Conors, that is of the kingdom

of Connaught, are repeatedly commended by the Four Masters for having kept "a house of hospitality."

For offensive and defensive purposes the prime weapon of poet and of bard alike was satire. That weapon both poet and bard were apt to use on slight provocation, and sometimes they wielded it with merciless intent. Its power was feared by high and low, by prince and patrician as well as by commoner, for all—the matter-of-fact Annalists not excepted—believed that by means of it miraculous punishments could be inflicted on the obnoxious individual against whom its stings were launched. The Four Masters tell, in all good faith, that the death of Lord Deputy Stanley in 1414 was caused by the poison of the satires which the Muintir-Uiginn of Uisnech, a bardic family sprung from a certain Uiginn, had discharged at him in retaliation for the plundering of their lands. The O'Higgin stock of bards apparently then migrated to Connaught, being escorted thither by their Anglo-Norman neighbour, Henry Dalton, who, out of preys taken from "the King's people," re-endowed them with kine equal in number to the herd they had lost.

Many instances are on record of like satirical marvels wrought by poets and bards. The virus exhaled by their satire could disfigure the face of the proudest magnate, wither and maim his body, sterilise his lands, and blight his pastures, corn-fields and orchards. The universality of this belief it was, no doubt, that suggested to Bishop Cormac MacCuileanáin the derivation of the class-name *filé* from *fí* (poison), when he wrote in his Glossary:

"Fili, 'a poet,' that is poison in satire and splendour in praise."

While the poet on occasions might give vent to an outburst of malignant invective more congenial to the poetic nature must surely have been the adornment of a chief's merit or bounty with a glowing resplendence of praise. This counter-branch of the poet's art took corporate shape in inauguration odes composed for newly-invested kings, in panegyrics on deceased patrons, in retributive rewards of verse for favours received, and in eulogiums of decisive or notable feats of warfare. A vaunting note ever sounded through "the splendour of praise," from the days of King Niall until the sixteenth century neared its calamitous close. Smitten by the dejection of the dreadful years that ensued the paean of the poets subsided into a moan, under the weight of a crescent sorrow and pain. But in the agony of their destruction, which was then at hand, the goddess of poetry made them some amends for the cruelty of fate; for the swan-songs of the poets, bewailing the sunken fortunes of the Gael, take precedence in lyrical worth of

all their most tuneful outpourings. To the end of time the pathetic strains of Eoghan Ruadh Mac-an-Ward's "A bhean fuair fail," of the anonymous "Roisin Dubh"—whether in the originals or in Clarence Mangan's superlative renderings in English—and of Fearflatha O'Gnimh's "Air Cheimsios na n-Gaodhal" (The Down-Toppling of the Gael), will moisten the eyes of all whose hearts are not utterly irresponsible to the appeal of death-cry and dirge.

The older poets sought to heighten the adulatory effect of their effusions by a liberal use of hyperbole and of archaic pedantries of speech; but anybody who searches *filidhecht* poetry for descriptive incidents, for personal traits of character, for human elements garnered in the harvest fields of life, and ripened in the storehouse of a progressively experiencing intelligence—such as lend charm to the poetry of Chaucer and of Walter Scott—is certain to be disappointed. "I am a man," wrote Terence, "and there is not an atom or a shade of humanity that would not attract my interests and sympathies." The hard smiter, the free giver, the lavish entertainer—such were the products of humanity to whom the *filidhecht* muse loved to render service; and such were the types of men who won the loudest plaudits of the *filidh*. A menial, a husbandman, even a Gael of low degree, would not have been admitted by name to the honour of mention in their verses.

For a knowledge of the ideas that were uppermost in the select universe of the Gaels the literary remains of the poets supply invaluable materials. But that universe was rigidly aristocratic in conception, and in all its vital moods and activities; and the horizon of the conceptual world in which a self-sufficing aristocracy lives, moves, and transmits its exclusive being from sire to son, rarely expands or contracts. Hence the poetry of the *filidh* will not serve for an index to the character of public opinion among the fundamental strata of the country's population at any particular juncture. Poets there were who, when startled by the menacing or suspicious projects of Elizabethan proconsuls, addressed timely exhortations and admonitions to their chiefs. But when the crisis supervened they did not produce a Tyrtæus—a clarion-tongued magician in song the innervating power of whose voice could move a diffident nation to arms; nor yet a Skald, such as among the Norsemen of old oft incited a host to plunge into the slaughter of battle, infuriate with rage and frantic war-fever.

The poets in normal times apparently lived detached lives, taking little thought of questions affecting the permanent security of the state, looking to the past for inspiration even when rejoicing in the present, and anticipating no other future than a changeless



reproduction of the present and the past. Unpractised as citizens in habits of circumspection, they were consequently mere children in political prescience ; and, as a result of the elevated view-points from which they chose to regard events new and old, their pictures of Gaelic life and movements necessarily became standardised. The stately ode, for example, which John O'Mulconry wrote in 1566 for the ceremony of Brian *na Murtha* O'Rourke's elevation to the kingship of Breifne—an excellent specimen of the laureate style of poetry—might, for all the appreciation which it reveals of existing political conditions, as well have been composed in the eleventh century as in the sixteenth. The filé did not elect to mirror his own age, or the concrete impresses of his personal observation, through the medium of his ponderous verse.

Apart from religious theses the extant remains of the earlier poets consist largely of historical, or quasi-historical, information embodied for mnemonical convenience in a metrical setting. Those poets include many distinguished names ; and from them has been derived the staple material of our legendary and traditional history. O'Clery's Book of Invasions is, in its proto-historic sections, a compilation of prose romances woven around a framework of poems copied from Cennfaeladh the Learned, Eochaidh O'Floinn, Tanaidhe O'Mulconaire and other eminent literati of the Gael. From ancient poets, named and nameless, Keating drew freely at every stage of the construction of his *Foras Feasa ar Eirinn*. The Book of Rights is an assemblage of early poems reciting the prerogatives and prohibitions of the kings of Erin. The completest inventory which we possess of the territorial sub-divisions and of the tribal occupiers of the country in pre-Norman times is contained in a metrical composition of John O'Dubhagain, chief-poet of Hy-Many in the fourteenth century. The so-called Book of St. Caillin is a collection of poems glorifying the O'Rourke dynasts of Breifne, which was preserved at Fenagh by the O'Roddys.

Very probable is it that, among the heirlooms of every royal family in mediaeval Ireland, was a like Collectanea, or book of poems, commemorative of the family's ancestry and ancestral history. But literature of this class, though produced by *filidh* or court-poets, was for the greater part poetry only in name. Poetry as such declined in the hands of the official poets, and its revival is to be dated from the era when some gifted members of the order, on the point of being effaced by the overthrow of the Gaelic constitution, reacted to the stimulus of a looming disaster, and displayed for a brief space the lyric energy of bards.

In the next generation the poets were supplanted by the bards,

for the star of Gaelic royalty having set there was no further occasion or need for court poetry. The bardic brotherhood, having few privileges or possessions to forfeit, doubtless emerged from the shock in strength but little impaired, and absorbed the shattered corps of declassed and decadent poets. From earliest times the bards, as a distinct guild of songsters and romancers, had existed in the country; and, though necessarily overshadowed by the poets, the bards became an influential element of the national life. They developed an organisation under which, like the poets, they were graded into various ranks. Broadly speaking, they formed two classes, *saer-baird* and *daer-baird*, corresponding to the two divisions of *Ceile*, or non-noble citizens, who stood socially at the lowest margin of the country's free population. While *daer* and *saer* may, as is usual, be translated respectively *bond* and *free*, it should be observed that the bond attaching to the *daer-ceile* had an agrarian, not a political, significance. It applied only to the covenant by whose terms he was enabled to acquire cattle for the stocking of his land.

The practising *saer-baird*, like the *filidh*, were divided into seven grades; and of *daer-baird* poetisers similarly there were seven subdivisions. The grade of a particular bard of either class was determined by the stage of proficiency he had reached in the metrical technique of his art. In the choice of descriptive names for their grades the bards were more audacious than the poets. Thus a *saer-bard* of the highest grade was distinguished as a *rig-bard*, or king-bard; and a bard of even the fourth grade had the proud title of *tigernbard*, or lord-bard. At the bottom of the *saer-baird* scale was placed the *bobard*, or cow-bard; and next above him came the *tuath bard*, or folk-bard.

While the art of the *bo-b'rd* soared no higher than the *deibhide* metres, and while the *tuath-bard* composed only in varieties of the *rannaighecht* mould, the more advanced grades of bards from one to one practised in measures of increasing degrees of complexity, the series ending up in *dechnad* and *setnad*, the two styles of versification appropriate for the grade of *rig-bard*. Seeing that *dechnad* was a species of *brosnacha suad*—the generic designation of the metres studied by an undergraduate *filé* in the seventh year of his course—it would appear that the competent *rig-bard* must have been quite the equal of a junior *ollamh* in technical deftness as a versifier. One of the *saer-baird* titles was borrowed from the nomenclature of the poets. A poet of next grade to the junior section of *ollamhs* was known as an *cnrad*; and similarly a bard next in grade to the *rig-bard* was entitled an *anruth bairdne*. The *bairdne* of the bardic *anruth*, moreover, had the high-sounding

name *oll bairdne*, that is *great bardism*, or bard-craft of the grand style.

It is evident, therefore, that the bards of advanced *saer-baird* rank must have been adepts in the management of a vast range of metres, and consequently facile practitioners of the verse-making craft. There can be little doubt that, in the heyday of bardism, men were to be found among its expert professors who could produce verses of varying metrical patterns day after day, for upwards of an entire year, without once reverting to a previously used design. The range and variety of the powers which a master-poet wielded over the resources of his art must have been still more wonderful. Assuredly by no nation of the world have the Gaels ever been rivalled in the artistic ornateness of form which they cultivated in poetic construction, or in the ingenuity and versatility to which they attained in the manipulative technique of versification. The general name *Dan Direach*, or straight verse, comprehends the more select styles of metre that were favoured by bards and poets alike; and *Dan Direach* the Rev. Francis O'Mulloy, in his *Grammatica Latino-Hibernica*, pronounces to be, of all the metrical systems with which he was acquainted, the most intricate "under the sun" (*sub sole*).

The fees of the bards as well as those of the poets conformed to an established scale; and the progressive rates of payment are registered in a Middle-Irish document which has been published by Dr. Rudolf Thurneysen. To the same source, indeed, we are indebted not alone for our knowledge of the value set on bardic poetry by the Gaels, but for all the enlightenment we possess on the early organisation of the bards. One or two particulars may be cited to illustrate the relative positions of Bard and Poet in the literary profession, and in the legal constitution, respectively. The stipends of *saer-bards* ranged from a yearling calf, the recompense of a *bo-bard*, up to five milch-cows, the recompense of a *rig-bard*. An *anrad* poet, or a poet ranking just below the grade of *ollamh*, received precisely the same fee as a *rig-bard*, that is five milch-cows. Thus while the elite of the bards held diplomas that would place them on a level in point of professional attainments with the lowest group of *ollamhs*, their maximum stipend equalled only that of an *anrad*. Moreover, while the honour-price of a Bard was fixed at the same sum as his fee, the honour-price of a Poet of every rank was double his fee.

The honour-price of a *rig-bard*, therefore, being five milch cows, equalised him in the eyes of the law with a *bo-aive*, that is, with the type of propertied franchise-holders who might appropriately

be described as the Gaelic gentry. The honour-price of an anrad-filé, being double his recognised fee, would have been estimated at ten milch-cows, or at the exact equivalent of the honour-price of an *aire-desa*. An anrad poet, consequently, in virtue of his honour-price, came just inside the limiting line of the *flaith*, or governing order of society. Speaking generally, it may be inferred that in social status the bards were reckoned as belonging to the gentry and the franchised commonalty, while the anrad poets, like the ollamh poets of all grades, counted as members of the Gaelic aristocracy. As has already been noted, the honour-price of a chief-ollamh equalled that of a petty king.

By the accumulation of wealth in cattle a *bo-aire*, or his descendants, might rise to the rank of *aire-desa*—might, in fact, lift themselves step by step to the highest order of nobility—and, in his private capacity, the same means of ascent in the social scale would naturally have been at the disposal of a bard. In this way some of the more successful bards may gradually have qualified themselves for co-option by the poets. Though the poets affected an arrogant contempt for the bards, and reviled bardic compositions as things artistically worthless, there is reason to believe that the ollamh faculty was sometimes recruited from the bards. The barrier of exclusiveness with which the hereditary principle, if rigidly enforced, would have surrounded the faculty must, in the nature of things, have occasionally given way, for the line of an ollamh family might become extinct, or might fail in a particular generation to produce a representative possessing the talents or the culture requisite for fulfilling the duties of the inherited office.

At all events the numerous obits of ollamh-poets recorded in the Annals show from century to century the disappearance of time-honoured names, and the accession of *novi homines* to the ollamh dignity. The last of the race of ollamhs commemorated by the Four Masters is Eoghan Mac-an-Bhaird (Mac-an-Ward), "a highly intellectual Doctor of Learning, and the head of a house of general hospitality," who died in 1609. The surname of this distinguished Poet proves him beyond yea or nay to have been by lineage the scion of a family of bards; yet the ollamh-ship in poetry to the O'Donnell chiefs of Tir-Chonail which Eoghan so worthily filled had been held previously by several of his ancestors. At what date the Bard-progenitor of the Mac-an-Bhairds actually flourished there is now no means of ascertaining; but we may, perhaps, surmise that he lived in the fourteenth century, for a Mac-an-Bhaird Ollamh comes into view for the first time in the early years of the century following.

To the failure of poetic capacity in some ollamh families may, no doubt, be ascribed the wide extension to which certain leading stocks of poets attained in mediaeval Ireland. Thus from the O'Dalys, court-poets of Meath, whose representative at the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion was lord of an extensive territory near the present town of Mullingar—a man rendered famous by his hospitality no less than by his exalted station as “Chief-Poet of Erin and Alba”—issued branches that in later centuries supplied Ollamhs of Poetry to the O'Reillys of East Breifne, to the O'Connors of Corcomroe, to the O'Keefes of Duhallow, to the Eoghanacht MacCarthys, and to the Geraldine Desmonds. It may not be out of place to note that John O'Daly of 9 Anglesea St., Dublin, the original publisher of “The Poets and Poetry of Munster,” was of the seed of the O'Daly poets of Breifne.

The last of the Ollamh Mac-an-Wards was the last Oilamh of Tirconnell, for the flight from Ireland of Rory O'Donnell, the last Chief of Tirconnell, in 1607 extinguished the ollamhship. Mac-an-Ward accompanied the fugitive Earls of Tyrone and Tirconnell to Rome in 1607, and there witnessed the death of his beloved chief and patron in July, 1608. In the pathetic event he read the doom of his own order; and, giving voice to his feelings, the disconsolate poet addressed Nuala, sister of Earl Rory—whom he pictures weeping distractedly over her brother's tombstone in the Franciscan Church of San Pietro di Montorio—in a strain of woe which is worthy to rank with the noblest monuments of elegiac literature.

The agony of the stricken “race of Mil,” ringing through Mac-an-Ward's impassioned lament, inspired the greatest of our modern bards to essay the recasting of the theme in an English version; and in his poem, “O Woman of the Piercing Wail,” which was published in the Irish Penny Journal of the 17th October, 1840, James Clarence Mangan assuredly sustained and heightened the grandeur of the original dirge. In the Preface to the third edition of this present volume the Rev. C. P. Meehan, writing from intimate personal knowledge, dwells sorrowfully but affectionately on the wasted genius of that supremely gifted son of song; and an appended Press notice of the first edition, issued in 1849, relates how earnestly John O'Daly strove by acts of sympathy and of hospitality to alleviate the miseries of his squalid lot.

Most of the Anglo-Norman lords adopted Gaelic institutions, in whole or in part. And by so doing they opened new prospects of advancement for ambitious bards who aspired to the status and emoluments of *flidh*; for the Anglo-Gaelic magnates needed poet-



retainers to enliven their baronial halls. The Mac William De Burghs of the West renounced their allegiance to the English sovereign, and in language and usages became Gaels of the Gael. In their castles—at their visitation fêtes—at their inauguration functions—bards, brehons, and harpers discharged the duties and assumed the same pomps of privilege that from time out of mind had diversified the regal ceremonial of the O'Conors and the O'Neills. When Silken Thomas flung down the sword of state before the Chancellor and Council at St. Mary's Abbey in July, 1534, an attendant bard stood beside him and chanted a paean of praise in honour of the Geraldines ; and when Lord Thomas seemed disposed to hearken to the Chancellor's expostulations the bard cried out in tones of rebuke that "he lingered there over long." "One Bard de Nelan, an Irish rithmour," this functionary is called by Richard Stanihurst, whose version of the episode thus corruptly anglicises the bard's name and exemplifies the Anglo-Irish practice of describing Gaelic bards and poets as "rhymers."

At that date, and for long years before, bards had dwelt and prospered under the protection of the Kildare Fitzgeralds. Gerald, the ninth Earl of the name, who died in the Tower of London in December 1534, had twenty Irish volumes in his library, as against 22 English, 34 Latin, and 36 Norman-French. Many of those Irish books, we may feel assured, were the gifts of bards and poets ; and several of them were repositories of Ireland's historical and hagiological lore. After the execution of young Thomas at Tyburn the retainers of his fallen house naturally sued for royal pardons ; and among those whose offences were then remitted we find a certain "Owen the Rhymer, otherwise Owen Keynan the poet, otherwise Owen Keynan Keyeghe (*Caoch*) the blind bard," as well as Owen's son Cornelius, a harper, otherwise "Cornelius the bard"—both of Cappervarget near Rathangan. To the eyes of the Dublin Council in those days a poet, a bard, and a harper were evidently indistinguishable one from another. And, though statutes and orders in council had fulminated stern edicts against the bards, the Dublin authorities were, at that date, not yet disposed to root them out like vermin.

Lord Leonard Grey, to whom Earl Thomas had surrendered in 1535, was himself executed on Tower Hill in 1541 ; and one of the "abuses and enormities" charged against him in the indictment sent over from Dublin was the driving away of a "rymors kine" when he was ostensibly marching to Cavan to punish The O'Reilly. Lord Leonard had made enemies of the English administrators in Ireland ; and two years previously they had sent articles of

accusation against him to London, one of which alleged that he "without consent of the Counsaile, spoiled and depredate the rymors by the mountaynes side." The allegiance of bards was then courted by Dublin officials, for the poison of bardic satire was dreaded even by the inhabitants of the Pale, and bardic influence was well known to be a power which, in troublous times, might either assist, or gravely damage, the government. It will presently be seen, too, that the shrewd Council of Dublin had an eye on the bards as a class possessing exceptional opportunities for helping state policy, and capable of rendering it service of a very practical and insidious kind.

The rhymers by the mountain side whom Lord Leonard was accused of spoliating were in all likelihood the MacKeoghs, at one time chief poets of the MacMurrough Kavanaghs. In the sixteenth century they still held the hereditary office of poet under the O'Byrne, and specimens of their poetry survive in the *Leabhar Branich*, or Book of the O'Byrnes. The O'Keynan liegemen of the Kildares were probably a hereditary family of bards whose stipendiary lands lay near Offaly castle in Co. Kildare. It was there, at Rathangan, the last pan-Gaelic muster of professors of "the arts of *Dan*, or poetry, music and antiquitie" took place on the feast of the Assumption, 1451, at the invitation of Lady Margaret O'Carroll, wife of O'Conor Faly.

Earlier in the year she had entertained a vast number of the representatives of learning among the Gael, luminaries both of Erinn and of Alba, at Killoughy, near her own castle in Offaly, and had given them individually costly presents. But, as many literati were unable to avail of her hospitality on that occasion, she repeated the invitation, and appointed Rathangan as the rendez-vous for the second function. And neither in the number of guests, nor in the liberality of the hostess, nor in any other respect, was a disparity visible between those two memorable days. Written rolls of all who sat down at the respective banquets were kept by O'Connor Faly's chief brehon, Gilla-na-naemh MacEgan, and the total of names numbered over 5,000. The distinguished lady who, at her own expense, thus brought the poets and ollamhs of the Gael together for the last time, died in the same year. The assembly at Rathangan must have been held with the permission of the reigning Earl of Kildare; for while Rathangan was in Offaly, and built beside the original Offaly castle of the Fitzgeralds, the district had been lost to the O'Connor and the O'Dempsey Chiefs of Offaly since the close of the twelfth century.

Though the Kildare Fitzgeralds intermarried with the families of Irish chiefs, and thus got inoculated to some extent with Gaelic sympathies and sentiments, by politics and territorial interests they were unalterably identified with The Pale. It was otherwise with the Geraldines of the South, the lordly house of Desmond and its many branches in Limerick, Kerry and Cork. They, the leading stock of "the degenerate English," surrendered themselves to the spell of native ideas and Gaelic influences, and earned thereby the censure of Anglo-Irish chroniclers, who resentfully assort them with the renegade "*Hiberniores Hibernis ipsis*."

It is told, as has already been noted, that when the sons of Golamh divided Erinn, the poet and the harper of their suite got permanently separated, one being taken to the South by Eber and the other accompanying Eremon to the North. The legend was doubtless invented to explain an inequality in respect of cultural evolution which the respective civilizations of Conn's Half and of Mogh's Half were seen subsequently to present. A census of the Ollamhs whom our Annalists have deemed worthy of commemoration would unquestionably show that the great majority of Erinn's Poets were bred in Leath-Chuinn. Munster, though never destitute of genuine poets, will not appear to advantage in the relative number of its ollamh-sons to whom tributes of remembrance have been vouchsafed in Gaelic records.

But, to compensate for this seeming dearth of official poets, there is reason to believe that, from earliest times, Munster was the principal nursery of the bards of Erinn; and it is likewise certain that, from the very dawn of their ascendancy in Munster, the Geraldine barons patronised and encouraged the native bards. Unlike the poets, the bards cultivated music in conjunction with song. The men who first brought bardic arts to Ireland had been accustomed in their continental seats to sing their lays to the accompaniment of the lyre. Their descendants in Ireland followed that laudable example; and while practising together the twin accomplishments of poetry and harmony they developed the more primitive lyre into the *cruit*, or harp. The warrant for equating the bard, the rhymer, and the harper—the unifying formula of Tudor chronicles and archives—did not come from the practice of the poets, but from the professional methods of the bards.

When did the first contingent of bards come to Ireland? The question cannot be answered; but, amidst the gloom which envelops our proto-history, some faint indications of a definite bardic settlement may, nevertheless, be detected. In the line of Eremonian high-kings none figures more prominently than Ugaine Mor, the



potent monarch who divided our country among his twenty-five children. Ugaïne's son, Roighne Rosgadach—he who received Magh Roighne in Ossory for a principality—was a rhapsodist, and verses of his making are preserved in our ancient books. Another son of Ugaïne was endowed with the territory of Corca-Oiche in Munster, and that son bore the significant name *Bard*. It is related of Ugaïne that he was not alone arch-ruler of Ireland for forty years, but likewise king of all western Europe as far as Muir-Toirrian, or the Mediterranean Sea ; and it is recorded furthermore that he was fostered in the North by the Irian joint-sovereigns Cimbaoth and Macha. Ugaïne Mor may safely be presumed to have been, like Curoi MacDaire, an irrepressible pirate-admiral who, having at the head of his fleet landed a strong force of immigrant colonisers in Ireland, was admitted to alliance and protection by the Ulaid dynasts. Hegemony in Ireland passed ere long from the Ulaid dynasty to Ugaïne and his family.

Corca Oiche, which became the patrimony of the people of Bard, lies around the headwaters of the Feale and overlaps the upper basins of the Feale's Limerick tributaries. Music evidently took root in Corca Oiche, and no doubt rapidly propagated itself therefrom over large tracts of Munster. Professor O'Curry quotes from an early manuscript the important items of information that the poets and scholars of the Court of Cashel came from the Muscraighe of Ormond, and that the harpers of Cashel's kings were supplied by the melodious cantonments of Corca Oiche. Under Anglo-Norman auspices, the ubiquitous O'Dalys encroached on Corca Oiche at a long-subsequent date, and probably established more than one academy of *filidhecht* among the gentry of western Ui-Fidgente. But though lordship in Ui-Fidgente had then passed from the race of Eoghan Mor to the race of William of Normandy, it is not to be supposed that the seed of the early harpers was extinguished in Corca Oiche. The Muscraighe *filidh*, it is true, would not have associated on equal terms with bards ; yet at Cashel the Corca Oiche minstrels were not always restricted to the rôle of musicians. In an early Latin Life of St. Ciaran of Saigir we read : "Ængus, king of Munster, had most excellent harpers who, while they harped in his presence, sang the exploits of heroes in lays of accordant sweetness." The Corca Oiche minstrels were undoubtedly bards as well as harpers, and bards who continued to cultivate the sister arts long after the race of Ængus and of Eoghan had been driven from Cashel.

The last of the Palatine Desmonds was Gerald, the sixteenth Earl—sometimes mistakenly numbered the fifteenth—who was

slain in 1583 in a glen between Tralee and Castleisland. An inventory of the rents of his lands and inheritances which was made in 1574 is printed among the Carew State Papers, and in it we find :

“ Lands held by the rimers of the Earl in the mounteyn of Slewlocra, named the Brosenaghe, and by the rimers of Templay, Egleantine and Balleywroho.”

A second entry reads :

“ Rents and duties when the Earl doth cross the mounteyn or take his journey betwixt Kerry and Connelough, the foresaid rimers are wont to bear the charge for a day and a night, coming and going.”

The localities mentioned in these records can all be identified from their modern names, and can all be proved to lie within the confines of ancient Corca Oiche. An Inquisition of the thirteenth century shows that a Biatagh, or controller of a public hostel, resided near Mount Collins in the same locality ; and to the existence of such an establishment may certainly be traced the custom observed by the bards of entertaining the Earl for a day and a night whenever he journeyed through Corca Oiche. Hospitality has ever been the close ally and companion of music and song ; and such it evidently remained in that Sliabh Luachra region by the Feale as long as the house of Desmond lasted.

Not many miles north-west from thence a certain “ John MacDonell Rymer ” had a fief, or estate, of such considerable extent, along the borders of Kerry and Limerick, that its position was marked with his name on the old map of Munster which has been reprinted and issued with the Volume of State Papers for the years 1538-1546. The jury presentments of 1584 contain a return of chroniclers, rhymers and harpers, 72 in all, who at that date occupied land in the escheated Munster territory ; and among the number appears “ John MacDonell a Poet.” The list includes two poetesses, one styled a “ rymer,” the other a “ she-barde ” ; and it reveals that the Earl’s contemporaries in the Anglo-Irish peerage of Munster—the Viscount Roche, for example, and the Viscount Barrymore—complied as thoroughly as the MacCarthy Mor and the MacCarthy Reagh with the national institution of maintaining bards and harpers for the recreation of their manorial establishments.

Fionn MacCumhaill was a poet whose ancestry is uncertain, for the reason that the proudest stock of Erin would have ambitioned to link him up with themselves. But one of the pedigrees of Fionn which MacFirbis deemed worthy of consideration runs : “ Fionn, son of Cumhall, son of Baoisgne, son of Oiche of the Corca Oiche of the Ui Fidhghenti.” Curiously enough it is to Fionn’s

son Fergus Finnbheoil, brother of the more famous Oisín, we owe the Dinnsenchus ode on *Tipra Sen-Garmna*—The Well of Old-Garman—and the *tipra*, or spring, in question is the source of the Feale.

In that spring, according to the legend, the beldame Old-Garman was drowned by Fionn. If the tale has an historical significance it should imply the association in long-past times of an incorrigible band of Garman-marauders with the upper Feale. The continental Germani, though not Celts, were a Celticised people whose bards roused them in the combat with a war-chant styled *barditus*. The Gaels invoked the same species of rhetoric when preparing for battle, and to its stimulating measures they gave the name *ros-gatha*. Perhaps Roighne Rosgadach, the brother of Bard, owed his sobriquet—as Owen Connellan suggests—to the inciting power which he displayed as a maker and declaimer of *ros*.

Corca Oiche would have been known to us as *Magh Bhaird* if to it had been extended the naming principle used for Roighne's *Magh Roighne*; and as *Magh Bhaird* the place would have been by name an exact Gaelic correspondent of the *Bardomagus* district of the Italian Celts. Our later Gaelic owed to the topographical nomenclature of the region the bequest of, at least, a *Baile-Bhaird* (Ballyward), a gift which was derived by the Hebridean island of South Uist through its association with the Mac Vuirichs, descendants of the exiled Muiredhach O'Daly of Lisadill, and hereditary poets to the Clanranald MacDonalds.

The *Bard* component of Mac-an Bhaird was primarily a class-designation that, like the English terms *smith*, *mason*, *baker*, got transformed into a personal name; and such, too, we may feel assured, was the origin of the name, Bard, applied to Ugaine's reputed son. The harp disappeared from Corca Oiche, but only to be replaced by the bagpipe, the fiddle and the flute. The present writer can well remember that, even in the closing quarter of the last century, the self-same district still produced performers on those instruments, as well as rustic poets, whose reputation extended far outside their native barony. In no part of Munster were the traditional recreations of music, song and dance longer cherished or more assiduously cultivated than in the Sliabh Luachra homeland of the "Earl's rimers."

Farther east in County Limerick, among the windings of the Maigue and under the shadows of Desmond's dismantled castles of Croom, Athlacca and Kilmallock, a school of bards—the last of its kind in Munster or in Erin—plied the lyric art with unabated love and ardour down to the close of the eighteenth century,

relieving with seductive minstrelsy the weariness of that century's long-lingering despair. From the lyrics of that gifted school were culled some of the prettiest of the flowers of verse that adorn this present selection, "The Songs of the Munster Bards."

The Geraldines themselves imbibed the bardic spirit at an early stage of their association with Munster. From the very outset the two branches of the family adopted Irish war-cries, the senior branch choosing the motto, "Crom-aboo," and the junior—or Desmond—branch, "Shanet-aboo." The first of the southern Geraldines to be belted an Earl was Maurice FitzThomas, whose creation took place in 1329. Two years earlier, at a meeting of the barons, Arnold le Poer tauntingly called this Maurice a "rhymer"; and in Anglo-Norman traditions he became better known as "Maurice the Rhymer" than as Maurice the first Earl. Le Poer would not have called an English poet a "rhymer." Nobody has ever styled Chaucer, or Wyatt, or Spenser a rhymer; and Maurice FitzThomas would not have been thus nick-named had it not been that he wrote Gaelic verse.

Three of Maurice's sons became Earls in succession, the youngest being Gerald the fourth Earl. The Four Masters affirm that the same Gerald "excelled all the English, and many of the Irish, in knowledge of the Gaelic language, poetry and history, and of every other learning." In the Annals of Clonmacnoise he is described as "a witty and ingenious composer of Irish poetry, a learned and profound Chronicler, and in fine one of the English nobility that had Irish learning and professors thereof in greatest reverence of all the English of Ireland." This Earl composed Gaelic poetry of such a high order of merit that his poems were read and recited in distant Alba as well as throughout Erin. About a century after his death several of them were transcribed by James McGregor, Dean of Lismore, into a volume which has fortunately been preserved, and in part published.

Earl Gerald must have received a thorough training in Gaelic metrics, for he poetised themes both difficult and various in kind. Of the poems of his making contained in the Dean's Book one is entitled "A Satire"; one "A Satire on Women"; and a third is a meditative piece "On Death." Another of Gerald's poems is extant in the manuscript Book of Fermoy. This Earl succeeded Lionel, Duke of Clarence, as Viceroy in 1367; yet, though the restrictions of the Statute of Kilkenny had just been imposed by Duke Lionel on the Anglo-Irish barons, the Earl sent his son and heir to be fostered and educated in Thomond, where not a word of English was spoken, by the Dalcassian O'Briens.

"Gerald, the Poet"—as he was familiarly known to his own and to succeeding generations—died in 1398 at *Caislean Nua* (Newcastle West, close to Corca Oiche); and he was probably buried in the beautiful Church which he had founded at Askeaton for Friars Minor. The peasantry of East Limerick still tell that he reappears once in every seven years, mounted on a white horse, and rides over the waters of Lough Gur; and they believe that he will continue to do so until the silver shoes of his charger are completely worn out. This Earl of Desmond wrote Anglo-Norman, as well as Gaelic, verse; and, because of the wide range of his learning and accomplishments, he was accounted a magician by envious contemporaries. The Lough Gur legend doubtless originated from the Earl's reputed skill in magic.

Though Brother Michael O'Clery thought so highly of the Geraldines that, in his genealogical poem on the family, he praised their acquisition of the Munster palatinate as "A conquest which is the best that Eriu found," the romance of Desmond story and tradition has yet to be unfolded in a manner commensurate with its deserts. But some day or other the debt is certain to be paid both by Gaelic and by Anglo-Irish literature, for the genii that preside over song and fiction must surely be alive to the potentialities of the theme. It was on the outskirts of Corca Oiche, close to the Feale, young Thomas of Desmond, grandson of Gerald the Poet, met the beautiful Catherine MacCormack; and there he wooed her in the Gaelic that was their common speech. The chivalrous youth made the maiden his Countess, and paid the penalty by the forfeiture of his earldom.

First cousin to this Thomas was Thomas the eighth Earl, who was beheaded at Drogheda in 1467, after a mock trial before the Lord Deputy of the day, Tiptoft Earl of Worcester. The execution of Earl Thomas, who is described as "versed in Latin, English and Gaelic lore," evoked bitter condemnations from our native writers. The Four Masters commend his bounty "in bestowing jewels and riches on the laity, the clergy and the poets"; and Duaid Mac Firbis testifies to his generosity "to all the learned in Irish, as Antiquaries, Poets, Æsdanas of all Ireland." By him, in 1464, was founded the College of Youghal, in the house where Sir Walter Raleigh subsequently lived, and where Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, at a later date died. The monument erected at Drogheda to the martyred Earl Thomas was removed by Sir Henry Sydney to Dublin, and placed in Christ Church Cathedral; and there his recumbent figure, still to be seen, is commonly mistaken by visitors



who repose faith in Guide Books for the effigy of Strongbow, son-in-law of Diarmaid MacMurrough.

During the fourteenth, the fifteenth, and the sixteenth centuries the poets of Munster found in the Desmonds their chief patrons and benefactors ; and the Desmonds of the same period received much of their education from Gaelic tutors. Nearly eighty years after the beheadal of Earl Thomas at Drogheda his grandson, James the fifteenth Earl—father of Gerald, the sixteenth and last Earl—addressed a memorial in vindication of him to the Lords of the Privy Council in London, and that memorial was written in Irish. When, in 1583, Gerald the last Earl of Desmond was hunted to death in Kerry there was with him an O'Daly—Conor *na Sgoile*, or Conor of "The School"—who had served him as envoy in the vain endeavours which he repeatedly made during the throes of his struggle with the Queen's forces to gain allies among the southern nobles. In his home, near Castleisland, Conor of the School doubtless presided, in times of peace, over a college of *filidhecht*, one of the many collegiate institutions which the Desmonds had endowed for the advancement of Gaelic learning. Father Dominic de Rosario O'Daly, author of the history of the Munster Geraldines, belonged to the wide-scattered family of O'Daly poets, who were originally cradled in North Westmeath. In fact the worthy Friar tells us himself that he was a near kinsman of the Conor who stood loyally by the Earl in the last years of that nobleman's tragic career.

From the time of Strongbow downward the exactions of native chiefs and the feuds, both internal and intertribal, that perpetually agitated the conditions of existence in Gaelic states helped to produce a *rapprochement* between the poets and bards on the one hand and the Anglo-Norman lords on the other. As early as the year 1213 the Ollamh-Filé Muiredhach O'Daly fled from Lisadill in Co. Sligo to escape the anger of O'Donnell, and sought asylum in Galway at the castle of Richard de Burgh ; and in the supplicatory poem which he addressed to De Burgh O'Daly betrayed not the slightest sign that he was conscious of being under the roof of a usurper in Connaught. That consideration, apparently, was far outweighed by the over-mastering sense of self-importance of the injured poet ; and, contemptuously styling O'Donnell's steward, Finn O'Brollaghan—whom he had slain—a "clown" and a "churl," he claimed the protection due to one who was accustomed "to sit in the presence of monarchs."

The number of insubordinate or disaffected poets and bards who behaved like this O'Daly was probably not inconsiderable ;

and the English barons would not have been disposed to repel their suits. But these migrant bards, multiplying apace, proved to be such potent instruments of de-anglicisation that the Statute of Kilkenny proscribed them, and penalised the reception of "pipers, story-tellers, bablers, rimers," by the English colonists as rigorously as the kindred abuses of brehon law, fosterage, gossiping, and intermarriage with the Irish. The framers of the Kilkenny Statute were powerless to make the measure operative, and its provisions had to be re-enacted again and again. The rhymers held their ground, enjoying full freedom of movement through the country, and from time to time found means of slipping into, and out of, the Pale.

The accomplishments of the bards and poets made them welcome visitors in every quarter of Ireland, gaining them access to the manorial halls of the barons as well as to the households of the Gaelic gentry; and the license of hoary custom ensured them hospitality, as self-invited guests, wherever they went. Thus socially privileged the bards enjoyed special facilities for acting, in seasons of contention, as intelligencers, intermediaries, channels of communication, and diplomatic agents between clashing or friendly seats of government.

The Section of the Statute of Kilkenny which denounces "pipers, story-tellers, bablers, rimers," dubs all these objectionable classes in the gross "Irish agents who come amongst the English." Though secret missions to the Pale were fraught with terrible risks, the bards did not desist from that venturesome business. One of the Statutes of the reign of Henry VI. (1428) recites that "sundry Irish enemies come and converse among the English subjects, and spy their different secrets, power, ways and contrivances"; and another Act which was passed six years subsequently alleges that "the Irish Mimi, Clarsaghours, Tympanours, Crowthores, Kerraghers, Rymours, Skelaghies, Bardes, and others, contrary to the Statute of Kilkenny, went amongst the English and exercised their arts and minstrelsies, and that they afterwards proceeded to the Irish enemies, and led them upon the king's liege subjects."

The stubborn daring of the bards evoked, from reign to reign, measures of repression ever increasing in stringency. Among an elaborate series of Ordinances for the Government of Ireland drawn up in 1534, during the rebellion of Silken Thomas, the following appears:

"Item, that no Yryshe mynstrels, rymours, shannaghies, ne bardes, unchaghies, nor messangers, come to desire any goodes of

any man dwelling within the Inglyshrie, uppon peyne of forfayture of all theyr goodes, and theyr bodyes to prison."

In 1563 the Earl of Desmond, who was then a prisoner in Dublin, succeeded in regaining his liberty and possessions only by entering into a "treaty" with the Queen which, in addition to curtailing his patrimonial rights of jurisdiction, obliged him to impose grave disabilities on his bards and rhymers. "Idle men of lewde demeanour who, under pretence of their travail, bring privy intelligence between the malefactors inhabiting those shires," is the description therein given of "rhymers, bards, and dice players called carroghes"; and the instrument proceeds: "As those rhymers, by their ditties and rhymes, made for divers lords and gentlemen in Ireland, in commendation and high praise of extortion, rebellion, encourage those lords rather to follow those vices than to abandon them, and for the making of such rhymes rewards are given by the gentlemen; for the abolition of so heinous an abuse, order should be taken with the said Earl, the lords and gentlemen, that henceforth they do not give any manner of reward for any such lewd rhymes, under pain of forfeiting double the sum they should so pay, and that the rhymers should be fined according to the discretion of the Commissioners."

When, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Henry Sydney and the Privy Council addressed themselves vigorously to the task of remedying the "disorders and griefs" that "annoy the universal state of the said country" of Ireland, the brehon laws and the rhymers were included among the pestiferous agencies which they resolved on suppressing. Two years later (1579) a patent for martial law against "idle persons, vagabonds, rhymers," and others, was granted to Sir Warham Sentleger, Provost Marshal of Munster; and he was instructed to certify every month the number of such malefactors that had been executed under his commission. The toll of bards, or rhymers, who were summarily put to death under this patent does not appear. Probably many of the doomed brotherhood fled from Munster, and sought safety in the other provinces; for a scheme "for the Reformation of Ireland," which was submitted to her Majesty in 1583 contains the recommendation that "brehons, carraghcs, bards, rhymers," and such like, "be executed by martial law" all over the country. Subservient chiefs who were upraised and maintained in power by the Crown, like Sir Shane O'Reilly ("The Queen's O'Reilly") of East Breifne, had at this period to sign a pact which prohibited them from sheltering "any Irishe Bard, Carroge or Rymor" within their



chiefries, and of course compelled them at the same time to weed out brehon laws and adjudicators, root and branch.

Some bards there were, though it is not likely that they exceeded a small number, who had no need to fly from the emissaries of the law. Such was "Ee McCraghe, a rymor," who was brought up in the county Tipperary in the decades preceding the year 1538. In that year Aodh McCraith—whose name the Earl of Ormond's orthography disguises as Ee McCraghe—being "at lernynge" in the north of Ireland, close to the confines of Tircconnell, dishonoured his family and the hereditary profession for which he was undergoing preparation, by acting the part of a spy. Young Gerald, the step-brother of Silken Thomas, after many escapes from the clutches of his enemies, was then on his way to the court of O'Donnell, under the guardianship of his devoted aunt, the Lady Eleanor Fitzgerald, widow of Donal MacCarthy Reagh. McCraith joined the party, proceeded with them to O'Donnell's mansion, became privy to the plans of O'Donnell and O'Neill for shielding the orphaned youth, and at once communicated to Ormond all the information which he had thus basely acquired.

The McCraiths were a Munster stock who gave many distinguished poets to Leath Mogha, and some too to Leath Chuinn. The subsequent fate of Aodh is not known, but most probably he returned to Tipperary, where he would then have been perfectly safe under the protection of the all-powerful Earl of Ormond. Possibly the Rory MacHugh MacCraith who wrote an inauguration ode for the redoubtable Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne may have been his son; and it is not unlikely that the establishment wherein the perfidious Aodh had sought a finishing education in the North was an academy conducted by O'Higgin Poets in Magh n-Ene, near Bundoran. We know that King Alfred the Great went in disguise among the Danes when devising his courageous scheme for their subsequent destruction. By service of a like kind the Irish bards strove persistently to aid their people's cause; but the instance just cited will show that the Dublin government were as little averse as the native chiefs to avail themselves of this sort of espionage.

Tempted by the promise of rich rewards the patriotism of the bards occasionally proved unequal to the strain, and they accepted commissions not alone to spy on their fellow-countrymen but to defame them. By such means members of families that had theretofore been reprobated as rhymers attained lucrative positions in Ireland as officials of various kinds under the rule of James

the First. But sometimes the recreancy of the bard or poet led to grave results. The poet Ænghus O'Daly—well known to Gaelic scholars both as *Ænghus na n-aer* and as the *Bard Ruadh*—vilified the old Gaelic septs and the Gaelicised Anglo-Normans in a satire which he was induced to write during the viceroyalty of Lord Mountjoy. But the resentment which this unnatural performance provoked throughout the country eventually cost him his life; for while feasting at a banquet he was stabbed to death by the servant of an irate chief, O'Meagher of Ikerrin. Mountjoy the Viceroy, and Carew the Munster President, apparently expected that a wholesale and authoritative vituperation of the ancient families would facilitate the subjugation of the country.

A few years earlier Sir John Perrott had been at pains to turn mercenary bards into instruments of his policy in Ireland. Perrott, like many another Lord Deputy of Ireland, incurred the anger of his sovereign, and was in due course condemned to death; but disease anticipated the death-sentence by cutting him off in the Tower of London in 1592. While there confined he penned his "Last Will and Testament"—a document which contains little more than a pitiful appeal for mercy based on humble protestations of the innocence of his motives and acts—and in it he wrote: "And I have given Money to Rhymers to seett forth her Majesties most worthie praises, as by Maister Treasurer's of the Warres Accomptes will appere." Even away back in the fourteenth century there is record, in a Patent Roll, of a certain Donald O'Moghane, an Irish Minstrel, having obtained license to reside within the area that enjoyed the benefits of English law, "for that he, not alone was faithful to the king, but was also the cause of inflicting many evils on the Irish enemies."

Aonghus O'Daly "of the Satire," being a poet, would not have become known to us as the *Bard Ruadh* if in his time the older technical signification of the term *bard* had still been maintained in popular usage. The Anglo-Irish called all our native versifiers indiscriminately bards and rhymers. The alien word *rhymers* was repugnant to the Gaels; but *bard* they could not reject, for the word, being of Celtic origin, was more truly Gaelic than English. Hence, concurrently with the diffusion of English speech the term *bard* attained prominence as the generally accepted symbol for all Gaelic species of verse-makers. The bards of our modern notation have thus come to comprehend not alone the ancient bards but also the *filidh*.

The resulting confusion in terminology has unfortunately been aggravated by the common practice of equating *filé* with *poet*.

Poet is an English word, derived from the Latin *poeta* ; and in its literary connotation *poet* corresponds much more closely to *bard* than to *filé*. A *filé* was only secondarily a poet, and he was a poet merely in virtue of his training in *bairdne*, or bard-craft. Primarily and essentially a *filé* was a man fully qualified and certificated in all the branches of a Gaelic liberal education. The phrase Doctor of Learning would much more satisfactorily express the meaning of *filé* than the unqualified term Poet. The title Doctor of Literature would not suffice, for the equipment of learning needed by a *filé* included law, history and genealogy as well as *belles-lettres*. In professional practice the ollamh-*filé* might specialise in law or in history as well as in *filidhecht* ; and, as a matter of fact, the brehons and the historians of the Gael issued, as a rule, from the self-same ollamh families that became most noted for the production of *filidh*.

It would seem as if bards attracted the notice of English observers in Ireland in much larger number than *filidh*, for of *filidh* as a distinct and higher class of poets mention is but rarely made in the tracts and treatises on our country that have come from Elizabethan writers. The Englishman Edmund Campion, at one time Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, may possibly have had *filidh* in mind when he wrote in his "History of Ireland," in the year 1571 : "The tongue is sharpe and sententious, offereth great occasion to quicke apothegmes and proper allusions, wherefore their common jesters, Bards, and Rymers, are said to delight passingly those that conceive the grace and propriety of the tongue. But the true Irish indeede differeth so much from that they commonly speake, that scarce one among five score can either write, read, or understand it. Therefore it is prescribed among certaine their Poets, and other Students of Antiquitie."

In his "View of the State of Ireland," Edmund Spenser would convey that the Ireland with which he was acquainted had among her population no poets other than bards. The relevant passage of the Dialogue is worthy of quotation, for it digests succinctly the experience of an Englishman who would not have been intentionally unfair, and whose poetic genius should have made him rather partial than adverse to poets. The passage reads : "There is amongst the Irish a certain kind of people called bards, which are to them instead of poets, whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men in their poems or rhymes ; the which are had in so high regard and estimation amongst them, that none dare displease them for fear to run into reproach through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men. For

their verses are taken up with a general applause, and usually sung at all feasts and meetings by certain other persons, whose proper function that is, who also receive for the same great rewards and reputation amongst them." To the art displayed in bardic compositions Spenser vouchsafes a gracious, though a qualified, word of appreciation :

"I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them ; and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry ; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device which gave good grace and comeliness unto them."

The bards on whom Spenser here passes judgment would presumably have belonged to Cork and Limerick districts of Desmond's forfeited palatinate ; for during his sojourn in Ireland Spenser resided chiefly at Kilcolman, a Desmond castle in north-east Cork, close to the Limerick border.

In the earlier years of Elizabeth's reign there lived in Dublin a puritan Englishman, Thomas Smyth by name, who, though only a humble apothecary by occupation, brought to bear on the composition and functions of Ireland's literary orders a keener eye than either Campion or Spenser. In a Memorandum which he penned in 1561 Smyth distinguished among the learned professions then practising in the country "four shepts (septs) in manner all rimers." In the first rank he places the brehons, who—he says—"have great pleantie of cattell," and whose possessions the natives do not molest, the brehon being by office a neutral in politics. "The seconde Sourte," writes Smyth, "is the Shankee (Seanchaidhe) which is to saye in English, the petigrer" (pedigree-expert, or genealogist). Smyth's *Shankee*, who obviously corresponds to the Gaelic Ollamh in History, had likewise "great plaintye of cattell."

"The thirde sort is called the *Aeosdan* (*Aos Dána*, or guild of poetry) which is to saye in English, the bards, or the rimine septes," who instigate raids and are richly guerdoned at the distribution of the spoils. At that stage "comes the Rymer (a member of the "Aeosdan") that made the Ryme, with his Rakry. The Rakry is he that shall utter the ryme ; and the Rymer himself sits by with the captain verie proudlye. He brings with him also his Harper, who please all the while that the raker sings the ryme. Also he hath his Barde, which is a kinde of folise fellowe." It would seem from this rather inconsistent classification that even the scientific Smyth was compelled by the ambiguity of the term *bard* to use the word in two different senses, first, generically as

the equivalent of *poet*, and secondly as the title of an inferior and unregarded species of rann-makers.

"The fourth sort of Rymers," explains Smyth, "is called *Filidh* (*Filidh*), which is to say in English, a Poete. These men have great store of cattell, and use all the trades of the others, with an adición of prophecies." Though deformed by a cross-division, Smyth's scheme shows clearly enough the superior station of the *filé* in the literary universe of the Gael. He might practise in any one of the three professions, Law, History, Poetry; or change, if he chose, from one to another, officiating in all three by turns. In Law and History he had no rivals or competitors; but in Poetry the *bard* encroached on the province of the *filé*, with the result that in the long run the two orders got confounded. It is evident that, in any of the callings which he was free to adopt, the successful ollamh-*filé* was certain to become a wealthy man—the fortunate possessor of numerous droves of cattle.

If we are to credit Smyth, the *filidh* of his day who subsisted by poetry made pretence to the gift of prophecy. This assertion, or suggestion, must be received with caution, for Gaelic literature of that era lends it no corroborative support. But would Smyth have been likely to invent such a curious detail, or to set a mere figment of the fancy in the very forefront of his account of the *filidh*? It would be unwise to reject the information, for it may well point back to an ancient pretension of the order which, though not forgotten, had long been allowed to fall into abeyance. In point of fact in the old literature the titles *filé* and *faith* are assigned indifferently to the same individual.

The druids were the chief repositories of learning in pagan Ireland; and it is well known that these druids practised divination, or prophecy, as well as miracle-working of various kinds. Of the Celtic druids Cæsar relates: "They are judges in nearly all disputes, whether between tribes or individuals; and when a crime is committed, when a murder takes place, when a dispute arises about inherited property or boundaries, they settle the matter and fix the awards and fines" The juridical functions here described were discharged for the evangelised Gaels by the *brehons*.

Cæsar does not mention the bards; but the trustworthy Strabo supplements him, and places the bards at the head of the three categories of men—Bards, *Vates* and Druids—who were most highly honoured by the Celts. These bards he describes as hymn-makers and poets. The *Vates* presided at the sacrifices, and foretold the future. The Druids were philosophers and jurists. The Irish Druids apparently combined the functions of the Celtic



Druids and the Celtic *Vates*. While druidism may, therefore, be presumed to have come primarily from the Celts, it evidently reached Ireland by some indirect line, and enlarged while *en route* the scope of its ministrations. The prophetic accretion which distinguishes Gaelic from Celtic druidism—the druidism of learning plus prophecy from the druidism of philosophy and law—becomes quite intelligible if we refer the introduction of our own brand of druidism to an invasion of Celticised Germani.

This does not imply that the parent, or Celtic, type of druidism never reached our country. The Irish *faith*, or prophet, is shown by his name to have been functionally the analogue of a Celtic *Vates*; and an Irish *faith* might have been a man or a woman—a *fer-faith* or a *ban-faith*. *Eo nomine* the *faithi* of both sexes dropped out of view, not because the breed became extinct, but for the reason that the name *faith* was generally replaced by *filé*. As soothsayers the Irish Druids must have been, *ex hypothesi*, Poets; for prophecy, by right of its divine nature, demanded a poetic form of deliverance. Hence in the story of the Battle of Magh Leana Dergdamsa, who extemporised a eulogy on Eoghan Mor, and an elegy on Eoghan's father Mogh Neid, and acted as Eoghan's ambassador to Conn Ced-Chathach, is entitled a Poet (*Eízes*) as well as a Druid. In another old text we find the magic verse, or formula, of a sorcerer styled both *dichetal fíledh* (a Poet's incantation) and *dichetal druadh* (a Wizard's incantation).

The Germani, we know, had priestesses and prophetesses to whom, individually, they applied the name *Veleda*, and to whom they frequently paid divine honours. Though only one *Veleda* appears in history the name is evidently a class-appellative; and in structure it corresponds exactly with our native word *filidh*. The Irish Druids added to the duties of their Celtic brethren the prophetic arts of a *Veleda*; and, as a means of making their stores of knowledge portable for the memory, they invoked the metric arts of the bards. In Christian Ireland the brehons and the historians together filled the place occupied by the druids in the society of Celtic Gaul. Theoretically the ollamh-filé replaced the Gaelic druid; but not altogether in practice, for under the christian dispensation the *filé* had to abandon the *role* of prophet, the *role* whence he had derived his distinguishing name. The affectation of prophetic insight which Thomas Smyth ascribes to the *filidh* of his day would thus have had a historic justification; and, such being the case, some tradition of the kind may quite conceivably have been preserved by the order to the closing stage of its existence.



After the accession of the Stuarts the force of circumstances produced a coalescence of bards and surviving *filidh*; and, once incorporated with the bards, the *filidh* as such faded out of sight. Professionally the bards recovered their ancient dignity, for thenceforth the whole field of Gaelic poetry, of which they had lost the head ownership, became once more their own exclusive domain. The bards, in fact, have regained more than their own; for by extending in time and in degree of consequence the application of the epithet *bard* that title has now been made to embrace the whole catalogue of our Gaelic *filidh*.

In the year 1604 the MacBrodys of Clare and the O'Clerys of Donegal, two ollamh families of highest distinction, fought a fierce poetic contest as disputants in a controversy that from earliest times had divided Ireland into two irreconcilably hostile camps. The strife between Leath Mogha and Leath Chuinn was rather embittered than decided at the battle of Magh Leana, where Eoghan Mor fell fighting against Conn Ced-Chathach. More than thirteen centuries having passed by, the poet Tadhg Mac Brody threw down the gage in the same vexatious cause; and Lugaidh O'Clery took up the challenge on behalf of Leath Chuinn. MacBrody opened the fray by an attack on Torna Eces—Chief-Poet of Ireland in the fifth century—who in some laurate poems had eulogised Niall of the Nine Hostages and depreciated Niall's rival, Corc king of Cashel. O'Clery retaliated; and the respective families and friends of the pair having duly taken sides the bloodless battle was long fought out, though the matter in dispute was still not brought to a decision. To the collection of controversial poems which the combat evoked Gaelic manuscripts invariably assign the title *Iomarbhagh na bh Fileadh* (The Contention of the *Filidh*). But in English the same collection and the episode to which it relates have become universally known as "The Contention of the *Bards*"; and under that name the collected poems have recently been edited and published. Yet the protagonists in the encounter are well certified to have been ollamhs of literature, not bards; while Torna is attested by his professional title *eces* to have been a practising *filé*-poet.

So again the *Imthecht na trom Daimhe*, or "Transactions (Goings-on) of the Great Company"—the said company being a gathering of ollamhs who assembled under the presidency of Senchan Torpest in the seventh century for the purpose of concerting measures for the recovery of the lost Tain—has become familiar to us in translation as "The Proceedings of the Great Bardic Institution." Senchan Torpest, it need scarcely be recalled, was the eminent

Ollamh who succeeded Dallan Forgaill (Eochaidh Eces) as Chief-Poet of Erin; but it may not be so well known that his seven colleagues in the association were all highly-placed official ollamhs. In his "Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards," published in 1818, Joseph C. Walker has little or nothing to say about the real bards, the work consisting almost exclusively of sketches and notices of Ireland's ollamh-poets.

Thus *bard* has long ceased to mean an ill-instructed poet lowly placed in society; and even in our scholastic literature the proudest of proud *filidh* are presently by everybody entitled bards. The term *filé* is virtually obsolete, and of interest only to antiquaries. Like the language of the *filidh* which, according to the sixteenth century historian Campion, was intelligible to not more than one in a hundred of the country's population in his time, the word *filé* may now be used only at the risk of incurring thereby the reproach of pedantry. Nor would the *filidh*, if they could speak, have any substantial grounds for protesting against being denominated *bards*. Is not Shakespeare honoured the world over as "The Bard of Avon?" And is not Homer cherished in the affections of all humanity as "The Blind Bard of Chios?"

Under the regime of James I. the surviving *filidh* had to endure, in addition to degradation in status, the still more painful miseries of impoverishment; for many of them, being involved in the fall of their chiefs, forfeited their mensal lands and possessions. Homeless and destitute the poets who had not ceased to be patriots wandered about, vainly seeking a patron who could purchase an ode or comfort its author with the customary reward. The odes breathed no longer the old buoyant spirit; rather, in many cases, they assumed the tone and the style of begging epistles. One hapless poet complains that his art is no profit to him, "though it is a misfortune that it should fall to the ground." He had walked all Munster offering for sale "a poem with close-knit science"; but nobody, Gael or Gall, responded with as much as the proffer of a groat therefor. "The glory of the Gael has set," lamented another poverty-stricken poet; "the passing of the Gaels of the land of Fodla has made poetry an outlaw." The poets, like many of the landless gentry, had no other escape from starvation save the charity and hospitality of their friends and fellow-countrymen; and they were driven perforce into the ranks of the mendicant class.

Hence, we soon find them becoming a cause of concern to the legislature. Among the provisions of a Statute which was drafted for King James's Irish Parliament of 1612, there appears: "An

Act against all such as calling themselves gentlemen, horsemen, or kerne, live loosely and freely without any certain means or trade of life, as also against rhymers, gamesters, stokeaghes, vagabonds and beggars." A Statute of Charles the First's parliament of 1634-35 enacted "that all persons calling themselves schollars, going about begging," "common players of enterludes, and minstrels, wandering abroad," "shall be taken, adjudged and deemed rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and shall sustain such punishments as are appointed by a Statute made in the 33rd year of King Henry VIII." The punishments prescribed for "vagabonds" in Henry the Eighth's Statute of 1542 were certainly not lacking in rigour; and it is, perhaps, significant of the condition to which many men of high academic standing had then been reduced by recent legislation that, under its provisions, "schoolers of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge that goe about begging, not being authorised under the seal of the said universities," were to be treated and dealt with as "strong beggars."

The increasing austerity of pains and penalties notwithstanding, the bards were not effaced; nor did bardic arts cease to be cultivated by the youths of the country. The old system of training, spread over a dozen toilsome years, could no longer be imposed on bardic *alumni*; but schools wherein the traditional courses of Gaelic study were taught, and where students were indoctrinated in the science and practice of bardcraft, continued to operate in various parts of the country. It was in a bardic school Geoffrey Keating received his preparatory education before proceeding to the continent to pursue his studies for the priesthood; and it was mainly among bards and poets of his acquaintance Keating acquired the rich store of manuscript material which he wove into the texture of his historical narrative with such inimitable grace.

Keating left Ireland before the fall of the *filidh*; but when he returned from abroad the crash had come, and the bardic schools were decaying. They did not disappear instantaneously, as if swept out of existence by a sudden cataclysm. The ollamh families were impoverished by the confiscations of Elizabeth and of James the First; but it was not in the power of rulers to rob them of their intellectual inheritance by a mere stroke of the pen. Among Keating's contemporaries there were many scholarly men who, having been brought up on the curricula of the institutions that had supplied education to the youth of Erin since the time of Aedh MacAinmire, were quite competent to officiate as professors in bardic seminaries; and under the direction of such

teachers bardic instruction was dispensed in many parts of the country until the curse of civil war descended on the land.

The building and equipment of a bardic college cost but little. The students assembled at Michaelmas in a quiet sheltered spot, aloof from the noise and bustle of ordinary life. They were housed in a low, windowless, unimposing structure, whose only furniture consisted of a plain table and homely seats and beds. The session lasted until Lady Day, the 25th March; and not much of it was occupied by lectures or professorial discourses. The instruction was eminently and advisedly practical. The teacher selected a theme, prescribed the metre in which it was to be cast, explained the principles which should guide the efforts of the pupils, sent them to their several apartments where, lying abed for twenty-four hours, each of them elaborated his composition mentally, thinking it all out from beginning to end, and consigning the verses one after another to memory before he committed the finished effort to writing. The tentative performances of the scholars having been read out in the common room, and duly corrected by the masters, and a day's interval having been allowed for rest and recreation, a repetition of the process—diversified only by a change in the subject and in the poetic style of the exercise—commenced forthwith.

Week after week—month after month—the course of training proceeded according to the same simple, unvarying order of routine, until the vernal hues of woods and fields announced the departure of winter, and the melody of song-birds harbingered the outbursting of the life that had been re-created within the Earth's fruitful womb.

“ Ah ; woe is me ! Winter is come and gone,  
But grief returns with the revolving year.”

So sings one of the very greatest of lyrical and elegiac poets ; and so, too, thought the disbanded scholars of the bardic college as they heard the first notes of the cuckoo, while wending their several ways homeward after the happy days of the training session had come to an end. “ Well might it be hateful to you to hear the utterance of the cuckoo,” cried the poet Tadhg Og O'Higgin—in an elegy on the death of his brother—addressing in imagination the bardic pupils of the deceased brother's school.

In mediaeval times students from every quarter of Europe met, and formed life-long friendships, in the lecture-halls of Bologna, Paris and Oxford, whither they had journeyed to drink of the fountains of knowledge then freely gushing forth within the precincts of each and all of those famous uni-

versities. The bardic schools of Ireland, in like manner, attracted pupils from every corner of the island, near and far, and cemented between many a pair of youthful poets ties of affection whose strength subsequently withstood, and triumphed over, the disintegrating influences that were so commonly begotten by tribal antipathy and professional rivalry. Work was suspended weekly during the interval from Saturday to Monday ; and the school was also closed on church holidays and festival dates. Dispersed among the houses of the surrounding gentry and well-to-do farmers, the students spent that free time enjoying the abundant hospitality and amusements to which they were everywhere made welcome.

The race of professors died out, and the last of the bardic schools was closed, amidst the horrors of the civil war that commenced in 1641, and ended in utter ruin and disaster in 1652. The iron rule of Cromwell followed, leading after the short-lived and illusive spell of hope that intervened between the restoration of the Stuarts and their final overthrow by William of Orange, to the dismal, despondent century of Queen Anne and of the Draconian Penal Laws : the period,

“ When, seated under sheltering hedge,  
Or crouched on mountain fern,  
The teacher and his pupils met,  
Feloniously to learn.”

It is one of the marvels of history that the spirit of song—the love of intellectual culture—did not expire in the country, crushed to death by an atrociously drastic Code of Statutes, during that prolonged tragedy. Culture is the aliment of song ; and the national culture must assuredly have perished were it not that, when driven into hiding places, its ebbing life was fondly nursed and tended throughout by itinerant school-masters and bards.

The bard and the schoolmaster of the eighteenth century cannot lawfully be dissociated, can hardly indeed be thought of separately ; for many of the bards were schoolmasters, and most of the schoolmasters were bards. Few in our own generation are able to appreciate at its true value the indebtedness of the country to that talented and unselfish race of men, for but few can adequately realise the conditions of the time in which they lived and laboured. While teaching and singing they averted the torpor of a hopeless political outlook, and saved the nation's soul from sinking into the lethargy of despair. For them more appropriately than for the court poets, to whom the words were applied by O'Donovan—or rather by Standish Hayes O'Grady in his more expressive *paraphrasis* of O'Donovan's saying—may it be claimed : “ They dis-



charged the functions and wielded the influence of the modern newspaper and periodical press."

Among the confraternity of popular educators of the eighteenth century the School of Munster Bards held deservedly the most honoured place. These men were denied the elaborate training in the arts of versification which had at one time been essential for admission to the bardic profession. But they were more than compensated for the lack of scientific drill by an inborn genius and a natural aptitude for poetry. Robert Burns blossomed into a poet as he toiled with spade and plough, doing the work of a common labourer on his father's little farm. John Keats gave earnest of his title to a place in the highest rank of poets while endeavouring to qualify himself for the unpoetic profession of surgery. Both Keats and Burns, in their early teens, "lisp'd in numbers for the numbers came"; and so, too, of a certainty did the not less songful Egan O'Rahilly and Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan. These two roving sons of the lyre—ever knightly and leal as adventurous Trouvères—threw off verse as freely and blithely as a linnet warbles, for their minds were constitutionally generative of poetic ideas, and their beings were vibrant with the music of their own Sliabh Luachra's vales and streams.

The Munster Bards are happily in no need, at the present day, of an individual introduction to the reading public of Ireland. One by one they are being paid a debt which was long overdue. Collected and translated by capable scholars, the poems of several of the Bards who shine in the brilliant Munster constellation have already been published in splendid editions; and the indications of the moment point to the likelihood that a similar tribute of appreciation will be rendered ere long even to the Bards of minor lustre.

Poets of the old order who survived into the seventeenth century were addicted to deploring and condemning the looseness and the licences that were then creeping into Gaelic prosody, as applied in practice by their younger brethren. The eighteenth century bards were untutored in the principles of *filidhecht* and of *báirdne*. But they dearly cherished the deposit of poems and tales which they found imbedded in the debris of the centuries; and, while abandoning the forms enjoined by ancient literary standards, they remained steadfastly faithful to the message and to the inspiration of the past. In handling the device of assonance they retained a consummate skill; but their pre-eminence as melodists in language can be known only to those who have had the good fortune to hear the songs as they were sung and recited by the Irish-speaking peasantry of Munster in the last century.



The Bards preserved to the end some of the more characteristic customs and institutions of the early Poets. When Seaghan Ua Tuama *an Ghrinn* (John O'Toomey the Gay) placed over the door of his ale-house in Limerick an invitation to his brother bards, and to all of the stock of the noble Gael, to enter and partake of his good cheer, he but consciously conformed to the usage of the long defunct Ollamh-Poets among whom the obligation of keeping "a house of hospitality" was universally observed. As the head of his order in the Limerick area, O'Toomey presided over sessions, or courts, of the bards, at which bardic contests were fought out after the style of the poetic duel in which Ferceirtne and Neidhe, son of Adhna, contended once on a time at Emain Macha for the gorgeous mantle of Chief Poet to Conor MacNessa.

O'Toomey sleeps his last sleep in the churchyard of Croom on the Maigue, where he was laid to rest in 1775 by the few of his brother bards who then survived. Although his name and his reputation for hospitality are well remembered around the Maigue, it is nevertheless a fact that John O'Toomey's grave, neglected and all but forgotten, has no other memorial or mark of location than the clustering nettles by which it is overgrown.

O'Toomey's predecessor as president of the court of Munster Bards was John Clarach MacDonnell, who died in 1754. MacDonnell was an eminent scholar, deeply versed in Greek and Latin as well as in Gaelic; and at his death in 1754 he left a valuable collection of Gaelic manuscripts, of which, unfortunately, no trace or tidings survive. It was from MacDonnell the historian Sylvester O'Halloran imbibed the love of Gaelic studies which he subsequently cultivated with such marked diligence and success.

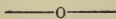
The ashes of Seaghan Clarach—the foremost literary figure in the Munster of his time—repose in the old cemetery of Ballysallagh, beside his native Charleville; and an epitaph phrased in terse, idiomatic Latin appropriately dignifies the sepulchral stone erected over the grave of that elegant poet and man of letters. Not far from thence, in the churchyard of Kilmallock, the remains of Andrew Magrath ("An Mangaire Sugach") were consigned to the clay in 1790. He, like MacDonnell, was a schoolmaster as well as a bard; and as a bard he possessed gifts not inferior to any poet of his time. But he lived an errant life, and never did justice to his poetic faculty. Though not so well remembered as MacDonnell and O'Toomey, Andrew Magrath was as popular as either in the literary and social circles of Cork and Limerick; and with theirs his name has become indissolubly linked, for together they take priority as the leading trio of the Maigue poets.

The foregoing sketch having for object the promotion of interest in the Poets and Poetry of the Gael, a short bibliography of works is appended for the guidance of readers who may desire to pursue that fascinating subject.

- 1.—G. Calder (Editor) : *Auraicept Na N-Éces* (Edinburgh, 1917).
- 2.—R. Thurneysen (Editor) : *Mittelirische Verslehren*. (*Irische Texte*, III., Part 1.).
- 3.—Ancient Laws of Ireland : *Senchus Mor* and Brehon Law Tracts (especially *Uraicecht Becc*, in Vol. V.).
- 4.—E. O'Curry : Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History.
- 5.—E. O'Curry : Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish.
- 6.—H. D'Arbois de Jubainville : *La Civilisation des Celtes*.
- 7.—P. W. Joyce : A Social History of Ancient Ireland.
- 8.—D. Hyde : A Literary History of Ireland.
- 9.—Edward O'Reilly : Irish Writers (Dublin, 1820).
- 10.—J. Hardiman : Irish Minstrelsy (Two Vols.).
- 11.—Miss C. Brooke : Reliques of Irish Poetry.
- 12.—O. Connellan (Editor) : *Imtheacht na Trom Daimhe* (Transactions of Ossianic Society, Vol. V.).
- 13.—Kuno Meyer : Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry (London, 1911).
- 14.—E. C. Quiggin : Prolegomena to the Study of the Later Irish Bards (in Proceedings of the British Academy, March 1911).
- 15.—O. Bergin : Bardic Poetry (in Journal of the Ivernian Society, Vol. V.).
- 16.—Miss E. Knott : Introduction to the Poems of Tadhg Dall O'Higgin (Irish Texts Society, Vol. XXII.).
- 17.—T. F. O'Rahilly : *Dánta Gradha* (Introduction by Robin Flower).
- 18.—T. F. O'Rahilly : The Irish Poets, Historians and Judges in English Documents (Proceedings of R.I.A., Sec. C., No. 6).
- 19.—Memoirs of the Marquis of Clanricarde : Introductory Dissertation. (Dublin, 1744).
- 20.—Herbert F. Hore : Articles in Ulster Journal of Archæology, Vols. VI. and VII. (1858 and 1859).
- 21.—G. Sigerson : Bards of the Gael and Gall (London, 1907).
- 22.—D. Corkery : The Hidden Ireland (Dublin, 1925).

The Anglo-Irish sources are too numerous and scattered to admit of being readily scheduled, but references to many of them will be found in Nos. 10, 14, 16, 17, 18 and 20 of the works on this list.

## PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.



THE First and Second Edition of this volume which might appositely be entitled "*Anthologia Celtica*"—having been many years out of print; the Messrs. Duffy purchased Mr. Patrick Traynor's interest in the copyright, and thought this the opportune moment for bringing out a third in bolder type and on better paper. Conscious of the risk they ran in this undertaking, they resolved to do all they could through this medium, for the preservation of the ancient language of Erin, and of many of those dulcet airs which consoled our forefathers at home and in exile during the darkest days of their bondage. Furthermore, the desire so frequently expressed to have every line from the pen of the matchless translator of those lyrics made accessible to all classes of readers deserved to be gratified, and was another motive which induced the Messrs. Duffy to present this new edition with Gaelic text, carefully revised, to the student of that venerable idiom, and the lovers of our native music.

It is not our intention to dwell here at any length on the characteristics of the original songs or of the metrical English version by one of our most gifted bards; for those acquainted with the ancient tongue have testified to the multiform graces of the former, while those critics whose linguistic knowledge is confined to the modern

vernacular, have been loud in their praise of that grandly dowered genius whose poetry may well be styled a speaking picture, just as a picture may be called a song without words. We may add, that copies of the Munster Poets having become exceedingly rare, often brought at auctions twenty shillings, and sometimes even more. And now a few words about Mangan.

His father James, native of Shanagolden Vale, came to Dublin about 1801, opened a grocer's shop at 3 Fishamble Street—like the house in which Moore first saw the light, 'tis still a grocer's—and married Catherine Smith of Kiltale, county Meath. James, their eldest son was born on the 1st of May, 1803, and on the 2nd of that month was baptized by the venerable Father Betagh, in the old chapel of Rosemary Lane; for the church of SS. Michael and John—now the oldest of the metropolitan parochial churches—was not dedicated till the 22nd December, 1813. The record of James' baptism in the Parochial Register runs thus,—“ May 2nd, James, of James Mangan and Catherine Smith; sponsors, Patrick Archbold and Mary Lynch.\* James had two brothers, John born in 1804, and William in 1808, and a sister who died young.

After thriving for a while in Fishamble Street, Mangan's father and family removed to Charlemont Street, where he began to invest whatever capital he had acquired in the purchase of old houses, which, in a brief interval left him-

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\* “ Clarence ” was Mangan's *nom de Plume*.

self and family all but homeless, and brought him to an early grave.

Mangan's uncle by the mother's side, now took charge of James and his brothers, and when the former had reached his seventh year, sent him to the school opened by the celebrated Jesuit F. Austin, about the year 1760 in Saul's Court,\* off Fishamble Street, and subsequently

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\* Saul's Court has its history : the late Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, received his primary education there, and so did many other ecclesiastics of that eminent prelate's period. But there are other associations attaching to that *cul de sac*, once the Arcadia of Catholic students, which may fittingly find a place here.

“Saul's Court, on the eastern side of Fishamble-street, takes its name from Laurence Saul, a wealthy Roman Catholic distiller, who resided there at the sign of the ‘Golden Key,’ in the early part of the last century.—About 1759 Laurence Saul was prosecuted for having harboured a young lady named O'Toole, who had sought refuge in his house to avoid being compelled by her friends to conform to the Established Church ; and the Chancellor,\* on this trial, made the famous declaration, that the law did not presume that an Irish Papist existed in the kingdom. In a letter to Charles O'Connor, who had advised him to summon a meeting of the Catholic Committee, for the purpose of making a tender of their service and allegiance to Government, Saul wrote as follows :— ‘Since there is not the least prospect of such a relaxation of the penal laws, as would induce one Roman Catholic to tarry in this house of bondage, who can purchase a settlement in some other land, where freedom and security of property can be obtained, will you condemn me for saying, that if I cannot be one of the first, I will not be one of the last, to take flight from a country, where I have not the least expecta-

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\* *Nomine* Bowes



directed by Father Betagh and his reverend colleagues, with the connivance of the Irish executive, which, at that time, looked askance at anything in the shape of a "popish seminary." Michael Courtney† was then one of Dr. Betagh's ushers, and 'twas he who taught Mangan the first rudiments. Delighted with the boy's proficiency, Michael Blake,‡ successor to F. Betagh, grew fond of him,

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tion of encouragement, to enable me to carry on my manufactures, to any considerable extent? 'Heu, fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum?'—But how I will be able to bear, at this time of life, when nature is far advanced in its decline, and my constitution, by constant exercise of mind, very much impaired, the fatal necessity of quitting for ever my friends, relatives, and ancient patrimony, my *natale solum*, to retire perhaps to some dreary inauspicious clime, there to play the schoolboy again, to learn the language, laws, and institutions of the country; to make new friends and acquaintances; in short, to begin the world anew. How this separation, I say, from every thing dear in this sublunary world would afflict me I cannot say, but with an agitated and throbbing heart. But when Religion dictates, and Prudence points the only way to preserve posterity from temptation and perdition, I feel this consideration predominating over all others. I am resolved, as soon as possible, to sell out, and to expatriate; and I must content myself with the melancholy satisfaction of treasuring up in my memory the kindnesses and affection of my friends.' Saul soon after quitted his native land and retired to France, where he died in October 1768."—*Gilbert's History of Dublin*.

† In 1809, Michael Courtney was nominal proprietor of the school in Saul's Court. In 1812 he opened an academy at 23 Aungier Street, but he never kept school in Derby Square.

‡ He restored the Irish College, Rome; built St. Andrew's, Westland Row, and died Bishop of Dromore, 1854.



and placed him under the special guidance of Father Graham, a learned grammarian and classical scholar, who had just returned from Salamanca and Palermo, after completing his studies, and before going back to his native diocese attached himself to the Saul's Court School, in which he replaced Courtney. Fr. Graham found Mangan an apt pupil, and taught him the rudiments of Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, his knowledge of which stood him in good stead when composing the beautiful "Lays o Many Lands." Years after Fr. Graham departed this life, Mangan often repeated for me—the tears streaming from his eyes—that pathetic Elegy in which the exiled Ovid writes to his wife that the sea-shore shells were outnumbered by the sorrows he had to dree among the barbarous Scythians. I never can forget the broken and tender tones in which he used to read those mournful strophes,\* all the more so to him, because, as he told me, they were among the first in which Fr. Graham tested his proficiency, and also because they reflected his own trials and misfortunes—some of the former imaginary or exaggerated, and most of the latter his own making. I do not recollect, although he told me, what time he finished his schooling, but I well remember that he, many years afterwards, made the acquaintance of Father

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\* "*Littora quot conchas, quot amoena rosaria flores,  
quotve soporiferum grana papaver habet ;  
silva feras quot alit, quot piscibus unda natatur.  
quot tenerum pennis aëra pulsat avis ;  
tot premor adversis.*"

Villaneuva, a learned Spanish priest, who enlarged his knowledge of the Cancioneros and Romanceros of the Peninsula.\*

And now, as a conclusion to this glance at Mangan's youthtide, we may inform our readers that he never learnt Gaelic, Persian, Hindostani, Romaic, and Coptic, and that his affected translations from these idioms are the outcome of his own all but oriental imagination. As for German, he made himself thoroughly master of it, so much so that he set about teaching it to a young lady†—long since gone to heaven—

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\* D. F. MacCarthy had his first lessons in Spanish from Father Mullock, O.S.F., who was a priest in the Franciscan Convent, Merchant's Quay, and died Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland.

† Catherine was the Christian name of Mangan's mother, and of the young lady alluded to. To "Catrina," Camoens addressed one of his sweetest poems; and Mangan's lament for Miss H——, who died in October, 1832, is not less pathetic :—

"I stood aloof, I dared not to behold  
Thy relics covered over with the mould;  
I shed no tear, I uttered not a groan,  
But yet I felt heart-broken and alone.

The fairy visions of my childhood's fancy,  
The mind's young mysteries, nature's necromancy,  
Haunt not my memory now, it can but borrow  
From your lost glories, aliment for sorrow.

Yet if it be that God himself removes  
From pain and contagion those he loves,  
I'll weep no more, but strew with freshest roses  
The hallowed mound where Innocence reposes

for whom he penned a series of exercises, one of which is now before the writer. The late Mr. O'Daly turned the Gaelic songs in this volume into literal English prose, and Mangan transfused the spirit of their authors as no other could.

Anxious to assist his parents, brothers and sister, Mangan thought the rôle of a scrivener might help him to realize his project, but he had hardly set out on life's journey, when he discovered that he had fallen into the society of grovelling companions who flouted the temperate cup, and made him ever afterwards an irresolute victim to alcohol. His description of the *canaille* with whom he tells in his autobiography, he had to consort, is not, I believe, overcoloured, nor is the sentiment of his own debasement exaggerated. He best could paint the latter, because he felt it:—

“As men by bond, and shackle trammel  
The overloaded horse or camel,  
So is my spirit bound with chains,  
And girt with troubles till 'tis wonder  
A single spark of soul remains,  
Not altogether trampled under.”

It must, however, be admitted that out of a miserable wage he did what he could for his parents, during the long years he spent as a law-clerk, in the office of Mr. L——, and subsequently in the more congenial employment given him by Dr. Todd, in the splendid library of

Trinity College. But the *one* passion claimed him exclusively its own, rendering him misanthropical and eccentric, for the smallest amount of spirit seriously affected his finely strung nerves and delicate fibre. But there were intervals in which, when freed from that influence, he proved himself a genial companion, and delightful conversationalist ever ready to make or enjoy a joke.”\* He was gentle and unassuming, modest as a child, and one would think wholly unconscious of his splendid genius. As for opium, I never knew him to use it—the poppy of the West satisfied his craving.

Sick of the monotonous drudgery of the scrivener, whose semi-uncials offered such a contrast to his own calligraphy—for such it was in the absolute meaning of that word—he betook him to literature as a more congenial occupation, and contributed to many periodicals,† the very names of which are now all but forgotten—then flourishing in Dublin. At a later period he figured

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\* One evening in my attic, when Meagher in presence of D. F. MacCarthy, R. D. Williams, and half a dozen more, was reciting Antony’s oration, over Cæsar’s corpse, and came to the “lend me your ears”—Mangan stood up gravely and said, “That’s a wrong reading.” “No,” replied the reciter, “it’s so in the book.” “No matter, sir,” rejoined Mangan, “the correct reading is, ‘lend me your *cars*,’ for Julius was killed near a car-stand, and Antony wanted to get up a decent funeral. What could be more absurd than to ask the loan of their ears?”

† Mr. McCall has enumerated them in the admirable little book published in the office of the *Nation*.

splendidly in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, where he published the *Dying Enthusiast*, the *One Mystery*, and graceful translations from the Italian of Petrarca and Filicaja.

In 1834, a year after its establishment, he contributed to the *Dublin University Magazine* numerous translations from the German, commencing with Schiller's "Pilgrim," which, in 1845, were collected in two volumes, and owing to the generous munificence of Charles G. Duffy, published with the title of "German Anthology," an appellation happily bestowed on that odoriferous wreath of song, so remarkable for freshness of fancy, and beauty of composition. His contributions to the *University Magazine* in prose and verse extended over fifteen years, the last of them appearing in that periodical in 1849. In 1840, we find him in the pages of Cameron's *Irish Penny Journal*, pouring forth a tide of song, and adorning that periodical with Apologues and Fables from the German, Irish, and other languages. Almost every one is acquainted with his version from the Gaelic of the "Woman of Three Cows,"\* sparkling

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\* In a letter dated September 15, 1840, addressed to C. G. Duffy, then editing the *Belfast Vindicator*, Mangan says, "I thank you for clapping the Three Cows into pound in your paper. But why did you omit the three stanzas? Are you able to give me a reason? Not you, I take it. However, you can make me some amends shortly. In No. 15 of Cameron's, there will be a *transmagnificandancial* elegy of mine (a perversion from the Irish), on the O'Neills and O'Donnells of Ulster, which is admired by myself and some other *impartial* judges."



as it is with genuine humour and sarcasm; but by far the grandest of all his translations from the language of Erin, is the "Lamentation for the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell—buried in S. Pietro Montorio at Rome." O'Curry furnished literal prose versions of both poems which have attained world-wide celebrity; and of the "Lamentation," we may say that no Irish pilgrim ascends the Janiculum without thinking of Mangan, and mentally repeating "O, Woman of the Piercing Wail!"

It was at this period, 1833, he attracted the notice of George Petrie—a distinguished painter, musician, and enthusiastic lover of his country's antiquities—who was then engaged on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland. Petrie employed him in his own office, inspired him with some of his refined tastes, introduced him to John O'Donovan; and one of the immediate sequels to this acquaintance—ship was the Lamentation for Kincora, beautifully rendered into flowing rhyme, from the Gaelic of Mac Liag, Bard and Seanachie to the Victor of Clontarf. To the same inspiration we may attribute the genesis of those other exquisite versions from the same idiom; for example, the Wail over the ruins of Donegal Castle—the Lament for the rifted Franciscan Monastery of Timoleague, and the Testament of Cahir Mor, which reminds one of the last utterances of Jacob on his death-bed. To another source—the German—we must ascribe the Apologue of the repentant old sinner, who on a New-



Year's night, standing at his window listened to the bells heralding "the young year's birth," and after recounting all his days in the sorrow of his heart, wept, and thanked God, "that with the will, he had the power to choose the right path still." This wonderfully beautiful translation from Richter appeared in prose and metre in the periodical already named, and in both forms excels every other attempt to transfuse its subtile spirit without evaporation into our vernacular. Irrespective of other considerations, we have reason to be grateful to Mangan for making us familiar with the productions of many of the most distinguished foreign poets and prose writers. The Pentecost Fire does not fall on many heads; but assuredly, some of its lingering sparks were bestowed on his.

In October, 1842, appeared the first number of the *Nation* for which Mangan wrote the splendid inaugural ode in which he adumbrates the grand aim of that journal, and the men—"the gifted, the noble"—who were to contribute to its pages, and thus bring a new soul into Ireland. Davis and Duffy were glad to have such a fellow labourer as Mangan; and after Davis' death, Duffy spared no pains to secure his services and reclaim him from those peculiar habitudes which he ever and anon relinquished and resumed. "I knew and loved him," says Duffy, "from the time when I was not yet a man." "He was essentially the poet of the *Nation*." No one knows

better than the writer of this, how fondly attached Duffy was to him, or how lovingly he strove to recall him to his better self; but alas, 'twas a vain pursuit and toil without the longed for result.

In 1847, Mr. James Duffy published the *Catholic Magazine*, the first volume of which was edited by, among others, D. F. MacCarthy, R. D. Williams, and John Kenyon, P.P. of Templederry. Mangan contributed to its pages the delightful metrical paraphrase of the first chapter of Jeremias' "Lamentations"—"The Death and Burial of Red Hugh O'Donnell,"—The weird "Legend of Claus of Unterwalden," and a brilliant translation of the Eucharistic Hymn—"Te Deum laudamus," composed *not* by St. Ambrose, but by St. Nicetus, bishop of Treves, in 527.

As for the Poets and Poetry of Munster, the first edition was published in 1849, and a second appeared in 1850. Both commanded a large circulation, and the value of the work was greatly enhanced by the native music which escaped Bunting, Moore, Petrie and other collectors of our ancient minstrelsy.

But what of his personality? My first interview with him was in 1845, a few days after the appearance of the German Anthology, when a gentleman employed on the *Nation* brought him to my attic and formally introduced me to the author of the exquisite translations of which I had spoken rapturously. Before taking a seat Mangan ran

his hand through my hair *phrenologically*, but whether he discovered anything to his or my advantage I don't remember. The close proximity, however, made me recognise the strange individual I had often seen standing before book-stalls at the Four Courts, the College wall, and elsewhere. He was about five feet six or seven in height, slightly stooped, and attenuated as one of Memling's monks. His head was large, beautifully shaped, his eyes blue, his features exceedingly fine and "sicklied o'er" with that diaphanous pallor which is said to distinguish those in whom the fire of genius has burnt too rapidly even from childhood. And the dress of this spectral-looking man was singularly remarkable, taken down at haphazard from some peg in an old clothes shop—a baggy pantaloons that never was intended for him, a short coat closely buttoned, a blue cloth cloak\* still shorter, and tucked so tightly to his person that no one could see there even the faintest shadow of those lines called by painters and sculptors drapery. The hat was in keeping with this habiliment, broad-leaved and steeple-shaped, the model of which he must have found in some picture of Hudibras. Occasionally he substituted for this head-gear, a soldier's fatigue cap, and never appeared abroad in sunshine or storm without a large malformed umbrella, which, when partly covered by the cloak, might easily

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\* Writing to Duffy, he says "How little do you know of the man in the cloak!"

be mistaken for a Scotch bagpipe. This eccentricity in costume and manner was not affected, and so little did he heed the incidents passing about him that he never was conscious of the remarks and glances bestowed on him by the empty-headed fop who stared him in the streets. The acquaintance formed that evening soon ripened to friendship that was destined to live through five eventful years ; and thenceforth Mangan was always welcome to such modest fare as a poor attic could afford.

Among those whom he used to meet there were T. D. M'Gee, R. D. Williams, D. F. MacCarthy, and others whom he delighted with his *viva voce* criticisms of the Italian, German, and French poets; and, above all, with dissertations on the doctrines of Lavater and Spurzheim, for whom he entertained great respect; so much so, that he meditated opening an academy for the propagation of their theories. This, however, like many another of his day-dreams, never was realized. Four years previous to the period of which we write, the Apostle of Temperance had visited Dublin, and given the pledge in front of the church of SS. Michael and John. Mangan was present on that occasion, but could not be induced to take the pledge, simply because he doubted his ability to keep it. Withal, what he had seen of the marvellous revolution wrought by Fr. Mathew impressed him beneficially, so much so, that for whole months he would avoid the use of alcohol in any form. During those intervals of self-denial, he endeared himself more and more to his young associates, frequented

the sacraments,\* and scrupulously kept faith with those who had secured his literary services. What joyous evenings we had then in that attic listening to his anecdotes of crazed Maturin—in some measure his own *menechme* or *alter ego*—whom he used to follow through the streets; Dr. Brennan of *Milesian Magazine* notoriety, Sir Harcourt Lees, and other eccentrics with whose vagaries he was thoroughly acquainted! On one of those evenings he, for the first time, heard one of his own most pathetic lyrics, “The Time of the Barmecides,” mated to a sweet old Irish air, by Dr. Thomas Nedley, then a student of medicine, and gifted with a dulcet tenor voice, that often and often made our reunions all the more charming. Poor Mangan was so gratified on that occasion, that he gave the young doctor an autograph copy of the verses, which is affectionately treasured after so many years, and the disappearance of nearly all those friends who, to say no more of them *here*, have not lived in vain.

But ah, the pity of it!—waywardness and irresolution were strongly developed in Mangan, and despite words of encouragement and gentle attentions he would, at intervals, be missed for weeks and months from the little circle in the attic, none knowing whither he had gone,

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\* As a proof of his respect for the Sabbath, we may state that he refused a very considerable sum of money offered him by Mr. L——, for work *compulsorily* done in his office on Sundays.



till he himself would suddenly turn up, and tell how he had been to Leixlip or Kiltale, suffering from fever, of which he cured himself with draughts of Bishop Berkley's nostrum—tar-water. After one of those rustications when he presented himself at the hall-door of —, a servant woman, whose loftiest ideal of a lyric was the "Red-haired Man's Wife," or some such ditty, scared by his ghastly aspect, naïvely said, "Lord, forgive you, Mr. Mangan, you might be rolling in your coach if you'd only keep from liquor, and make *ballads* for Mr. Nugent in Cooke-street;" and he who sang the "Lady Eleanora Von Alleyn," instead of resenting this well-meant rebuke, meekly whispered, "Likely eno', Essy, but don't be too hard on me." A French proverb says that frequent change\* of dwelling-place wastes life; and if this be true, it will help to account for Mangan's ever-lowering vitality some three or four years before his decease. Indeed he was always on the move, for *moving* cost him no trouble, since furniture he had none—not as much as a *grabatus* (pallet)—the word *d'eménager* had no meaning for him, a small hand-bag serving him for wardrobe, and his hat for *escritoire*. And yet, this unsettledness was not a matter of necessity but of choice; for the late James Duffy made him a generous offer of bed and board, and a fair allowance of money in his house on Wellington Quay; and Father Kenyon would have had him take up his perma-

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\* Changer souvent d'habitation, c'est éparpiller sa vie.

ment abode with himself in Templeberry hard-by "Clonohan's meadows and bosky dells." But the dread of restraint, and what he regarded as a surrender of liberty, made him decline those kindly overtures. Space would fail us were we to tell all we know of the queer places in which he would sometimes hide himself away, and one illustration will suffice to show his peculiarity *in re* lodgings. One fine summer evening, after more than a fortnight's absence, an old crone who might have personated one of Macbeth's witches, brought him to the door of the old trysting-place, and stated that she had turned him out, because she could get no good of him. On inquiry, it transpired that she had given him lodging in her hay-loft in C. A.; and that he quarrelled with her because she wouldn't allow him a candle in the night time. "Sure sir," she said, "you might as well think of bringin' a burnin' sod of turf into a powder magazine, I'll have no more to do with him, let him pay me, and he can have his tar water, and the papers that he was writin'." Assuredly this genius was a man of parts:—

"Who all things did by fits and starts,  
Nothing above him or below him,  
Who'd make a sermon or a poem  
From eccentricity of thought,  
Nor always do the thing he ought."

No, but the very opposite; for he now began to estrange himself more and more from his friends, and despite earnest remonstrance, gave himself up to habits of irregu-

larity, which cost him the patronage of Dr. Todd, and his position in T. C. Library. The one fatal weakness reduced him almost to insanity, and we will let himself describe the phantoms that were present to him by day and night. Writing to a friend he says:—

“The Gorgon’s head—the triple-faced Hell Dog—the hand-writing on Belshazzar’s palace wall, the fire globe that burned below the feet of Pascal are all bagatelles beside the Phantasmagoria that ever more haunt my brain and blast my eyes.”

A few days after he had penned that description of his shattered nerves, the writer found him and his brother in a miserable back room destitute of every comfort, a porter bottle doing duty for a candlestick, and a blanketless pallet for a bed and writing table. On expostulating with him, and giving him a sum of money—the gift of a sympathising friend—he vowed that he would endeavour to retrieve himself, and make amends for the past. But, alas for promises! they were broken as soon as made; and yet, during those paroxysms, if such phrase may be allowed, his splendid intellect was nowise impaired, for the contributions he sent to the *Nation* and *University Magazine*, showed that the divine *estro* had not forsaken him. Be it told to the credit of the distinguished editor of the former periodical, that all Mangan’s tergiversations notwithstanding, he always proved himself his apologist. “May God bless him!” wrote the grateful poor fellow, “he has been to me the sincerest

friend I ever had." To this friend he sent in a moment of direst extremity the subjoined appeal, and afterwards the promises which, for obvious reasons he ought not have made :—

"MY DEAR DUFFY,—I am utterly prostrated, I am in a state of absolute desolation of spirit.

For the pity of God come to me. I have ten words to say to you. I implore you come. Do not suffer me to believe that I am abandoned by Heaven and man.

I cannot stir out—cannot look any one in the face.

Regard this as my last request, and comply with it as if you supposed me dying.

I am hardly able to hold the pen, but I will not, and dare not, take any stimulants to enable me to do so. Too long and fatally already have I been playing that game with my shattered nerves.

Enough. God ever bless you. Oh, come!—Ever yours,

J. C. MANGAN."

FOR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, ESQ.

"I, JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN, promise, with all the sincerity that can attach to the declaration of a human being, to dedicate the portion of life that may remain to me to penitence and exertion.

I promise—in the solemn presence of Almighty GOD,—and, as I trust, with His assistance, to live soberly, abstemiously, and regularly in all respects.

I promise, in the same Presence, that I will not spare myself—that I will endeavour to do all the good within my power to others—that I will constantly advocate the cause of Temperance—the interests of knowledge—and the duties of Patriotism—and finally, that I will do all these things irrespective of any concern personal to myself—and whether my exertions be productive of profit and fame to me, or, as may happen in the troublous times that I believe are at hand, eventuate in sinking me still lower into poverty and (undeserved) ignominy.

This declaration of my intentions with respect to my future pur-

poses I give to Mr. Duffy. I mean, with his permission, to send similar declarations to my other literary friends, varying the phraseology of them only as his prudence may suggest.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN."

From the same dismal two-pair back room he addressed the following *De profundis* to a gentleman well known for his charities, and we reproduce it here as a half told tale of domestic sorrow, not surpassed by that of any other unfortunate son of genius:—

"DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR,—Perhaps I may venture to hope that you have not altogether forgotten me. I, on my part, have never ceased to remember my promise to you. That promise has, if I may so speak, burned itself into my brain and memory. It is written on my heart, and chronicled on the tablets of my spirit. It forms my last thought before I lie down at night—my first when I rise in the morning.

Can you, or will you, dear sir, help me to fulfil it? I trust in the Almighty GOD that you will. In addressing you, I address no common man. I am aware that I appeal to, perhaps, the most distinguished philanthropist of our era. The stronger, therefore, is my confidence that you will not refuse me the aid I seek at your hands.

I write to you, dear sir, from a fireless and furnitureless room, with a sick brother near me, whom I have supported for years. My heart sinks within me as I contemplate the desolation around us. I myself have abstained from animal food for a long period; yet, I regretted that I was unable to buy him more than an egg on Christmas Day. But this matter of diet is a trifle. Healthy persons require little nourishment—they can subsist on bread and water. It was the apothecary's bill which, on Christmas Eve left us without a shilling—and has obliged me even to resort since to the pawnbroker.

I call on you, dear sir, with this note; but perhaps you may not have leisure to see me.—Your very obedient servant,

J. C. MANGAN."



And yet, in the midst of this gloom and misery he produced poems of transcendent beauty, among others the "Marvellous Bell," "Napoleon," from the French of Lamartine, "Ypsilanti," and the "Lament for Moreen," some stanzas of which it may be presumed were meant to picture the perturbed state of his own mind :—

"I exult alone in one wild hour,  
That hour wherein the red cup drowns,  
The horrors it anon renews,  
In ghastlier guise, in fiercer power ;  
Then glory brings me golden crowns,  
And visions of all brilliant hues  
Lap my *lost* soul in gladness,  
Until I awake again,  
and the dark lava fires of madness,  
Once more sweep through my brain."

The two last years of Mangan's life saw him pursue the same erratic course, and every effort of his friends to bring him back to the right path failed. Conscious of this, he himself in burning words tells how those generous strivings proved unavailing :—

"In those resplendent years of youth,  
When virtue sees the true Romance,  
And nought else lures the generous mind,  
I might, even had I strayed from Truth,  
Have yet retrieved my road perchance,  
And left my errors far behind,  
But, return *now*—oh, never,  
Never, and never more !  
Truth's holy fire is quenched for ever  
Within my bosom's core !"

Some will regard this confession and resolution as the

outpouring of a "mind diseased," but those who knew him personally, had reason to believe that he was perfectly in earnest when he gave expression to that lamentable sentiment. Proof after proof we could advance of this, if we *now* contemplated anything but a brief outline of his career. Sick of existence and thoroughly broken in health, he was admitted to St. Vincent's Hospital, in May, 1848. From that merciful institution where he was surrounded by all the comforts the sisters could procure him, he wrote to a friend:—

"Here I am at last—here, where I shall have ample time for repentance, for I cannot leave for some months, and during all that time I shall be rigorously denied every thing in the shape of stimulants. My intellect is becoming clearer."

The doctors refused the stimulants, but he, "infirm of purpose" as usual, must have them, and he consequently went out into the broadway of temptation, and relapsed into the old slough. A few mornings after that exodus he was a patient in the Richmond Surgical Hospital, bruised and disfigured by a fall of nearly fifteen feet, into the foundation of a house, then recently sunk. This occurred in the night time, when he was utterly unconscious of his whereabouts; and his escape from mortal accident seemed almost miraculous. A few days afterwards he got a lodging near the house in which he was born, and on revisiting *the* attic, agreed to write the *Autobiography* which may be regarded as the merest *Rêve d'une Vie*, with here and there some filaments of

reality in its texture. On representing this to him, he said he would willingly destroy the performance, but finally agreed to leave it as a souvenir in the writer's possession. It too had its erratic history in keeping with that of its author, and first appeared in the *Irish Monthly*, a most delightful periodical, edited by Father Russell, S.J.

About the same time he worked by fits and starts at the "Poems and Poetry," which was not published till November 1849. His remuneration indeed was scant, but it was as much as O'Daly could afford—some few pounds at long intervals, and a seat by the fire in the Anglesea Street back parlour.

Soon after the outbreak of Cholera in April, 1849, he now and again came to the old quarters and there held forth on the origin and symptoms of the pestilence, maintaining, like Don Ferrante in the *Promessi Sposi*, that there was no such thing *in rerum natura* as contagion, and consequently that precautions of all sorts were unnecessary and delusive.\* Withal, from what I remember of those monologues I have no difficulty in stating that he had a presentiment that he was doomed to fall a victim to the terrible epidemic; for his mental vigour began to fail perceptibly, and he seldom lost an opportunity of alluding to his opening grave of which he prophetically sang:—

"Thither many a noble hand  
Shall garland offerings bring,  
And friends about my dust shall stand,  
And songs of sorrow sing.

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\* See the "Betrothed," c. 37.

And they shall oft as years roll round,  
Think of the slumberer there,  
And to the memory of that mound  
A tear of pity spare !”

Early in June, his condition became so desperate that he was admitted to the sheds at Kilmainham, and remained there some days, till thinking that he had well nigh recovered, he left, and took refuge in a miserable garret in Bride-street. Growing weaker and weaker, he was removed to the Meath Hospital by the advice of the late Dr. Stokes, who pronounced his case hopeless. That eminent physician conveyed to the writer poor Mangan's earnest desire to see him ; and he accordingly lost no time in going to the pest-house, then filled with the dying. On taking a chair at his bedside the poor fellow playfully said, “ I feel that I am going, I know that I must go, ‘ unhouel'd ’ and ‘ unanel'd,’ but you must not let me go. ‘ unshriven ’ and ‘ unanointed.’ ” The priest in attendance being called, heard his confession, and administered the Last Unction ; Mangan with hands crossed on his breast and eyes uplifted, manifesting sentiments of most edifying piety, and with a smile on his lips faintly ejaculating, “ O, Mary, Queen of Mercy ! ”\* This was on Wednesday, 20th June, and about ten o'clock that night, his soul was summoned to the Judgment Seat of God who endowed him with gifts not surpassed by

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\* From his beautiful translation of Simrock's “ O Maria, Regina Misericordiæ ! ”

those bestowed on the Italian, German, French and Gaelic Poets, with whose inspirations he has made us familiar.

Although the burial rite should have followed fast on the decease, his remains were not interred till Friday, 23rd June, because of the difficulty of procuring either coffin or hearse, owing to the awful mortality then desolating the city.

Mangan's friends, as Sir C. G. Duffy says,\* were at that time scattered far and wide, and of them all, only three,—Michael Smith his kinsman—one who had been many years connected with the *Nation*—and the individual who pens this—saw him laid in his *not* “unremembered grave” in Glasnevin.

Having already stated that the publishers in reissuing this volume, were desirous, as far as in them lay, to keep alive and propagate a knowledge of the language of Erin, we may fittingly conclude with Mangan's eulogy of that grand old tongue:—

#### THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

(*From the Dan Mholadh Na Gaoidhulge of Philip Fitzgibbon, a Kilkenny Poet.*)

##### I.

The language of Erne is brilliant as gold;  
It shines with a lustre unrivalled of old.  
Even glanced at by strangers, to whom 'tis unknown,  
It dazzles their eyes with a light all its own.

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\* See “Young Ireland,” and “Four Years of Irish History.”



## II.

It is music, the sweetest of music, to hear;  
No lyre ever like it enchanted your ear.  
Not the lute, or the flute, or the quaint clarionet,  
For deep richness of tone could compete with it yet!

## III.

It is fire to the mind—it is wine to the heart—  
It is melting and bold—it is Nature and Art!  
Name one other language, renowned though it be,  
That so wakes up the soul, as the storm the deep sea!

## IV.

For its bards—there are none in the cell, cottage, or hall,  
In the climes of the haughty Iberian and Gaul,  
Who despair not to match them—their marvellous tones  
Might have won down the gods of old Greece from their thrones.

## V.

Then it bears back your spirit on History's wings,  
To the glories of Erin's high heroes and kings,  
When the proud name of Gael swelled from ocean to shore,  
Ere the days of the Saxon and Northman of yore.

## VI.

Is the heart of the land of this tongue undecayed?  
Shall the Sceptre and Sword sway again as they swayed?  
Shall our kings ride in triumph o'er war-fields again,  
Till the sun veils his face from the hosts of the slain?

## VII.

O, then shall our halls with the Gaelic resound,  
In the notes of the harp and the claoirseach half drowned  
And the banquet be spread and the chess board all night,  
Test the skill of our Chiefs, and their power for the fight.

## VIII.

Then our silken-robed minstrels, the silver-haired band,  
Shall reawake the young slumbering blood of the land,  
And our bards no more plaintive on Banba's dark wrongs,  
Shall then fill two worlds\* with the fame of their songs.

## IX.

And the gates of our Brugaidhst again shall stand wide,  
And their cead mile failte woo all withinside ;  
And the travel-tired wayfarer find by the hearth,  
Cheery plenty, where now, alas ! all is black dearth.

## X.

The down-trodden poor shall meet kindness and care,  
And the rich be so happy to spare and to share !  
And the mighty shall rule unassailed in their might,  
And all voices blend in one choir of delight !

## XI.

The bright Golden era that poets have sung,  
Shall revive and be chaunted anew in our tongue ;  
The skies shall rain love on the land's breadth and length,  
And the grain rise like armies battalioned in strength.

## XII.

The priest and the noble, the serf and his lord,  
Shall sustain one another with word and with sword—  
The learned shall gain more than gold by their lore,  
And all Fate took away she shall trebly restore.

## XIII.

Like rays round a centre, like stars round the moon,  
Like Ocean round earth when it heaves in the noon,  
Shall our chiefs, a resplendent and panoplied ring,  
In invincible valour encircle their King.

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\* America and Europe

+ Houses of Hospitality.

## xiv.

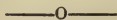
And thou, O, Grand Language, please heaven shalt win  
Proud release from the tomb thou art sepulchred in,  
In palace, in shieling, on high way, or hill,  
Shalt thou roll as a river, or glide as a rill.

## xv.

The history of Eire shall shine forth in thee,  
Thou shalt sound as a horn from the lips of the free ;  
And our priests in their forefathers' temples once more  
Shall through Thee call on men to rejoice and adore-

# FRAGMENT OF AN UNFINISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.



## CHAPTER I.

“A heavy shadow lay

On that boy's spirit: he was not of his fathers.”—*Massinger*.

At a very early period of my life I became impressed by the conviction that it is the imperative duty of every man who has deeply sinned and deeply suffered to place upon record some memorial of his wretched experiences for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and by way of a beacon to them, to avoid, in their voyage of existence, the rocks and shoals upon which his own peace of soul has undergone shipwreck. This conviction continually gained strength within me, until it assumed all the importance of a paramount idea in my mind. It was in its nature, alas! a sort of dark anticipation, a species of melancholy foreboding of the task which Providence and my own disastrous destiny would one day call upon myself to undertake.

In my boyhood I was haunted by an indescribable feeling of something terrible. It was as though I stood in the vicinity of some tremendous danger, to which my apprehensions could give neither form nor outline. What

it was I knew not; but it seemed to include many kinds of pain and bitterness—baffled hopes, and memories full of remorse. It rose on my imagination like one of those dreadful ideas which are said by some German writers of romance to infest the soul of a man apparently foredoomed to the commission of murder. I say apparently, for I may here, in the outset, state that I have no faith in the theory of predestination, and that I believe every individual to be the architect of his own happiness or misery; but I did feel that a period would arrive when I should look back upon the past with horror, and should say to myself: “Now the great tree of my existence is blasted, and will never more put forth fruit or blossom.” And it was (if I may so speak) one of the nightmare loads lying most heavily on my spirit, that I could not reconcile my feeling of impending calamity with the dictates of that Reason which told me that nothing can irreparably destroy a man except his proper criminality, and that the verdict of Conscience on our own actions, if favourable, should always be sufficient to secure to us an amount of contentment beyond the power of Accident to affect. Like Bonnet, whose life was embittered by the strange notion that he saw *an honest man* continually robbing his house, I suffered as much from my inability to harmonize my thoughts and feelings as from the very evil itself that I dreaded. Such was my condition from my sixth to my sixteenth year.

But let me not anticipate my mournful narrative. The few observations that I make in this preliminary chapter I throw out without order or forethought, and they are



not intended to appear as the commencement of a history. In hazarding them I perhaps rather seek to unburden my own heart than to enlist the sympathies of my readers. Those few, however, who will thoroughly understand me, need not be informed why I appear to philosophise before I begin to narrate.

I give my Confessions to the world without disguise or palliation. From the first my nature was always averse, even almost to a fault; the second, if it be possible in my case, I resign to that eternity which is rapidly coming alike upon me, my friends, and my enemies. These latter I also have, and from my heart I say, "May GOD\* bless them here and hereafter." Meantime they, as well as those excellent individuals whose kindness towards me during the period of my probation I have experienced to an extent scarcely credible, may in these pages read the simple and undecorated truth with regard to all that has so long appeared worst in my character and conduct. To all I owe a debt, and that debt I shall endeavour to repay to the uttermost.

There have been some men who may be said to have published their autobiographies without directly revealing themselves in these, as there are others who have avowedly laid bare to the eyes of mankind their own delinquencies without cloak or equivocation. Among the former we may class Goodwin and Byron; the latter will comprehend St. Augustine, Rousseau, Charles Lamb, and perhaps a

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\* Mangan throughout writes the name of God in capital letters.

few besides. It is neither my wish nor my ambition to take any one of these as my model in sentiment or expression. I cannot do so if I would, and if I could I know that I would not. My desire is to leave after me a work that may not merely inform but instruct—that may be adapted to all capacities and grades of intellect—and that, while it seeks to develop for the thinking the more hidden springs of human frailty, shall also operate simply in virtue of its statements as a warning to others, particularly to the uneducated votary of Vice. And let me not be esteemed presumptuous if I add that it will be one which, with GOD'S blessing, shall achieve both objects.

For myself, individually, I crave nothing. I have forfeited all claim upon human generosity. The kindness that during my life, and amid all my errors, I have endeavoured to exercise towards others will, doubtless, be denied to me; but I complain not. May my unhappy memoirs serve in some degree to benefit my fellow-beings! May GOD'S justice be vindicated in me and them! May no human creature ever arise from their perusal without (if a good man) feeling his virtuous resolutions confirmed, and if a bad, without experiencing some portion of that salutary remorse which indicates the first dawning of reformation. These I would wish, and ambition—but no more than these.

## CHAPTER II.

“These things are but the beginning of sorrows.”—*Jesus Christ*.

I share, with an illustrious townsman of my own,\* the honour, or the disreputability, as it may be considered, of having been born the son of a grocer. My father, however, unlike his, never exhibited any of the qualities of guardian towards his children. His temper was not merely quick and irascible, but it also embodied much of that calm, concentrated spirit of Milesian fierceness, a picture of which I have endeavoured to paint in my Italian story of “Gasparo Bandollo.”† His nature was truly noble: to quote a phrase of my friend O'Donovan, “He never knew what it was to refuse the countenance of living man;”‡ but in neglecting his own interests—and not the most selfish misanthropes could accuse him of attending too closely to those—he unfortunately forgot the injuries that he inflicted upon the interest of others. He was of an ardent and forward-bounding disposition, and, though deeply religious by nature, he hated the restraints of social life, and seemed to think that all feelings with regard to family connexions, and the obligations imposed by them, were totally beneath his notice. Me, my two brothers, and my sister, he treated habitually as a huntsman would treat refractory hounds. It was his

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\* Moore.

† See *Dublin University Magazine*, for December 1848. (No. cxcii.)

‡ “Annals of the Four Masters,” anno [date not given].

boast, uttered in pure glee of heart, that "we would run into a mouse-hole" to shun him. While my mother lived, he made her miserable; he led my only sister such a life that she was obliged to leave our house; he kept up a succession of continual hostilities with my brothers; and, if he spared me more than others, it was perhaps because I displayed a greater contempt of life and everything connected with it than he thought was shown by the other members of his family. If anyone can imagine such an idea as a human boa-constrictor, without his alimentive propensities, he will be able to form some notion of the character of my father. May GOD assail his great and mistaken soul, and grant him eternal peace and forgiveness! But I have an inward feeling that to him I owe all my misfortunes.

My father's grand worldly fault was *improvidence*. To anyone who applied to him for money he uniformly gave double or treble the sum requested of him. He parted with his money—he gave away the best part of his worldly property—and in the end he even suffered his own judgment and disposition to become the spoil of strangers. In plainer words, he permitted cold-blooded and crafty men to persuade him that he was wasting his energies by following the grocery business, and that by re-commencing life as a vintner, he would soon be able not only to retrieve all his losses, but to realise an ample fortune. And thus it happened, reader, that I, James Clarence Mangan, came into the world surrounded, if I may so express myself, by an atmosphere of curses and intemperance, of

cruelty, infidelity, and blasphemy, and of both secret and open hatred towards the moral government of GOD—such as few infants, on opening their eyes to the first light of day, had ever known before.

From the fatal hour which saw my father enter upon his new business, the hand of a retributive Providence\* was visibly manifested in the change that ensued in his affairs. Year by year his property melted away. Debts accumulated on him, and his creditors, knowing the sort of man they had to deal with, always proved merciless. Step by step he sank, until, as he himself expressed it, only “the desert of perdition” lay before him. Disasters of all kinds thickened around him; disappointment and calamity were sown broadcast in his path. Nothing that he undertook prospered. No man whom he trusted proved faithful to him. “The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.” And his family? They were neglected—forgotten—left to themselves. For me, I sought refuge in books and solitude, and days would pass during which my father seemed neither to know nor care whether I were living or dead. My brothers and sisters fared better; they indulged in habits of active exercise, and strengthened their constitutions morally and physically to a degree that even enabled them to present a successful front of opposition to the tyranny exercised over them. But I shut

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\* My reader will pardon the frequent allusion to GOD and Providence which occur in the course of these memoirs. But as Malebranche saw all things in GOD, so I see GOD in all things. GOD is *the* idea of my mind.



myself up in a close room : I isolated myself in such a manner from my own nearest relations, that with one voice they all proclaimed me "mad." Perhaps I was : this much at least is certain, that it was precisely at that period (from my tenth to my fourteenth year) that the seeds of moral insanity were developed within me, which afterwards grew up into a tree of giant altitude.

My schooling during those early days stood me in some stead. Yet I attended little to the mere technical instruction given to me in school. I rather tried to derive information from general study than from dry rules and special statements. One anecdote I may be permitted to give here, which will somewhat illustrate the peculiar condition of my moral and intellectual being at this period. I had been sent to Mr. Courtney's Academy in Derby Square.\* It was the first evening of my entrance (in 1820), when I had completed my eleventh year.† Twenty boys were arranged in a class; and to me, as the latest comer, was allotted the lowest place—a place with which I was perfectly contented. The question propounded by the schoolmaster was, "What is a parenthesis?" But in vain did he test their philological capacities; one alone attempted some blundering explanation from the grammar; and finally to me, as the forlorn hope that might possibly save the credit of the school, was the query referred. "Sir," said I, "I have only come into the

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\* [Should be Saul's Court.]

† [This is a palpable error, for he was born in 1803.]

school to-day, and have not had time to look into the grammar; but I should suppose a parenthesis to be something included in a sentence, but which might be omitted from the sentence without injury to the meaning of the sentence." "Go up, sir," exclaimed the master, "to the head of the class." With an emotion of boyish pride I assumed the place allotted me; but the next minute found me once more in my original position. "Why do you go down again, sir?" asked the worthy pedagogue. "Because, sir," cried I, boldly, "I have not deserved the head place; give it to this boy"—and I pointed to the lad who had all but succeeded—"he merits it better, because at least he has tried to study his task." The schoolmaster smiled: he and the usher whispered together, and I was remanded to a seat apart. On the following day no fewer than three Roman Catholic clergymen, who visited the Academy, condescended to enter into conversation with me; and I very well recollect that one of them, after having heard me read, "Blair on the Death of Christ," from "Scott's Lessons," clapped me on the back, with the exclamation, "You'll be a rattling fellow, my boy; but see and take care of yourself."

In connection with this anecdote I may be permitted to mention a singular fact, namely, that in my earlier years I was passionately fond of declaiming, not for my auditors but for myself. I loved to indulge in solitary rhapsodies, and, if intruded on upon those occasions, I was made very unhappy. Yet I had none of the ordinary shyness of boyhood. I merely felt or fancied that between

me and those who approached me, no species of sympathy could exist; and I shrank from communion with them as from somewhat alien from my nature. This feeling continued to acquire strength daily, until in after years it became one of the grand and terrible miseries of my existence. It was a morbid product of the pride and presumption which, almost hidden from myself, constituted even from my childhood governing traits in my character, and have so often rendered me repulsive in the eyes of others. But a severe check was in preparation for these faults. My father's circumstances at length grew desperate: within the lapse of a very limited period he had failed in eight successive establishments in different parts of Dublin, until finally nothing remained for him to do but sit down and fold his arms in despair. Ruin and beggary stared him in the face; his spirit was broken; and as a last resource he looked to the wretched members of his family for that help which he should have rather been able to extend to them. I was fifteen years old; could I not even then begin to exert myself for the behoof of my kindred? If my excellent mother thought so, she said nothing; but my father undertook the solution of the question; and I was apprenticed to a scrivener. Taken from my books, obliged to relinquish my solitary rambles and musings, and compelled, for the miserable pittance of a few shillings weekly, to herd with the coarsest of associates, and suffer at their hands every sort of rudeness and indignity which their uncultivated and semi-savage natures prompted them to inflict on me! "Thus bad began, and worse remained behind."

## CHAPTER III.

At this time we—that is, my father, my mother, my brothers, my sister, and myself—tenanted one of the dismalest domiciles, perhaps, to be met with in the most forlorn recesses of any city in Europe. It consisted of two wretched rooms, or rather holes, at the rear of a tottering old fragment of a house, or, if the reader please, hovel, in Chancery Lane.\* These dens, one of which was over the other, were mutually connected by means of a steep and almost perpendicular ladder, down which it was my fortune to receive many a tumble from time to time upon the sloppy earthen floor beneath. Door or window there was none to the lower chamber; the place of the latter, in particular, being supplied not very elegantly, by a huge chasm in the bare and broken wall. In the upper apartment, which served as our sleeping-room, the spiders and beetles had established an almost undisputed right of occupancy; while the winds and rains blew in on all sides, and whistled and howled through the winter nights like the voices of unquiet spirits. It was to this dreary abode, without, I believe, a parallel for desolateness, that I was accustomed to return from my employer's office each night between eleven and twelve through three long years. I scarcely regarded my own sufferings when I reflected on

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\* This is purely imaginary; and when I told Mangan that I did not think it a faithful picture, he told me he dreamt it.

those of my relatives—my mother especially, whose fortitude was admirable—and yet I did suffer, and dreadfully. I was a slave of the most miserable order. Coerced to remain for the most part bound to one spot from early morning till near midnight, tied down to “the dull drudgery of the desk’s dead wood” unceasingly, without sympathy or companionship, my heart felt as if it were gradually growing into the inanimate material I wrote on. I scarcely seemed like a thing of life; and yet at intervals the spirit within me would struggle to vindicate itself; and the more poetical part of my disposition would seek to burst into imperfect existence. Some lines which I produced about this time may serve to give my readers a notion of the sentiments which, even amid want and bitter pain, and loneliness of soul, may sometimes agitate the breast of a boy of sixteen :—

## GENIUS.

O Genius ! Genius ! all thou dost endure  
First from thyself, and finally from those  
The Earth-bound and the blind, who cannot feel  
That there be souls with purposes as pure  
And lofty as the mountain snows, and zeal  
All quenchless as the spirit whence it flows ;  
In whom that fire, struck but like spark from steel  
In other bosoms, ever lives and glows !  
Of such, thrice blest are they, whom, ere mature  
Life generate woes which God alone can heal,  
His mercy calls to a loftier sphere than this—  
For the mind’s conflicts are the worst of woes ;  
And fathomless and fearful yawns the Abyss  
Of Darkness thenceforth under all who inherit  
That melancholy changeless hue of heart,



Which flings its pale gloom o'er the years of Youth—  
Those most—or least—illumined by the spirit  
Of the Eternal Archetype of Truth.  
For such as these there is no peace within  
Either in Action or in Contemplation,  
From first to last—but, even as they begin,  
They close the dim night of their tribulation ;  
Worn by the torture of the untiring breast,  
Which scorning all, and shunned of all, by turns,  
Upheld in solitary strength begot  
By its own unshared shroudedness of lot,  
Through years and years of crushed hopes, throbs and burns,  
And burns and throbs, and will not be at rest,  
Searching a desolate Earth for that it findeth not !”

My physical and moral torments, my endurances from cold, heat, hunger, and fatigue, and that isolation of mind which was perhaps worse than all, in the end flung me into a fever, and I was transmitted to an hospital. This incident I should hardly deem worthy of chronicling if it had not proved the occasion of introducing into my blood the seeds of a more virulent disease than any I had yet known—an incurable hypochondriasis. There was a poor child in the convalescent ward of the institution, who was afflicted from head to foot with an actual leprosy ; and there being no vacant bed to be had, I was compelled to share that of this miserable being, which, such was my ignorance of the nature of contagion, I did without the slightest suspicion of the inevitable result. But in a few days after my dismissal from the hospital this result but too plainly showed itself on my person in the form of a malady nearly as hideous and loathsome as that of the

wretched boy himself; and, though all external traces of it have long since disappeared, its moral effects remain incorporated with my mental constitution to this hour, and will probably continue with me through life. It was woe on woe, and "within the lowest deep a lower deep." Yet will it be credited? my kindred scarcely seemed to take notice of this new and terrible mark so set upon me. Privation and despair had rendered them almost indifferent to everything; and for me, sullen, self-inwrought, diseased within and without, I cared not to call their attention to it: "My heart had grown hard, and I hurt my hand when I struck it."\*

Very slowly, and only when a kind acquaintance (for I was not yet utterly deserted), came forward to rescue me from the grave by his medical skill, did I in some degree conquer the malignity of this ghastly complaint. Another disease, however, and another succeeded, until all who knew me began to regard me as one appointed to a lingering, living martyrdom. And, for myself, I scarcely knew what to think of my own condition, though I have since learned to consider it as the mode and instrument which an all-wise Providence made use of to curb the outbreaks of that rebellious and gloomy spirit that smouldered like a volcano within me. My dominant passion, though I guessed it not, was pride; and this was to be overcome by pain of every description and the continual sense of self-helplessness. Humiliation was what I required; and

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\* Shakespeare.

that bitterest moral drug was dealt out to me in lavish abundance. Nay, as if Pelion were to be piled on Ossa for the purpose of contributing to my mortification, I was compelled to perform my very penances—those enjoined me by my spiritual director—in darkness and subterranean places, wheresoever I could bury myself from the face of living man. And they were all merciful dispensations these, to lift me out of the hell of my own nature, compared with those which the Almighty afterwards adopted for my deliverance.

My apprenticeship terminated: but so did nothing else in my unhappy position. The burden of an entire family lay upon me, and the down-dragging weight on my spirit grew heavier from day to day. I was now obliged to seek employment wheresoever I could find it, and thankful was I when even my father and mother were enabled to reap the fruits of my labour. But my exasperated mind (made half mad through long disease) would frequently inquire, though I scarcely acknowledge the inquiry to myself, how or why it was that I should be called on to sacrifice the Immortal for the Mortal; to give away irrevocably the Promethean fire within me for the cooking of a beefsteak; to destroy and damn my own soul that I might preserve for a few miserable months or years the bodies of others. Often would I wander out into the field and groan to GOD for help. "*De Profundis clamavi!*" was my continual cry. And in truth, although my narrative scarcely appears at a glance to justify me, my circumstances taken altogether were amply sufficient

to warrant the exclamation. A ruined soul in a wasted frame ; the very *ideal* and perfection of moral and physical evil combined in one individual. Let the reader imagine these and draw his conclusions.

After a short while matters appeared to brighten with me, or rather to assume a less dusky aspect. I was advised by a worthy medical friend of mine, Mr. Graham, of Thomas Street, a man of considerable knowledge and skill, though but an apothecary, to try what such kinds of exercise as fencing or ball-playing might accomplish for me. "The mind, my dear young friend," observed this intelligent man to me, "is the key to the health, a somewhat rusty key to persons of coarser constitutions, but an oiled key to all of nervous temperaments and susceptible apprehensions. You have taken long walks: they have done you no good: why? Because you felt no interest in them, *because while your limbs walked one way, your mind walked another*. Try the foil or the racket, and you will be a new man at the end of a fortnight." I took my friend's advice, and soon was in a condition to bear testimony to the truth of his vaticination. Never, perhaps, was such a change witnessed in the health and spirits of a human being as that which supervened in mine after the lapse of a week. The almost miraculously recuperative power which has since been frequently observed to exist in me enjoyed full and fair play. I arose, as it were, out of myself. I had for a long time subsisted upon nothing but bread and tea, or milk, with my heart only for animal food ("bitter diet," as

Byron remarks), giving the grosser aliments they required to my relatives ; but I now felt as though I could feast upon air and thought alone. The great overcurtaining gloom, which had become to me a sort of natural atmosphere, a fifth element, still in a degree surrounded me ; but my experience of existence at this time was that of a comparative paradise. Alas ! it could not endure, and it did not. Another book in the Iliad of my woes was to be opened, and black and appalling was the page that it presented to my view.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

“Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !”—*Shakespeare.*

Amid the glow of soul which I experienced through the change in my situation from absolute bondage to comparative liberty, I could not forget the links that bound me to those who still depended on me for the very breath of life. That they appeared as indifferent to my powers of endurance as the storms are to those of the rock they assault was nothing to me. That they were in health, and in the prime of life, while I was in a state of chronic illness, and old in soul though young in years, touched me little or nothing. They were still my parents, and only as such could I regard them. I willingly overlooked the maxim of St. Paul that the elder should lay up for the younger portion of the family, and not the younger for the elder. Within about nine months after the ter-



mination of my apprenticeship a situation was offered me in a solicitor's office, the salary derivable from which though humble enough, was sufficient to elevate us in some degree above the depths of our former poverty; and this situation I accepted, not gladly—for a foreboding of what was to come haunted me now with more intense force than ever—but resignedly, and in the full belief that I was merely fulfilling a destiny which I could not oppose, and which I had no right to arraign.

I weary the reader by calling on him for ever to listen to a tale of unmitigated calamity. But as I am bound to adhere to strict truth in this autobiography, he will kindly forgive as well the monotony of general reflection as of particular detail which he here encounters. By-and-by I may invite his attention to more cheerful and consolatory matter. At present the scroll which I am compelled to unroll before him is, like that of the prophet, "Written within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe." And perhaps those who are more desirous of understanding the motives than of listening to a cold recital of the actions of another may find some interest in perusing a record which, I willingly admit, embodies hardly a sentence upon which the mere worldling would care to expend a moment's reflection,

I had not been long installed in my new situation before all the old maladies under which I had laboured returned with double force. The total want of exercise to which I was subjected was in itself sufficient to tell with ruinous effect upon a frame whose long-continued state of ex-

haustion had only received a temporary relief from the few months' change of life to which I have adverted. But other agencies also combined to overwhelm and prostrate me. The coarse ribaldry, the vile and vulgar oaths, and the brutal indifference to all that is true and beautiful and good in the universe, of my office companions, affected me in a manner difficult to conceive. My nervous and hypochondriacal feelings almost verged upon insanity. I seemed to myself to be shut up in a cavern with serpents and scorpions, and all hideous and monstrous things, which writhed and hissed around me, and discharged their slime and venom upon my person. These hallucinations were considerably aided and aggravated by the pestiferous atmosphere of the office, the chimney of which smoked continually, and for some hours before the close of the day emitted a sulphurous exhalation that at times literally caused me to gasp for breath. In a word, I felt utterly and thoroughly miserable. The wretched depression of my spirits could not escape the notice of my mother; but she passed no remark on it, and left me in the evenings altogether to myself and my books; for unfortunately, instead of endeavouring somewhat to fortify my constitution by appropriating my spare hours to exercise, I consumed these in unhealthy reading. My morbid sensibilities thus daily increasing and gaining ground, while my bodily powers declined in the same proportion, the result was just such as might have been anticipated. For the second time of my life nature succumbed under the intolerable burden imposed upon her; and an attack of

illness removed me for a season from the sphere of my irksome and melancholy duties. My place in the office was assumed by my younger brother, John, a stout and healthy lad of nineteen, who had already acquired some slight experiences in the mysteries of scrivenery and attorneyship, and I returned home.

My confinement to bed on this occasion was not of long duration; but, though after the lapse of a few days, able to crawl about once more, I was far indeed from being recovered.

A settled melancholy took possession of my being. A sort of torpor and weariness of life succeeded to my former over-excited sensibilities. Books no longer interested me as before; and my own unshared thoughts were a burden and a torment unto me. Again I essayed the effect of active exercise, but was soon compelled to give over, from sheer weakness and want of animal spirits. I indulged, however, occasionally in long walks into the country around Dublin, and the sight of hills, fields, and streams, to which I had long been unaccustomed, produced in me a certain placidity of mind, with which, had I understood my own true interests for time and eternity, I ought to have remained contented. But contented I did not, and would not remain. I desired to be aroused, excited, shocked even. My grand moral malady—for physical ailments I also had, and singular of their kind—was an impatience of life and its commonplace pursuits. I wanted to penetrate the great enigma of human destiny and my own, to know “the be-all, and the end-all,” the worst that

could happen here or hereafter, the final *dénouement* of a drama that so strangely united the two extremes of broad farce and thrilling tragedy, and wherein mankind played at once the parts of actors and spectators.

If I perused any books with a feeling of pleasure, they were such as treated of the wonderful and terrible in art, nature and society. Descriptions of battles and histories of revolutions; accounts of earthquakes, inundations, and tempests; and narratives of "moving accidents by flood and field," possessed a charm for me which I could neither resist nor explain. It was some time before this feeling merged into another, the sentiment of religion and its ineffable mysteries. To the religious duties enjoined by my Church I had always been attentive, but I now became deeply devotional, addicted myself to ascetic practices, and studied the lives of the saints with the profoundest admiration of their grand and extraordinary virtues. If my mind had been of a larger and sterner order, all this had been well enough, and I should doubtless have reaped nothing but unmixed advantage from my labours. But, constituted as I was, the effect of those upon me was rather injurious than beneficial. I gradually became disquieted by doubts, not of the great truths of faith, for these I never questioned, but my own capacity, so to speak, for salvation.

Taking a retrospective view of all the events of my foregone years, reflecting on what I had been and then was, and meditating on what it was probable that I should live to be, I began to think, with Buffon, that it is not impossible

that some beings may have been created expressly for unhappiness; and I knew that Cowper had lived, and perhaps died, in the dreadful belief that he himself was a castaway, and a "vessel of wrath fitted for destruction."

Scruples of conscience also multiplied upon me in such numbers in the interval between each of my confessions that my mind became a chaos of horrors, and all the fires of Pandemonium seemed to burn in my brain. I consulted several clergymen with regard to what I should do in this extremity. Most recommended me to mix in cheerful and gay society. One alone, I remember, counselled me to pray. And pray I did, for I had so held myself aloof from the companionship of others that I knew of no society with which I could mix. But I derived no consolation from praying. I felt none of that confidence in God then, which, thanks to his almighty power and grace, I have so frequently known. The gates of heaven seemed barred against me: its floor and walls of brass and triple adamant repelled my cries: and I appeared to myself to be sending a voice of agony into some interminable chasm. This deplorable interior state, one which worlds and diadems should not bribe me into experiencing again, continued for about a twelvemonth, after which it gradually disappeared, not through progress of time, not through any progress of reasoning, or, indeed, any effort of my own, but remarkably enough, precisely through the agency of the very remedy recommended me by my spiritual advisers.



## CHAPTER V.

"Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content."—*Shakespeare.*

On the south side of the city of Dublin, and about half-way down an avenue which breaks the continuity of that part of the Circular Road, extending from Harold's Cross to Dolphin's Barn, stands a house plain in appearance, and without any peculiarity of external structure to attract the passenger's notice. Adjoining the house is a garden, with a sort of turret-lodge at the extreme end, which looks forth on the high road. The situation is lone and unpicturesque ; and he who should pause to dwell on it must be actuated by other and deeper and, possibly, sadder feelings than any that such a scene would be likely to excite in the breast of the poet or the artist. Perhaps he should be under the influence of such emotions as I recently experienced in passing the spot after an absence from it of seventeen years. Seventeen years ! let me rather say seventeen centuries. For life upon life has followed and been multiplied on and within me during that long, long era of passion, trouble, and sin. The Pompeii and Herculaneum of my soul have been dug up from their ancient sepulchres. The few broken columns and solitary arches which form the present ruins of what was once Palmyra, present not a fainter or more imperfect picture of that great city as it flourished in the days of its youth and glory than I, as I am now, of what I was before I entered on the career to which I was introduced by my

first acquaintance with that lone house in 1831. Years of so much mingled pleasure and sorrow ! whither have you departed ? or rather, why were you allotted me ? You delivered me from sufferings which, at least, were of a guiltless order, and would shortly, in a better world, have been exchanged for joys, to give me up to others, the bitter fruits of late repentance, and which await no recompense, and know no change, save change from severe to severer. But, alas ! thus it was, is, and must be. My plaint is chorussed by millions. Generation preaches to generation in vain. It is ever and everywhere the same old immemorial tale. From the days of Adam in Eden to our own, we purchase knowledge at the price of innocence. Like Aladdin in the subterranean garden, we are permitted to heap together and gather up as much hard bright gold and diamonds as we will—but we are forever, therefore, entombed from the fresh natural green pastures and the healthy daylight.

In the course of my desultory rambles about the suburbs of the city it would sometimes happen that I should feel obliged to stop and rest, even though nothing better than a hedge-side or a field-hillock afforded me the means of a few moments' repose. The reader will, therefore, imagine me reclining, rather than seated, on a long knoll of grass by a stream-side beyond Rathfarnham, and closely adjacent to Roundtown, while the sun is setting on an evening in June. I held in my hand a book, with the covers turned down ; it was *Les Pensées de Pascal*. As I lay revolving in my mind some of the sublime truths contained in this

celebrated work, I was somewhat suddenly approached and accosted by a fashionably-dressed and intelligent-looking young man, whom I had twice or thrice before observed sauntering about this neighbourhood.

"May I ask," he inquired; "the nature of your studies?"

I placed the book in his hand. He looked at it for a moment, and then returned it to me without speaking.

"You don't read French?" said I, interrogatively.

"Oh, yes, I do," he replied; "who does not now-a-days. But that is a very unhealthy work."

I perceived at once that there was a great gulf between us; and as I had even then learned enough of the nature of the human mind to know that disputation hardly ever converts or convinces, I contented myself with remarking, in an indifferent manner: "Everything in this world is unhealthy."

The stranger smiled. "And yet," said he, "you feel pleasure, I am sure, in the contemplation of this beautiful scenery; and you admire the glory of the setting sun."

"I have pleasure in nothing, and I admire nothing," answered I; "I hate scenery and suns. I see nothing in creation but what is fallen and ruined."

My companion made no immediate remark upon this, but after a pause took the book out of my hand, and turning over the leaves, read aloud that passage in which Pascal compares the world to a dungeon, and its inhabitants to condemned criminals, awaiting the summons to execution.

"Can you believe, my friend," the stranger asked, "for

short as our acquaintance has been, I venture to call you such, can you believe this to be true?"

"Why not?" I replied. "My own experiences, feelings, life, sufferings, all testify to my soul of its truth. But before I add anything further, will you allow me to ask what religion you profess?"

"A good one, I hope," he answered; "I have been reared a Catholic Christian."

"Then," said I, "you know that it is the belief of the holiest and most learned theologians of your Church that the majority of mankind will be irrevocably consigned to eternal misery."

"Really I know no such thing," he replied.

"Have you never read Massillon," I asked, "on the small number of the saved?"

"I take the judgment of no one individual, even in my own Church," he answered, "as my guide. The goodness, the justice of God——"

I interrupted him. "Stop," said I, "What do you——"

*[Here the manuscript comes suddenly to an end.]*

THE following notice of the POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER appeared in the *Irishman*, November 3rd, 1849, and we give it here because it is one of the earliest criticisms of the volume:—

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN, what a life was thine, and, alas, how suggestive of saddest, dreariest reflections !

Six months ago you were a homeless, houseless wanderer, through the streets of this city, shunned by the opulent who could have relieved you with the crumbs from their table, and utterly unknown, save in your deathless song, to those epicures of taste who banqueted on the rich repast your genius provided them in newspapers and periodicals ! You were dubbed “drunkard” by one, and “opium-eater” by another. The Pharisee whom you asked for alms gave you a homily—the Nice Scented Gentleman who admired your “soul mated with song,” fled all contact with your person, as though you were a pollution ; and need we wonder if that soul of thine, sickened and disgusted at the unrealities of life—at this eternal cant about Christian charity, and commiseration for human errors and frailties—longed and pined for that shelter which God alone can give ?

Christian charity and commiseration, forsooth ! Where did you find one or the other ? In Saint Vincent's Hospital, where those angelic beings, the charitable sisterhood, bring consolation to the sick one's pillow, and balm to the bruised spirit—in the apartment of the priest who gave his second coat, with a moiety of the coppers wherewith he is recompensed for encountering death in the house of pestilence, and the half of that scanty meal with which the exigency of the times allows him to refresh himself. Yes, but there was another who never shunned or fled you, even when you lay bleeding, wounded, and robbed of right reason by those most accursed of all freebooters, whisky and despair !

This good Samaritan was the publisher of the volume before us, and he, poor fellow, little richer than yourself in this world's goods, did give, with a kind hand, such as well becomes the true Celt's generous



nature, the little he could afford. What was that little?—a seat at his humble hearth—half the poor meal that an occasional profitable speculation in some old book enabled him to purchase, a few pens, an ink-bottle, candle, and a literal prose version of those old songs, whose melting pathos, and quaint wit, would not lose a particle of one or the other when mated to English verse by such a man as Mangan.

Oh, base perfidious world ! This Mangan, concerning whom so many fireside philosophers have grown enamoured of writing—whose genius they now extol, when praise and censure fall uselessly on his clay—this Mangan, on whose character and misfortunes so much of twaddle and gossip has been expended by men who would not bestow on him, while living, as much as would buy him a pennyworth of bread !—this child of genius was allowed to dree his last moments of agony in a common-lazar-house, and of all his admirers (curse the cant !) who followed his remains to their resting-place, the short notice of him prefixed to this volume will tell. Had Mangan been a rich man, with ten times more than the ordinary amount of sins against God, and human nature, which usually, and *par excellence*, seem peculiar to that class—the newspapers would have gone into mourning for him, aye, deep mourning, and his sorely 'reaved relatives would erect a pyramid or a mausoleum, with a verbose epitaph, very gorgeous, and very mendacious, for stone don't blush ! Without fear of being deemed egotistic, the proprietor of this paper can safely lay his hand on his heart and assure those who take an interest in the subject, that he did, to the best of his ability, what in him lay, to correct eccentricities, and solace the miseries of poor Clarence. Had he no other gratifying proof of his conviction, the poetry which Mangan wrote for the *Irishman*, and what still remains in his hands unpublished, would, or ought to be amply sufficient to remove all doubt.

The recollection of the 23rd of June, the day on which Mangan was buried in Glasnevin, has induced us to moralize, instead of telling our readers what the volume of the *Poets and Poetry of Munster* contains.

O'Daly, who is profoundly versed in the Irish language, and conversant with the written and traditional lives of the Munster Bards, has furnished sundry biographical notices of these worthies, in whose lives the antithetical elements of sparkling fun and wailful melancholy so

strangely blend. A queer set of fellows were those bards!—one hour rollicking in the shebeen-house, and the next, seated on some tradition haunted rath, keening the woes of Inisfail, and the persecution of the old religion!—beaten, though never vanquished, on a hundred fields, the undying attachment to the land of their birth, and the religion of their fathers, is the grand and leading idea which those Gaelic singers seem to love, and weave into all their compositions. When we remember that this idea, so beautifully pervading all the songs of our bards, has been cherished and dwelt upon by thousands long gone to the “lampless land,” must we not do honour to the men, who, despite degradation and bondage, fostered the remembrances of old, and kept the faint heart, though drooping, still hoping on for a day of retribution, which, alas, seems retiring farther and farther from us, into the dim distance? Moore’s songs were made for the ballroom, and for gentle maidens, who sit down to a piano, manufactured by some London house—they are, beyond a doubt, matchless in their caste—but, before Moore sung, our grandmothers at the spinning-wheel, and our great-grandfathers, whether delving in the fields, or shouldering a musket in the brigades, sang these time-consecrated verses, to keep alive the memory of Ireland, her lost glories, and cherished aspirations. Before Moore was, those bards *were*, and it is but fair to give their memory that honour which some would bestow exclusively on the author of “The Irish Melodies.” How few out of the whole mass of our peasantry ever heard a single song out of the “Melodies?” How many generations have sung that song of the “Fair Hills of Eire, O!” chaunted by one Mac Con Mara, who (be not startled, O sceptic!) set up a school in Hamburgh. A school in Hamburgh! aye, verily an Irish bard—call him, if you like, a mere hedge school master—did, somewhere about the year 1785, set up an academy in Hamburgh, for the purpose of indoctrinating, and, in all probability of whacking, *more Hibernico*, young Teutons. If you have a doubt as to the qualifications of the said Mac Con Mara, read this Latin epitaph written by him for a brother bard:—

“Plangite Pierides, vester decessit alumnus  
 Eochades non est, cunctaque rura silent.  
 Pacem optavit, pace igitur versatur in alta:  
 Ad superi tendit regna beata Patris.”

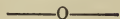
Mirthful, or moody this love of fatherland and of religion characterises, nay, deeply marks each and every one of the bardic songs: We may now and again find fault with the little use to which they employ mere imagery; nevertheless, some of their images are so quaint in themselves as to supersede the necessity of that "gossamer spinning" to which other poets would have devoted them; as, for example, in that instance of the lover who apostrophises his "ringletted Mary."

We might multiply examples of this sort from the volume before us, if we were not afraid to impress our readers with the notion that those song-makers devoted themselves and their muse to love and strong drink; far otherwise: their grand source of inspiration was native land and religion—instance the retort of John O'Tuomy, who reproves the "Dame of the Slender Wattle," doubtless, the wife of some strong farmer, who employed the said O'Tuomy, for the very unpoetical occupation of herding her hens.

But the limits we have prescribed to ourselves will not allow us to say all we might wish in praise of these old song-makers, or of the beauty of Mangan's versions. Those songs are an integral portion of the history of this hapless land; to know the latter, as we would wish you to know it, you must be familiar with the former.

With this hurried notice we commend this beautiful volume replete with song—with the elegant song of Mangan—to every lover of nationality. Alas! for Mangan. Let the wreaths, twined by him a short time before Death came to carry off his glorious soul, be strewn as flowers upon his fresh-made grave—"Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen."

THE  
POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER.



Ṍonnchadh mac con-mara.

DONOGH MAC CON-MARA, or Mac na Mara, as the name is vulgarly spelled, was surnamed, from the red colour of his hair Ṍonnchadh Ruadh;\* for, as many of our readers may be aware, the Irish peasantry have been long accustomed to designate individuals from certain personal marks or peculiarities—not unfrequently ludicrous; a man with crooked legs being, for instance, called “Cam-choradh,” and one with a nose turned awry, “Cam-ímonadh,” while a corpulent person is styled “bolg-mór.”

Ṍonnchadh was a native of Cratloe, in the county of Clare, and connected by blood with the Mac Namaras of that locality. He made his appearance in the county of Waterford, about the year 1738, while on his way homeward from a foreign college, whither he had been sent in early youth to pursue the theological studies—the penal laws at that period, as we need scarcely remark, render-

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\* The use of *soubriquets* to denote personal peculiarities is of very remote antiquity in Ireland, and still exists to a great extent among the peasantry.

ing it imperative on a candidate for the Catholic priesthood to forsake his own country, and seek that instruction abroad which he was not suffered to obtain at home. His wild and freak-loving propensities had procured his expulsion from college, after he had spent four years within its walls; and thus he was compelled to return to his native soil, and locate himself in Waterford.

He had not long sojourned in this county before he became acquainted with one William Moran, a kindred spirit, celebrated in bardic lore among the peasantry of his native county. Moran kept a classical hedge academy at Knockbee, in the parish of *Sliabh Cua*,\* a village within an hour's walk of the birth-place of the writer of this sketch; and here, he and his friend laboured conjointly for the enlightenment and edification of the young students who attended their school, and taught them the various languages which *Donnchad Rua* learned abroad, and Moran acquired at home.

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\* *Sliabh Cua* (now called *Sliabh g-Cua*), a large mountain district lying midway between the towns of Clonmel and Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford. In an ancient MS. life of St. Mochuda, which we perused some years ago, much light is thrown on the ancient topography of this locality; for it appears that St. Mochuda and his community made a short stay here, with the view of founding a monastery, but afterwards proceeded to Lismore. One of the five prerogatives of the King of Cashel was "to pass over *Sliabh Cua* [with a band of] fifty men, after pacifying the South of Eire."—See *Leabhar na g-Ceart* (Book of Rights), p. 5. published by the Celtic Society. The name is still preserved, but applied to the parish of Seskinan, which is the most fertile in the district.



How long the alliance lasted between the erudite pair we have no certain means of ascertaining ; but, according to the tradition of the peasantry, it held good until the bards, "in an evil-starred hour," as the Orientals phrase it, or, as we would say, in a moment of luckless frolic, happened, in one of their poetical effusions, to "damn to immortal fame" a certain fair and frail young damsel of the neighbourhood, who, enraged at being thus publicly satirised, set the hedge "academy" in flames ; so that a dissolution of partnership between the "fratres fraterrimi" was the immediate and melancholy result.

The next locality chosen by Mac Con-Mara appears to have been the barony of Imokilly,\* an extensive district in the immediate vicinity of Youghal, in the county of Cork, where he commenced business "on his own account ;" but his stay here must have been very brief, for we find him shortly afterwards located in the barony of Middlethird, in the county of Waterford. The hedge-school occupation not prospering here, he soon departed for Newfoundland.

Accordingly, being well equipped, by the munificence of his neighbours, with food and raiment for the voyage, he set out for Waterford, and thence repairing to Passage, a small seaport town on the Suir, below Waterford, he embarked for his new destination on the 24th of May, 1745, or, as some accounts have it, 1748, or 1755. But, alas ! the winds and waves proved adverse to his wishes. He had

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\* That portion of this extensive district which immediately adjoins the town of Youghal is known among the natives as "The Barony."

been but a few days at sea when a storm arose, which drove the vessel on the coast of France, where the crew fell in with a French frigate, which forced them to hoist sail and steer their course homeward to the Emerald Isle; and consequently, poor Mac Con-Mara was obliged to resume his former avocation in the very place which he had so recently left. A Mr. Power, one of his patrons, who died but a short time ago, humorously insisted upon having a narrative of the voyage from him, and our hero accordingly produced a mock *Æneid* of about eighty stanzas on the subject, which he entitled, “*Ἐὰν τῆς Ἰσθμίας ἀνὰ Δαίμονι*,” “The April Fool’s Tale.” Of this poem Edward O’Reilly, in his “Irish Writers,” remarks: “There are some lines in it by no means inferior to any of Virgil’s;” and he quotes the shout of Charon, as described by the Irish bard, thus:—

“*‘Oo léig ré gáir ór-áir ‘r béicead,  
 Le fuaim a gútao do éimíadao na rreáiríadao,  
 ‘Oo éualao an éimíne é, ‘r éuir lfuonn géim ar!’*”

“He lifted up his voice; he raised a howl and yell  
 That shook the firmament, as from some vast bell;  
 Awakened one grand peal, that roused the depths of hell!”

Among other eloquent passages in it, we find the following allusions to his partnership with Moran, his location at the Barony, and his removal to Middlethird:—

“A n-deiḡum, do éabairḡainn man málairt le buiréacḡar  
 air a beirḡ fan m-baile, nó a ḡ-calacḡ-ḡoport éirḡin ;  
 nó fan m-bairḡmain am neairḡúḡaḡ ’oin ḡhaeóilḡib,  
 aḡ neic mo éacḡraḡmann ’r aḡ rmaḡcḡúḡaḡ mo éreacḡa  
 No fan ḡ-Creacḡalaḡ a ḡ-cleacḡtaḡ mo ḡaóḡalḡtaḡ,  
 nó a luimneacḡ ḡor Sionainn na ḡ-caol m-bairḡ,  
 nó air Shliabḡ ḡeal Cua ruḡ buacḡ féile,  
 aḡ mar luḡcḡ tuan, ḡruacḡa, ’r cléirḡecḡ,  
 nó a b-ḡoḡair William Uí Mhóráin, ḡonn áirḡléirḡionḡa,  
 Dhéanḡacḡ rean tḡán ór cionn cláir m’éacḡaḡ!”

“All I have penned I would joyously give away,  
 To be at home, or in some snug seaport town ;  
 Or in the Barony, with the Gaels to-day,  
 Following my trade, and keeping my pupils down ;  
 Or in Cratloe, where my ancestors dwelt of old,  
 Or in Limerick, on the tall-barked Shannon agen,  
 Or in Sliabh Cua, the hospitable and bold,  
 There feasting bards, and sages, and learned men ;  
 Or with William Moran, the Prince of Poets, who reigns,  
 Who would chant a death-song over my cold remains !”

A series of unpropitious circumstances, however, once again drove him from home, and sent him anew to tempt the ocean in search of Newfoundland. Here, on this occasion, he arrived safely, and spent some time at St. John's, where his old freakish propensities broke out afresh, though they do not appear to have involved him in any unpleasant affair with the natives or others.

Having one evening met at a public-house a party of English sailors, whom he well knew how to “fool to the

top of their bent," he sang the following song, extempore, to the great amusement of the Irish present, and indeed to that of the English, though the latter understood but one part of it, while the former chuckled in comprehending the entire:—

As I was walking one evening fair,  
 Δγυρ μέ γο νέανὰς α m-βαίλε Sheáðain;  
 I met a gang of English blades,  
 Δγυρ ιαο τὰ τ-τῆροῦαδ δγ νεαρτ α námaidio:  
 I boozed and drank both late and early,  
 With those courageous "Men-of-War;"  
 'S γυρ binne liom Saγpanaiγ δγ μιτ αρ éiγii.  
 'S γαν το γhaoiðil ann áct fíopi beaγán.

I spent my fortune by being freakish,  
 Drinking, raking, and playing cards;  
 Γιò ná παιβ αιγγιοο αγam, 'ná γρείττε,  
 Ná παο ran τ-παογal, ácto níò γαν áipoi  
 Then I turned a jolly tradesman,  
 By work and labour I lived abroad;  
 'S bioc αρ m'fallainγ-ri γυρ mópi an b'péaγ rin,  
 Iγ beaγ ve'n τ-παοταρι το túit le m' láim.

Newfoundland is a fine plantation,  
 It shall be my station until I die,  
 Mo épáo! γο m'feapri liom α beit α n-εipe,  
 Δγ viol γáipτείριγε, 'ná δγ ουλ fá'n γ-coill:

Here you may find a virtuous lady,  
 A smiling fair one to please your eye,  
 An paca rtaigionnao ir meara tpeíte,  
 So m-beireao mé ar a beic ar raðaric!

I'll join in fellowship with "Jack-of-all-Trades,"  
 The last of August could I but see;  
 Atá ríor as Coirðealbaó 'r ar maðairtoir báio é,  
 Sur b'ole an láim mé ar muir 'ná air tír;  
 If fortune smiles then, I'll be her darling,  
 But, if she scorns my company  
 Déanrao "bairtíoe an Toill anáiroe,"  
 'S ar raba ón áit-ri ro beiréao mé 'rír.

Come drink a health, boys, to Royal George,  
 Our chief commander, nár órhois Cúroo;  
 'S bíoó búir n-actuingíoe cum Muir Mhádaí,  
 E péim 'r a gárhoisge ro leasao ríor:  
 We'll fear no Cannon, nor "War's Alarms,"  
 While noble George will be our guide,  
 A Chríort so b-peiceao mé an bpiúro rá cáirnao.  
 As an Mac\* ro ar pán uainn éall ran b-ffranc.

Mac Con-Mara made three voyages across the Atlantic;  
 and it was in the city of Hamburgh, where he conducted  
 a school, that he wrote the "bán-choic Eireann O!"  
 "The Fair hills of Eire O!" a song we have introduced

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\* Prince Charles Edward Stuart.



into this volume. It is the genuine production of an Irishman, far from his native home—full of tenderness and enthusiastic affection for the land of his birth.

As evidence that our poet was skilled in the Latin tongue, we need only call the attention of our readers to the following elegy which he composed in the year 1800, at the advanced age of ninety, on the death of a brother bard named Ταδῶς (Gaodlach) O'Suilleabháin.

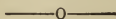
“Thaddens hic situs est ; oculos huc flecte viator :  
 Illustrem vatem parvula terra tegit.  
 Heu ! jacet exanimis, fatum irrevocabile vicit !  
 Spiritus e terrâ sidera summa petit.  
 Quis canet Erinidum laudes ? quis facta virorum ?  
 Gadelico extincto, Scotica musa tacet.  
 Processit numeris doctis pia carmina cantans,  
 Evadens victor munera certa tulit.  
 Laudando Dominum præclara poemata fecit,—  
 Et suaves hymnos fervidus ille canit.  
 Plangite Pierides ; vester decessit alumnus ;  
 Eochade \* non est, cunctaque rura silent.  
 Pacem optavit, pace igitur versatur in alto ;  
 Ad superi tendit regna beata patris.”

In person Donnchad was tall and athletic ; but becoming blind towards the close of a life considerably extended beyond the average term allotted to man, and being straitened in pecuniary circumstances, he was compelled

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\* Eoghan (Ruadh) O'Suilleabhain, of Sliabh Luchra, in Kerry ; a near relative of Tadhg (Gaodlach) O'Suilleabhain, and a celebrated poet, who died A.D., 1784.

to appeal to the beneficence of the schoolmasters of his neighbourhood, who imposed a "Rate-in-Aid" for him on the scholars. We saw him ourselves in 1810, and paid our mite of the impost. He died about the year 1814, and his remains lie interred in Newtown churchyard, within half a mile of the town of Kilmacthomas, on the Waterford road, where no stone has yet been placed to commemorate his name, or indicate his last resting-spot to the passer-by. Indeed, but for the interference of the worthy priest of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Veale (and to his honour be it spoken), a drain would, some few years back, have been passed through the place of his interment by Goths, who were at the time turning off a stream of water from a distant corner of the churchyard.



## II.

## SEAGHAN UA TUAMA.

JOHN O'TUOMY was born at Croome, in the County of Limerick, in 1706. Through his own diligence, and by means of the scanty educational facilities which the country afforded, he made considerable proficiency in Latin and Greek, and was tolerably well versed in the literature of his time. The brief sketch which we propose to give of the life of this poet, interesting as we trust it will prove in itself, will be attended with this advantage, that it may serve to elucidate the meaning of much that might otherwise have appeared obscure in his poetry; and the nature

of his compositions will be the better understood from a previous view of his character, and a short narrative of the vicissitudes that marked his career. His poverty, and the restrictions then imposed on education, interrupted his studies too soon, and involved him prematurely in worldly cares. He married young, and embarked in the vintnery business, first at Croome, but subsequently at Limerick, where the site of his residence in Mungret-street is still pointed out with veneration, as having once been the abode of a philanthropist and a true-hearted Irishman. His success in the line he had chosen, as may be anticipated, was but indifferent ; for, besides that poets are rarely frugal or fortunate in the management of their temporal concerns, the malediction which invariably pursues the man who trades upon the intemperance of others, marred the best-directed efforts of his industry. His liberality, moreover, far exceeded his means, and must have inevitably led to bankruptcy. The most generous are usually content with relieving those who crave assistance from them ; but the house of O'Tuomy was open to all ; his hospitality was unbounded ; and, in order that this might be made known to all, the following general invitation was written in broad letters on a large board over his door :—

“ Ní'l fánaic ná fáir-*féar* ar uairle *ḡaoróeal*,  
 ḡrá<sup>á</sup>cair de'n váim-*ḡlic*, ná ruairc-*féar* *ḡnoíde*,  
 A *ḡ-cár* *ḡo m-beiréaó láitíreac* *ḡan luaó na víge*,  
 Ná *ḡo m-beiréaó míle fáilte* aḡ *Seáḡan Ua Tuama*  
*noíme !”*

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“Should one of the stock of the noble Gael,  
A brother bard who is fond of good cheer,  
Be short of the price of a tankard of ale,  
He is welcome to O’Tuomy a thousand times here !”

After this, it is unnecessary to mention that his house was much frequented. Himself, too, the soul and centre of his company (whence his appellation of “Seáḡán Ua Tuama an ḡmnn,” “John O’Tuomy, the Gay,”) was not more courted for his hospitality than for his gaiety and good humour. His house was a general rendezvous for the bards and tourists of Munster, who came thither on occasional visits, and sometimes met there in a body, so as to form a sort of poetical club. These bardic sessions,\* as they may be called, exercised a healthful influence in the country, and aided powerfully towards reviving the national spirit, bowed and almost broken, as it was, beneath the yoke of penal enactments; they were also a source of unalloyed pleasure to all, Mrs. O’Tuomy alone excepted, to whom patriotism and poetry were of less moment than the interests of her establishment, to which it was impossible that such meetings could contribute any advantage. She often warned her husband that his extravagance was disproportioned to his circumstances; she told him that their means of subsistence must not be consumed by “strollers,” and that, unless he disconnected himself from such society, he would soon be as penniless

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\* For a history of those bardic schools, see Haliday’s edition of “Keating’s History of Ireland,” p. vi., note ‡.

as any of his associates. Literary pursuits, she insisted, were barren and useless accomplishments, not unbecoming in persons of large fortune, but altogether unfitted for any one who had no resource but his own exertions for the maintenance of a wife and family. From prudential motives like these, she cherished a general dislike of all O'Tuomy's brother rhymers, and at length succeeded, by her continual remonstrances and objurgations, in breaking up for a season the bardic musters altogether.

We will here introduce an anecdote illustrative of the friendship which existed between O'Tuomy and a brother poet, Andrew Magrath, of whom we shall have more to say presently. One day, our friend, according to the custom of country publicans, had erected a tent on the race-course of Newcastle (or, as some assert, at the fair of Adare), which was surmounted by a green bough,\* as a distinctive mark of his occupation, and also as an emblem of the love he bore his own "green isle." He was eyed

\* This ancient custom gave rise to the old adage, that "Good wine needs no bush."

In 1565, the mayor of Dublin ordered that no person should sell wine or ale in the city without a sign at the door of the house—*Harris's Dublin*.

An "Act" of Charles II., "for the improvement of His Majesty's revenues upon the granting of licenses for the selling of ale and beer," provided—"That every one so to be licensed shall have some Sign, Stake, or Bush at his Door, to give notice unto Strangers and Travellers where they may receive Entertainment of Meat, Drink, and Lodging for their reasonable money." Hence the custom of using the green bush at fairs and patterns



at some distance by Magrath, who approached and accosted him, and the following short but pithy dialogue took place between the brother wits :—

## MAGRATH.\*

“ 1ṛ baḁallaḁ ḡlar an ḁleaḁ-ṛa a o-tóin vo ḁḡe,  
 Δḡ ταṛṛaṛṇḡ na ḁ-ṛeap a ṛteaḁ Δḡ ól na vḡe.”

“How clustering and green is this pole which marks your house!  
 Enticing men in to drink your ale, and carouse.”

## O'TUOMY.

“ Δṛṛḡṛṛṛ ḡeal ḡo ṛṛap a ṛeḡḡṛṛṛ ṛlḡe,  
 'Ṭá'n ḁaparo Δḡ teaḁo, an ḁpaḁ 'ṛ an hóṛ ḡan vṛol.”

“Bright silver will pave your way to quaff your fill,  
 But the hops and malt, alas! are unpaid for still.”

It is to be regretted that O'Tuomy's many excellent qualities were not accompanied by greater economy in the management of his domestic affairs. But his improvidence was unfortunately incorrigible, for vain were all his wife's impassioned remonstrances and expostulations. At length his little capital began to melt away in the sunshine of convivial enjoyment; business first languished, and then entirely ceased, and with a young and helpless family he was cast once more an adventurer on the world. After

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\* We should here observe that Magrath was somewhat deep in the books of O'Tuomy for certain old scores.

undergoing many reverses he was compelled to accept the situation of servant at Adare, to Mr. Quade, a caretaker or steward on the farm of a gentleman residing in Limerick. Here he seems to have borne his change of fortune somewhat impatiently, for we find him engaged in frequent contests with his mistress, whose ill-treatment evoked his bitterest invectives. This old woman frequently transferred the duties of her office, as poultry-keeper, to the poet, who, however, did not feel at all honoured by the trust; and his most pointed satires against her indicate this to be the chief cause of his hostility. Poets are seldom to be offended with impunity. Having the means of reprisal so near at hand, they are not slow to use them with effect against the aggressor. In justice, however, to O'Tuomy, it should be observed that his was not a vindictive disposition; and this, perhaps, was the only instance in which his talents were made subservient to the indulgence of private resentment. From a cane which the old woman carried, both as a support in walking, and to keep the hens in order, O'Tuomy contemptuously designated her in rhyme as "bean na cleithe caoile," "The Dame of the Slender Wattle," and the poem so entitled we beg to introduce here:—

### bean na cleithe caone.

Níor tógair liom ceart, beart 'ná bmačair doibh  
 Leabair ná ceacht, ná pann a deilb díreac;  
 Níor cátağ mé ar fad go teacht am fíribíreac,  
 'S am peachtair ceart ag bean na cleithe caoile!

Do éadtiopaó real fá maíť ari leirg laoiťe,  
 A g-caioimíom fear, 'r flait, 'r cneioimíom lofa;  
 Aisgíoo geal am glaic gan doirb níó ari bit,  
 Cia dealb mo meaf ađ bean na cleite caoile!

Iř é lađaró mo meaf, do meaf, do meirb m'innuinn,  
 Nađ maiuion na flait do lean an cneioimíom oíreaf;  
 Do éannaó na iannaó a rcannaó treib a rinnreaf,  
 'S do bainreaf an fáil de bhean na cleite caoile!

'Iř fearaf nári éleáctar teáct a n-deirne coímeafđair,  
 Ađ ceafáct 'r ađ cairmíur caillíoe ceirníoe cínte;  
 Ná'n áđarian am, a b-fao o bheirť an řir-ćirť,  
 Do n-deáđaf fá rmaáť ađ bean na cleite caoile!

Cia faoa mé 'đ tairuioł treab, 'r tiđťe taoireaf,  
 'S do b-feađaf đaf reáct 'r áct ari feaf na ríogáđta;  
 Níori b-fearaf mé ari éleafaf řrařaf řeill-đniomáf,  
 Do "pneabairne an đhaino"\* ađ ađ bean na cleite caoile!

Aitćim an Mac do éap na ceitře řoillře,  
 Flafar, řearin, řearť, 'r Dealb đaoine;  
 Do ngabaf m'anam řearđa 'na řeill b'óilř,  
 'S me řđaraf fá blar le bean na cleite caoile!

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\* An appropriate name for a flail among the Kerry peasantry.

## THE DAME OF THE SLENDER WATTLE.

Ochone ! I never in all my dealings met with a man to snub me,  
Books I have studied, however muddled a person *you* may dub me,  
I never was tossed or knocked about—I never was forced to battle,  
With the storms of life, till I herded your hens, O, Dame of the Slender  
Wattle !

I spent a season a chanting poems, and free from toil and troubles,  
The faith of Christ I ever upheld, though I mixed with the proudest  
nobles.  
And gay was my heart, and open my hand, and I lacked not cash or  
cattle,  
Though low my esteem to-day with you, O, Dame of the Slender  
Wattle !

My spirits are gone, my face is wan, my cheeks are yellow and hollowed,  
Because the nobles are dead by whom the true old Faith was followed,  
Who sang the glory of those that died for Eire's rights in battle,  
And would soon bring down your paltry pride, my Dame of the Slender  
Wattle !

'Tis very well known I always shunned contention, clamour, and jawing,  
And never much liked the chance of getting a barbarous clapper-  
clawing ;  
I always passed on the other side when I heard a hag's tongue rattle,  
Till I happened, *mo vrone!* to stumble on you, O, Dame of the Slender  
Wattle !

Though used to the ways of tribes and chiefs, and reading the deeds  
that appear in  
The chronicles and the ancient books that embody the lore of Erin,  
I scarce ever knew what cruelty was, except through rumour or prattle  
Till the dismal day that I felt your flail, O, Dame of the Slender Wattle !

O ! I pray the Lord, whose powerful Word set the elements first in motion,  
And formed from nought the race of Man, with Heaven, and Earth, and Ocean,  
To lift my spirit above this world, and all its clangour and brattle,  
And give me a speedy release from you, O, Dame of the Slender Wattle !

The history of this woman and her husband, and of their subsequent elevation to rank and fortune, is very extraordinary. Tradition represents them as living at Adare in distressed circumstances, when a stranger one day presented himself before them in search of a treasure, which he had dreamed was buried in the neighbourhood. Though he seemed unacquainted with the locality, his accurate description of a ruined mansion in the vicinity, as the place of its concealment, made a deep impression on the old woman, who cunningly resolved to turn the information to her own account. She accordingly advised him to relinquish his foolish search, which, originating from a dream, did not deserve to be prosecuted ; and the stranger, according to her advice, left the place. He had no sooner departed, however, than she and her husband visited the spot indicated, and digging, discovered a "crock of gold," covered with a flag-stone inscribed with some half-effaced characters, which they did not take much trouble to decipher, supposing them merely to refer to the treasure they were already in possession of. Filled with joy, they conveyed home the money with secrecy and caution. But it happened that a certain itinerant literary character, who lodged with them, seeing the inscription on



the flag-stone, or pot-lid—for into such an utensil had it been converted—fell to deciphering it, and at length succeeded in discovering the words—

“Δτά αν ορειανο céαvνα αν αν ο-ταοῖ εἰλε,”

“*There is as much more on the other side.*” This, though mysterious enough to the poor scholar, was quite intelligible to the initiated pair, who, at once acting on the suggestion, proceeded to the well-known spot, and secured the remainder of the booty. This treasure was shortly afterwards the purchase-money of a large estate in their native county; and it is said that at this day the blood of the Quades commingles with that of Limerick’s proudest nobility.

O’Tuomy’s poems are mostly illustrative of his own condition and habits of life. His songs, especially, sparkle with the glow shed over the festive scenes in which he was accustomed to spend so many gay hours with his brother bards. Their inspiration and eloquence would seem to favour the once popular, but now (thanks to Father Mathew) exploded doctrine of Cratinus:—

“Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt,  
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.”

All the poets of this period, it should be remarked, combined in denouncing the persecuting policy of their rulers, and exposed with indignant patriotism the cupidity and bigotry which brought into action the worst passions of the heart, and perpetrated in the name of religion those

atrocities which will for ever sully the fame of Britain. But as the sufferer was not permitted to complain openly, the voice of discontent was often veiled in the language of allegory. Ireland was usually designated by some endearing name, such as—"Sígile Ní Shaoḃaíḃ," "Caitilín Ní Uallaḃáin," "Móirín Ní Chuillionáin," and introduced under the form of a female of heavenly beauty, but woe-stricken, and dishonoured by the stranger. O'Tuomy's compositions on these subjects are replete with Irish sentiment and melody, especially his songs to the airs of "Móirín Ní Chuillionnáin," and "Cnoḃaḃ bán," "White Cockade," which will be found in this collection (p.62.).

This lamented bard expired, at the age of sixty-nine, in Limerick city, on Thursday, 31st August, 1775, and his corpse was borne to his ancestral burial-place—the graveyard of Croome—by a numerous assemblage of the bards of Munster, and others of his friends. James O'Daly, a contemporary bard, who chanted his elegy, gives the precise period of his death in the following stanzas:—

Ar fḃaḃa fḃaon ḡan fḃeapantḃ,  
 ḡan bailte-puirt, ḡan péimear níḡ;  
 Meic Móḡa na n-éaḃt ro ḃleaḃtaḃ cion,  
 Calmaḃt, 'r cáin, 'r cíor:—  
 Shioḃt lúḡaíḃ 'r Chém, 'r Chairḃḃe,  
 Fḃaol eaḃtḃannaiḃ maḃ ḃárlaiḃ tíḃ;  
 O'fḃuig ḃrong na n-éaḃt ḡan maḃḃna,  
 Ar ḡḡaḃaḃ leat, Uí Thuama an ḡḡunn!

1ṛ orḃaḃ, 'ṛ aṛ léan, 'ṛ aṛ oaimio liom,  
 Aṛ o-ṭaḡmaḃ, áṛ o-teann, áṛ n-oíon;  
 A ḡ-Cḡiomaḃ, ṛaon ṛaoi ḡaṛib-lic,  
 'S ḡlaṛaṛmaḃ na n-ḡall ṛe o' ṭaoib!  
 Seaḃṭ ḡ-céao oéaḡ ḡan oeaṛmao,  
 Seaḃṭ-moḡát 'ṛ cúḡ. ḡan élaoin;  
 Aoṛ míc Oé oo éannaiaḡ ṛinn,  
 Aṛ ṛḡaṛmaḃ leaṭ, Uí Thuama an ḡṛinn!

Stricken and feeble, without land, or name,  
 Mansions, or princely sway,  
 Are Mogha's ancient race of ancient fame,  
 And might, and wealth, to-day!  
 The noble sons of Cairbre, Conn, and Lughaidh,  
 Alas! are foreigner's prey,  
 But bitterest grief is ours for losing you,  
 O'Tuomy, once the Gay!

O, woe! O, sorrow! waking heart-wrung sighs,  
 Our guide, our prop, our stay,  
 In Croome, beneath an unhewn flag-stone, lies,  
 While the stranger treads his clay.  
 'Tis seventeen hundred years—the account is true—  
 And seventy-five this day,  
 Since Christ, His death, that we by death lost you,  
 O'Tuomy, once the Gay!

## III.

## ANDREW MAGRATH.

(Surnamed “*Manḡaire Súḡac̃*.”)

PERHAPS there is nothing more melancholy and deplorable than the sight, too often, unfortunately, witnessed in this world of contradictions—the union of lofty genius with grovelling propensities. To see talent of the highest order debased by an association with vulgar and low-lived habits—the understanding pointing one way, while the bodily requirements and appetites drag their degraded victim in an opposite direction—is indeed a spectacle calculated to excite to thoughtfulness and sorrow every generous mind. The world is familiar with examples of this lamentable and ill-assorted union; and we need only mention the names of Savage, Burns, Poe, and Maginn, as a few of those who have made the most mournful and conspicuous exhibitions of its effects. The subject of our present sketch unfortunately adds another to the muster-roll of those ill-starred children of genius; but we should be unfaithful to the requirements of the task we have undertaken, if we did not allot a place here to the biography of the gay, the eccentric, the jovial, but withal, the witty, learned, and intellectual Andrew Magrath.

This distinguished poet, who, from his convivial habits, was usually called the “*Manḡaire Súḡac̃*” (*i. e.*, “Jovial,” or “Merry Pedlar,”) was a native of the county Limerick,

and was born on the banks of the Maig, a river which he has frequently made the theme of eulogy in his poems. Of his earlier years there are scarcely even any traditional accounts ; but we find him, as he grew to manhood, engaged in the occupation of a country schoolmaster. Magrath was the contemporary of John O'Tuomy, and a host of others who at this period acquired a high reputation among the admirers of wit and lovers of song ; but, unhappily for himself and those connected with him, his life, and even many of his productions, were at variance with, and unworthy of, his great intellectual powers. Habitual indulgence in intoxicating drinks—that foe to all aspiring thoughts and noble impulses—was his peculiar besetting sin ; and, as a consequence, a great number of his songs are so replete with licentious ideas and images, as to be totally unfit for publication. Many of these, however, but particularly some others, in which his better muse predominates, are sung to this day by the Munster peasantry, and, doubtless, will remain unforgotten as long as the Irish spirit shall remain unbroken by the tyranny under which it has groaned and struggled through ages of misrule and unparalleled oppression.

The habits of Magrath were migratory and wandering ; he seldom tarried long in any one spot, though usually long enough to leave behind him some rather marked *souvenirs* of his drollery, and reckless love of mischief and merriment. The caustic severity of his sarcasms rendered him an object of dread to such as were conscious of deserving exposure for their misdeeds. He delighted, like



Burns, in mixing with low company, over whom, of course, he reigned supreme as a triton among the minnows. We may well believe this, however, when we recollect that one of the brightest wits and orators of this day, Philpot Curran, is said to have on one occasion disguised himself in the garb of a tinker, and taken up his quarters for a month with a fraternity of "jolly brothers" who sojourned in the Coombe, in this city, until one of them raffled his tools to enable "the tinker" to go on a "tramp." So has it been related by Moore of Byron, or rather by Byron of himself, in his "Journal," that frequently at night, when disgusted at the ice-cold manners of the aristocratic society in which he mingled, he was accustomed to rush into the streets, and take refuge in—a cider cellar!

Many of the productions of our poet were penned amid these bacchanalian revels, and are, indeed, redolent of the *Uisce beatha*\* bottle.

Magrath tried his master-hand upon several species of literary compositions and succeeded in all. He is said to have been the author of those beautiful and soul-stirring words adapted to the air called "*An Seán roune*" (literally "The Old Man,") which is known in Scotland under the name of "The Campbells are Coming." The incident which gave birth to this exercise of the poetical powers of the *Mangaire Súgaic* has been preserved by

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\* *Uisce beatha*, "water of life," equivalent to the Latin *aqua vitæ* and French *eau de vie*.

tradition, and is highly interesting. In the course of his wanderings through the country, our poet chanced to meet with a young woman by the roadside who was weeping bitterly, and appeared to be abandoned to inconsolable grief. Upon inquiring the cause of her affliction, he found that she had been induced, at the urgent request of her parish priest, to wed, for the sake of his great wealth and worldly possessions, an old man, the coldness of whose nature presented but an imperfect requital to her youthful warmth of affection. Magrath, who, with all his failings, possessed a heart ever sensitively alive to the wrongs of injured youth and innocence, was moved by the affecting narrative, and immediately produced an extempore song on the occasion. The first stanza of which runs thus:—

“Cómairle do fuair ar amuic ar an m-bócar,  
 O róguire ragsairt an seanouine a pórcá:  
 Ba cuma leir é, aco go méadógun a pórcá,  
 'S a beir fad do mairfin ag brait ar na cómarfáin!”

“A priest bade me marry ‘for better or worse,’  
 An old wretch who had nought but his money and years—  
 Ah! ’twas little he cared, but to fill his own purse;  
 And I now look for help to the neighbours with tears!”

The additional notoriety acquired by Magrath from the circulation of this song was not of a very enviable kind. A general outcry was raised against him by all the old men of the whole surrounding country, and he was compelled, like Reynard, to betake himself to “new quarters.”

Repairing to Cnoc Fírin, he there resumed his former occupation of school-teaching, and varied his leisure hours by the composition of political and amatory ballads. Here he wrote his popular song to the air of “Craoibín doibinn áluinn óg,” and declares in the opening stanza that he had been invited to Cnoc Fírin by Donn Fírinneach,\* chief of the Munster Fairies; and here also he produced another song, in derision of those old women who “lay themselves out” to entrap young men into the snares of matrimony, a production, in our opinion, quite as clever and sarcastic in its way as the “Seanrouine,” though, on account of its perhaps unjustifiable attacks upon the softer

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\* DONN.—One of the sons of Milesius, who, being separated from the rest of his brethren by a magic storm raised by the *Tuatha de Danans*, when effecting a landing on the coast of West Munster, was with his ship's company, drowned at a place called “*Dumhacha*,” “Sand-hills.” In recording his death, *Eochaidh O’Flainn*, a poet of the tenth century, writes thus :—

“Donn, ’s Bile, ’s Buan, a bhean,  
Dil. ’s Aireach meic Mileadh,  
Buas, ’s Breas, ’s Buaidhne go m-bloidh,  
Do bhathadh ag Damhachaibh.”

“Donn, and Bile, and Buan, his wife,  
Dil, and Aireach, son of Milesius;  
Buas, and Breas, and Buana, found,  
Were at the sand-hills drowned.”

It is traditionally believed that *Donn* is chief of the Munster Fairies, and holds his court at *Cnoc Firinn* (hence the appellation *Donn Firinneach*), a romantic hill in the county of Limerick. See Haliday's Keating, p. 294. Dub. 1811.

sex, who, whether juvenile or ancient, are entitled to our respect, we forbear quoting any portion of it here.

Andrew Magrath was, perhaps, the most melodious Gaelic poet of his day; and we believe that few who peruse his song to the air of "Cailín Dear cúlúite na m-bó," "Pretty Girl Milking the Cows," given in this volume, will dispute the correctness of our opinion. To his biography we have nothing more to add. He reached, notwithstanding all his irregularities and excesses, an advanced age; but the precise period of his death we are unable to ascertain, though we have been informed that he was living in 1790. His remains repose in the churchyard of Kilmallock, in the county of Limerick; and we have learned, upon good authority, that shortly before his death he bequeathed his manuscripts, which, as may be supposed, were exceedingly voluminous, to a farmer named O'Donnell, residing at Ballinanma, near Kilmallock, at whose house this eccentric genius, but true poet, breathed his last. Peace to his erring spirit! Let us remember his faults but to compassionate and avoid them, while we honour his talents, which were, undoubtedly, of a high and striking order.

## IV.

## AODHAGAN UA RAIGHILLIGH.

EGAN O'RAHILLY (or as the name is now sometimes written Raleigh, (!) and O'Reilly), the subject of our present notice, was, according to Edward O'Reilly's "Irish Writers," the son of John Mor O'Reilly, a gentleman farmer, who resided in the village of Crossarlough, on the borders of Lough Sheelan, in the county of Cavan, about the commencement of the eighteenth century. John had been intended by his father, Eoghan, for the priesthood, and was sent to receive his education in Kerry, a county celebrated at that period for the facilities it afforded of communicating a knowledge of the classics, by means of its hedge-schoolmasters, who frequently made the very cowherds Greek and Latin scholars. Our young aspirant, during his stay here, made considerable proficiency in his studies; but Fate had willed that he should never reach the goal which his father had pointed out as the object of his ambition. Happening, on his journey homeward, during vacation, to give offence to some person whose name we have been unable to discover, he was waylaid, and attacked by six men armed with bludgeons, one of whom he killed with a single blow. Apprehended and tried for murder, he was acquitted, but having taken away the life of another, he was, by the canon law, disqualified for the priesthood, and obliged to



relinquish the hope of ever attaining to it. He returned to Kerry, where he married a young woman of the name of Egan; and the subject of our memoir, called also Egan, in compliment to his mother's name, was the eldest son of this marriage. John Mor, we may observe, was the author of several poems, with which the peasantry of his native county are stated to have been familiar but a few years since; and it is also said that copies of many of them are extant in Kerry at the present day.

Egan was left by his father in comfortable circumstances; indeed in the possession of what, at the present day, would be considered almost opulence. His residence was at *Sliað luachra*, in the county of Kerry. He was the author of a great variety of admirable songs, copies of which were scattered through Munster, particularly in his native district. His "Vision," or "Reverie," which we give here, is, perhaps, as beautiful a piece of modern poetry as can be found in the Gaelic language, and is, in fact, a perfect gem amid the jewels of song:—

*Gile na gile do ònnairc ar rlighe a n-uaignior,  
Cmuorbal an Chmuorbal a gorm-mor, rinn-uaine;  
Binnior an binnir a fmuotal, nárí éiríon-ghruamad,  
Deirge 'r finne a fionnad 'na ghíor-ghruad'nad.*

*Caire na caire ann gac ruibe dá buíde-cuacáib,  
bhamear an éruinne dá ruíne le rinn-rghuabar;  
lorrad ba glaine ná glaine arí a bhuinn buacar,  
Do gheinead ar gheineamhain o'irí ran tír uachtaraid.*

Fíor fíorać óam ó'inní 'r írí go fíor-uaignioć,  
 Fíor fílleać óo'n óuine óo'n ionaó ba míg-óualgar  
 Fíor mílleać na óroinge cúirí eiríon ar mún-muagáć,  
 S fíor eile ná cúiríro am luíóćib le fíor-uamán.

Leimé na leimé óam ómuíroim 'na cnuinn-óuairim,  
 'S mé am óuinge ag an óaime óo ímáíómeać go fíor-  
     ómuíó mé;  
 Ar goim míc Muíre óam fúiracć óo bíog uairí,  
 'S lingíor an bmuingíoll ná luírne go bmuígin luacra.

hacím le míre am muíćib go cpoíóe-luaimneać,  
 Tre íomallaib óurraiz, tré miongćaib, tré flím-muáíóćib;  
 Óo'n fínne-bírog tígim, ní óuigim cía 'n t-flíge fuarar,  
 Go h-ionaó na n-ionaó, óo cumać le óraoígeacć Ómuagáib.

bmuíro fá ríge go rígeamái, buíóim gmuagáć,  
 'S fuíreann óo bmuingíollaib fíorgaróće, ólaoícuacć;  
 A n-geiméallaib geiméal mé cúirí gan puinn fuamíní,  
 'S mo bmuingíoll ar bmuinnib ag bmuinníre bmuinn-  
     rtuacacć

Ó'inníroíor ó'íri fan b-fmuotal ba fíorí uaim-rí,  
 Náí cúibe ói rnaíóme le flíbíre flím-buarća;  
 'S an óuine ba gíle arí óine Scuít trí h-uairé,  
 Ag feiúóim ar írí beic aige marí óaoim-nuacáir.

Ar éluiríom mo guta ói, goilean go ríor-uaidheac,  
 Ruítean an fliúe go life ar a ghíor-ghuaóab;  
 Cuirean liom gíollaó mar coimirc ó'n m-bhuigín uaidé.  
 'S í gíle na gíle, do connarc ar ríúe a n-uaisníor!

### An Ceangal.

Mo éiríúó, mo éubáirt, mo éurraínn, mo éron, mo óic!  
 Mo foillreac múirneac míocair-geal, beól-tair, éaoin,  
 Air aóairc ag fuireannuib, míorúaireac, ción-óub, buíóe;  
 'S gan léigíor na goire go b-fíllio na leóúain tar tuinn!

The Brightest of the Bright met me on my path so lonely ;  
 The Crystal of all Crystals was her flashing dark-blue eye ;  
 Melodious more than music was her spoken language only ;  
 And glories were her cheeks, of a brilliant crimson dye.

With ringlets above ringlets her hair in many a cluster  
 Descended to the earth, and swept the dewy flowers ;  
 Her bosom shone as bright as a mirror in its lustre ;  
 She seemed like some fair daughter of the Celestial Powers.

She chanted me a chant, a beautiful and grand hymn,  
 Of him who should be shortly Eire's reigning King—  
 She prophesied the fall of the wretches who had banned him ;  
 And somewhat else she told me which I dare not sing.

Trembling with many fears I called on Holy Mary,  
 As I drew nigh this Fair, to shield me from all harm,  
 When, wonderful to tell ! she fled far to the Fairy  
 Green mansion of Sliabh Luachra in terror and alarm.

O'er mountain, moor, and marsh, by greenwood, lough, and hollow,  
I tracked her distant footsteps with a throbbing heart;  
Through many an hour and day did I follow on and follow,  
Till I reached the magic palace reared of old by Druid art.

There a wild and wizard band with mocking fiendish laughter  
Pointed out me her I sought, who sat low beside a clown;  
And I felt as though I never could dream of Pleasure after  
When I saw the maid so fallen whose charms deserved a crown.

Then with burning speech and soul, I looked at her and told her  
That to wed a churl like that was for her the shame of shames,  
When a bridegroom such as I was longing to enfold her  
To a bosom that her beauty had enkindled into flames.

But answer made she none; she wept with bitter weeping,  
Her tears ran down in rivers, but nothing could she say;  
She gave me then a guide for my safe and better keeping,—  
The Brightest of the Bright, whom I met upon my way.

## SUMMING UP.

Oh, my misery, my woe, my sorrow and and my anguish,  
My bitter source of dolor is evermore that she  
The loveliest of the Lovely should thus be left to languish  
Amid a ruffian horde till the Heroes cross the sea.

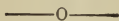
To an intimate acquaintance with his mother tongue,  
Egan O'Rahilly united a thorough knowledge of the  
classics, and had, perhaps, been designed like his father,  
John Mor, for the sacerdotal profession. To the kindness  
of Mr. Patten, librarian to the Royal Dublin Society,  
we are indebted for the following extract from a MS. copy





in the the year 1720, between Valentine, third Viscount Kenmare, and Honoria Butler, of Kilcash, great grand-niece of James, Duke of Ormond. The other was written as a tribute of praise to a poetess, a lady named Fitzgerald,\* who resided at Ballykenely, in the county of Cork, and who, from her extraordinary beauty, was a perpetual theme of eulogy among the bards of Munster.

We have only to add, that notwithstanding all our inquiries and researches, we have been unable to discover either at what precise period or locality the death of *Doógán na Rátaíle* occurred.



# V.

## an t-ATHAIR uILLIAM INGLIS.

THE Rev. William English † was an Augustinian friar, and stationed in the convent of that community in Brunswick-street, Cork. It is said that he was born in Newcastle, in the county of Limerick, and that he passed

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\*This lady had a brother named Pierse, a poet of some celebrity; his productions, and many amusing anecdotes relating to him, are still remembered throughout the province. He flourished about the middle of the last century; but the only fragment of his poetry in our possession is an elegy on the death of John Power, Esq., of Clashmore, in the county of Waterford, who died in the summer of 1754.

† We have seen his name in an old Irish MS. Hibernicised *Gall-Oglaoich*.

a considerable portion of his early life as a schoolmaster in Castletownroche, in the county of Cork, and at Charleville, in same county. Previous to his taking the Augustinian habit, he had produced many striking and beautiful songs in his native tongue, among which we may reckon the celebrated “*Cairiol Múman*,” “Cashel of Munster,” and “*Coir na Bpígíoe*,”\* “Along the Bride,” both well known to our Munster readers. His admission to the ranks of the regular clergy is said to have been on the condition of abandoning song-writing for the rest of his life—an obligation which he faithfully kept until the occurrence of an incident which tempted him to call once more his rhyming powers into action, and, at all hazards, to violate his anti-poetical reserve; as indeed he did, though not without having obtained permission from his ecclesiastical superior.

A brother friar, who had been despatched from the convent, according to the custom of the order in Munster, at a particular period of the year, for the purpose of collecting provisions, obtained a quantity of butter among the benevolent farmers’ wives of the district, which he packed in a firkin, and sent to Cork market for sale. Upon inspection, however, by the merchant to whom it was offered, it was found to exhibit, owing to the various

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\* The river Bride, which has its source in the barony of Barrymore, county of Cork, near a place called *Gleann an Phreachain* (Glinville), and falls into the Blackwater at Strangecally Castle, county of Waterford.

sources from which it had been procured, such a strange combination of colours, that the poor friar was, perforce, compelled to return home, and use it himself. Such an opportunity for displaying his satirical genius, even at the expense of a brother of the Order, was too tempting to be forfeited by our poet; and he immediately commenced and produced the well-known sarcastic stanzas :—

“Cné ná Cíll nár fāḡaró an bhrádaí,  
Chuir rpeír ná ruim an ím ná a m-bládaí!”

“May that friar never know peace in the dust,  
Who in butter or buttermilk places his trust !”

Several of Father English's poems are still in existence. The song by him which we present to our readers in this volume, is adapted to a very pleasing air called “Seanoune” (The Old Man), of the merits of which we have already spoken in our biographical sketch of Andrew Magrath. We regret that our limited acquaintance with the minuter details of our poet's life, precludes us from doing him that justice which his high moral character unquestionably deserved, but which would be better understood by the reader, were we in a position to illustrate it by anecdote and narrative.

The Rev. William English closed his life on the 13th of January, 1778, in Cork, and his remains repose in St. John's churchyard, Douglas-street, in that city.

## VI.

## τᾱοηγ (ḡaοοηιᾱch) ua suilleabhain.

TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN, a poet, who, either from his simplicity of manner, or from the fact of his being an humble peasant,\* altogether ignorant of the language of Bacon and Shakspeare, usually went by the surname of "ḡaετῑᾱε." or "The Gaelic," was a native of Kerry, and, unfortunately was not in his earlier years a model of the strictest rectitude in point of conduct. To his honour, however, be it stated, that he subsequently reformed, abandoned his irregularities, and succeeded in acquiring the esteem and friendship of all who knew him.

Born a poet—as every true poet, according to Horace must be†—he early "lisped in numbers," and ere the heyday of his youth was over, had composed a considerable number of amatory songs, rather too remarkable, it must be confessed, for warmth of sentiment and expression. In after-life, however, he atoned for the sins of his youthful muse by a collection of sacred poems, which he left behind, and which are published under the title of "The Pious Miscellany," a work at the present day in the hands

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\* "The ancient natives were universally prejudiced against the dialect of the colonists; insomuch, that any of them known to speak the rude jargon of the foreigners seldom escaped a reproachful nickname."—*Hardiman. Note on the Statute of Kilkenny.*

† "*Poeta nascitur non fit.*"—HOR.

of almost every peasant in Munster, and, although not comparable in point of style to some pieces of a similar character in our volume, yet characterised by much depth of feeling and energy of language. The book, moreover, possesses this distinguishing merit, that every page, every verse, we might almost say every line, reflects back, as from a mirror, the leading traits in the character of the amiable author.

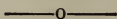
O'Sullivan was accustomed to make periodical excursions to a district in the county Waterford, celebraed for its hospitality, and known by the name of "Ῥαοῖαδα," which comprises the barony of Middlethird. In all probability, it was owing to his repeated visits to this territory, that an eminent writer has fallen into the error of supposing him to have been a native of Waterford. There he passed the latter years of his life, and frequently sojourned at the house, and sat at the table of the father of the writer of this sketch. The precise period of his death is unknown—to us at least—but that it probably occurred towards the close of the last century may be conjectured by the following quotation from one of his sacred poems, entitled "Ṭuan an Ṭomáin," or "The Lay of the World":—

"Ṭúbail reáct am éaáct ro éaṽaib,  
 'S tṛí éaṽ na ṽ-cómar ve'n ṽ-cóimṛiom éaṽna;  
 Ṭíar óá fícto bliáṽan, bliáṽain 'r aoín-veic,  
 Sin an bliáṽain ṽ'aoir Chṽiort an laoróe-ṽi óéanain."



" Since born was GOD'S Eternal Son,  
 Came fourteen hundred years to an end ;  
 Three hundred, four score, ten, and one,  
 Before this lay of mine was penned."

According to popular report, his remains were interred in Ballybricken churchyard, Waterford, but we cannot vouch for the correctness of the tradition. There is much beauty and pathos in the epitaph written on his death by Donnchad Mac Con-Mara, but it is extremely doubtful whether it was ever engraved on his tomb.



## VII.

### PEADAR UA DOIRNIN.

WERE we not sincerely desirous of rescuing from the wrecks of the Past the names and memories of the truly-gifted children of genius who have flourished, though in comparative obscurity, in our island, we might pass over in silence the claims of Peter O'Dornin. But we cannot so far forget the duty we owe to our country and our readers. Although the bones of this poet lie in a remote part of Ireland, the remembrance of what he achieved and essayed shall not die with him ; and, as far as lies in our power, we endeavour to wreath with a garland of verdure his distinguished, though humble name.

Peter O'Dornin was born in the year 1682, in the county of Tipperary, near the renowned Rock of Cashel.



At an early age he displayed the most astonishing evidences of an intellect far advanced in knowledge ; and his parents accordingly resolved on educating him for the priesthood. But the laws of that dark and dreary period—the statutes against education, domestic or foreign—the operation, in short, of the Penal code—interposed a veto to their wishes, and prevented them from carrying their desire into effect.\*

Menaced in his early youth by political dangers and hostilities, O'Dornin became a fugitive from the home of his childhood. Directing his course towards the north, which he regarded as the safest retreat from the storms of persecution, he arrived at Drumcree, near Portadown, in the county of Armagh. A Catholic clergyman, an ardent lover of his country's language and literature, who has

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\* The following extracts from the Irish Statutes will at once exhibit the state of the Catholic schoolmasters and students in Ireland during the penal times :—

I.

“No person of the Popish religion shall publicly teach school or instruct youth in learning, or in private houses teach or instruct youth in learning, within this realm (except only the children or others under the guardianship of the master or mistress of such private house), under the penalty of £20, and three months' imprisonment.”—7th William III., ch. 4, s. 9. 1694.

II.

“In case any of his Majesty's subjects of Ireland shall go or send any person to any public or private Popish school, in parts beyond the seas, in order to be educated in the Popish religion, and there be trained in the Popish religion, or shall send money or other thing towards the

kindly furnished us with materials for this brief biographical notice, states that the following quatrain, in O'Dornin's handwriting, is in the possession of Mr. Arthur Bennett, of Forkhill; and, as will be seen, it completely precludes any controversy on the subject of our poet's birthplace:—

“Dó bíó ádur mo cáirne a ġ-Cairiol na ríog,  
 Ir é náraċt na ġalltaċt vo rġar mipe óioċ;  
 Thuġ mé nára fó'n tríaċ rin ġo mullaċ Dhruim Cníoċ,  
 Mar a ġ-fuair mé fáilte ġan táimleap 'r meádar ġan  
 éioġ.”

“The lands of my fathers were at Cashel of the Kings,  
 But the black English tyrant-laws drove me from thence;  
 So I fled to Drumcree, as an eagle on wings,  
 And I found welcome there, without grudging or expense.”

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maintenance of such person gone or sent, and trained as aforesaid, or as a charity for relief of a religious house, every person so going, sending, or sent, shall, on conviction, be disabled to sue, in law or in equity, or to be guardian, executor, or administrator, or take a legacy or deed of gift, or bear any office, and shall forfeit goods and chattels for ever, and lands for life.”—7th William III., ch. 4, s. 1. 1694.

### III.

“If any person, after 1st September, 1709, shall discover any Popish schoolmaster, or any Papist teaching or instructing youth in private houses, as tutor, or as usher, under-master, or assistant to any Protestant schoolmaster, so as the said Popish schoolmaster, tutor, or usher, under-master, or assistant to any Protestant schoolmaster, be apprehended and legally convicted, every person making such discovery shall

While sojourning in this locality, he produced an elaborate poem, entitled "The Ancient Divisions of Ireland, and an Account of the different Septs that from time to time colonised it." The peculiarly powerful style of this poem attracted the attention of the Hon. Arthur Brownlow, ancestor of the present Lord Lurgan, who requested an interview with O'Dornin; and finding, upon a close acquaintance with him, that he possessed high talents, had received a liberal education, and was withal, a man of polished manners and profound penetration into human character, he took him into his own house to instruct his family, revise his Irish records, enrich his library with Gaelic poetry, and, above all, to infuse into his own mind a deep and lasting love for the literature of his native country. The friendship, thus happily commenced, continued unabated for several years, until, unfortunately, the electioneering contest of the Brownlows of Lurgan, the Copes of Loughgall, and the Richardsons of Richhill, supervened, and the independent conduct of O'Dornin on that occasion aroused the wrath of Brownlow: the result, after some angry altercation, was a final separation between the poet and his patron.

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receive as a reward for the same £10, to be levied on the Popish inhabitants of the country where such Popish schoolmaster, tutor, usher, under-master, or assistant, taught or instructed youth, or did most commonly reside, and shall be convicted thereof."—8 Anne, c. 3, ss. 20, 21. 1701.

The thoughts of O'Dornin now once more reverted towards home: he desired to spend the evening of his days among the friends and companions of his youth, and was anxious that his remains might mingle with the dust of his ancestors. Fate, however, ordained otherwise. A handsome young woman, named Rose Toner, laid siege in due form to our poet's heart; and he bowed his scholarly head beneath the yoke of Hymen. He spent the "honeymoon" in the parish of Loughgilly, at Ballymoyre, and subsequently established himself in the neighbourhood of Forkhill, where he opened a school as a competitor with one Maurice O'Gorman, who bore a high character for ability in teaching. The insinuating address and extensive learning of O'Dornin, however, soon drew over a majority of the scholars to his side; and O'Gorman, fancying himself deeply injured by his rival, but having no means of redress or retaliation at his command, was forced to leave the neighbourhood, and retire to Dublin. In and about the vicinity of Forkhill, O'Dornin passed a considerable time. Here he wrote a humorous poem, in which he unmercifully satirized the luckless O'Gorman; and here also he penned the song (to the air which we give in our present collection) of "Slíab Férolim," with many other minor poetical compositions.

In his latter years, O'Dornin was honoured with the friendship, and enjoyed the esteem, of many of the most eminent men in Ireland. He lived to a green old age, and closed a life which he had consecrated to the vindica-

tion of his country's literary renown, and the advancement of the happiness of his numerous friends and acquaintances, on the 5th of April, 1768, in his eighty-sixth year. His death occurred in the townland of Shean, at a place called Friarstown (Shean, we may observe, is now divided into quarters), adjacent to the village of Forkhill, in Armagh; and his remains were interred near the north-east wall of Urney churchyard, in the county of Louth, somewhat more than three miles northward of Dundalk. The parish priest of Forkhill, the Rev. Mr. Healy, when on his death-bed, requested to be laid beside O'Dornin; and the poet and the clergyman now repose beneath one stone.

Our readers will understand that the poets at whose lives and labours we have thus cursorily glanced, formed but a few of the great band of native Irish writers whose genius illumed the political gloom and dreariness of the eighteenth century. Among their contemporaries, and not less distinguished for their poetical talent, we may mention—

I.—Eógan Ruaó O'Súilleabháin, a native of Sliabh luasá, in the county of Kerry, who flourished towards the close of the last century, and was justly celebrated for his judgment and skill in the production of compound epithets. He wrote many songs both in Irish and English, though he always entertained an undisguised contempt and dislike for the latter language. As a specimen of his English versification, we give here the opening stanza of



one of those—a song called “Molly Casey’s Charms,” which he penned for a village beauty of his acquaintance :—

“One evening late, it was my fate  
 To meet a charming creature,  
 Whose airy gait and nice portrait  
 Excel both art and nature :  
 Her curling hair, in ringlets fair,  
 Down to her waist doth dangle ;  
 The white and rose—united foes—  
 Her beauteous cheeks bespangle.  
 Her rolling, glancing, sparkling eyes,  
 Each gazer’s heart at once surprise,  
 And bind a train of love-sick swains  
 In Cupid’s close enthralling chains.  
 Whoever views her lovely face,  
 That is bedecked with youth and grace,  
 Must every hour, proclaim the power  
 Of Molly Casey’s charms.”

II.—John Mac Donnell, a poet of almost unrivalled power and sweetness, surnamed “Clárach,” from the broad cast of his features, or from the fact of having been born at the foot of *Clarach* mountain, near Millstreet in the county of Cork.

III.—William Heffernan, surnamed “Dall,” or the Blind, a native of Shronehill, in Tipperary, and one of the most delightful of versifiers. Our limited space will not permit us to enlarge upon the writings and characters of these poets ; but we refer the reader to the “Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry,” in which will be found detailed biographical notices of them.



At this period there flourished a host of other gifted men, of whom but "Random Records" remain—men whose powers of denunciation and satire were unsparingly exercised against the abuses of authority, and the oppressions which their unhappy country was compelled to suffer at the hands of her mis-rulers. Among those men, who, although less famous than the O'Tuomys and Magraths of their time, yet scarcely inferior to them in poetical ability, we may record the names of—

I.—Hugh and Andrew Mac Curtin, both natives of Clare, who flourished in the early part of the eighteenth century.\*

II.—Conor and Donogh O'Sullivan, both of Cillín, or as they style it, "Cillín cam-pannaç an Chrónáin," in the parish of Whitechurch, near Blarney. Some of their songs, printed from the original manuscripts, will be found in this volume.

III.—Bryan O'Flaherty, a mason, who lived at Bruff.

IV.—James Considine, of *Àt na 5-Caoimac* in the county of Clare.

V.—John Cunningham, who lived near Castletown.

\* A copy of Dr. Keating's "*Tri Bir-Ghaotha an Bhais*," "Three Pointed Shafts of Death," in the handwriting of Andrew M'Curtin, bearing date 1703, still exists. Hugh Mac Curtin wrote an Irish Grammar, an English-Irish Dictionary, and a Brief Discourse in Vindication of the Antiquity of Ireland, which were published early in the last century.

roche, and flourished in the year 1737. We have seen some of his MSS. bearing that date.

VI.—Maurice Griffin, who followed the profession of schoolmaster at Ballingaddy, in the county of Limerick, about 1778.

VII.—William Cotter (the *Red*), a native of Castlelyons, some of whose manuscripts, dated 1737, exist.

VIII.—George Roberts, one of whose poetical pieces a fairy-song of remarkable beauty, appears in this volume.

IX.—James O'Daly,\* a native of the parish of Inagh, county of Clare, and contemporary with John O'Tuomy, whose elegy he chanted.

X.—Thomas Cotter, of the Cove of Cork.

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\* Since the time of Donogh Mor O'Daly, abbot of Boyle, A.D. 1244, styled the Ovid of Ireland, the tribe of O'Daly has produced a vast number of eminent poets.

Edward O'Reilly gives a catalogue of twenty-eight writers of the name; and they were so numerous in the sixteenth century, that an English chronicler of that period uses O'Dalie as synonymous with poet or rhymist.

We may here mention Fra. Dominic O'Daly, O.P., founder of the College of "Corpo Sancto," and the Convent of "Buon Successo" at Lisbon, and ambassador, in 1655, from Portugal to the court of Louis XIV., on which occasion he gave a series of magnificent fetes to the citizens of Paris. He died in 1662, having been elected Bishop of Coimbra, and was buried in his own college at Lisbon. His "History of the Geraldines" is known to most of our readers, through the translation by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, a new and enlarged edition of which was published by the Messrs. Duffy, Dublin, 1878.

XI.—Edward Nagle, also of Cork, a contemporary of the Rev. William English.

We might append to these the names of a number of others; but as we do not present the reader with any of their songs, and as we purpose, according to our promise devoting a volume exclusively to their “Lives and Times,” it is unnecessary for us to particularise them here. There are, however, two of the number who cannot be passed over in silence. We allude to Eóġan O’Caoimh (Owen O’Keeffe), and John Murphy. O’Keeffe, who, like his namesake, the dramatist, possessed the most varied and versatile powers, was born at Glenville, in the county of Cork, in 1656. He married early, and had a son, whom he reared for the priesthood, but who died in 1709, at Rochelle, in the flower of his youth, while engaged in the prosecution of his theological studies. Eoġan, the father, entered Holy Orders after the decease of his wife, in 1707, and closed his life on the 5th day of April, 1726, as parish priest of Doneraile. His remains are interred in the grave-yard of Sean-Chúirt (Old-Court), about half a mile west of Doneraile. The following inscription was graven on his tomb by a sculptor named Donncað O’Dálaigh:—

“Aġ reo ionao iotlaicte Eóġain Uí Chaoimh, tús  
tírimhí uá aimhíh póroa, aġur tap éir éaġa a mna  
uo ġlac ġráð Coirneacġa; oih ba tũine ġaoimhí,  
ġeanamnaiðe, ġneannmíh; aġur uo ba ġile róġlamġa,  
ġih-eólaġ, aġur cléirneac clĩroe, caoim, a b-ġríomteangao

Δ οὐτῶς αὖτις ἄ ῥιννρεαί ἐ. Σὺν δὲ υἱε ριν το  
cuireadh an rḡrībinn neam-choitḡeann ro ḡr Δ ḡionn.

“Do éas an cúigḡadh lá ve’n Abḡán, Δ.Ο. 1726 ; αὖτις  
ar uoilḡ u’ḡḡaib na Múman é, αὖτις rḡr uá cléir ; ḡir ir  
iomḡa leabair lán-ḡḡlamḡa, léir-rḡrḡobḡa, uá ḡaoḡar  
ḡe na ḡaicḡin Δ n-ḡire anuḡ.”

The Rev. John O’Brien, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne,  
wrote the following epitaph, or ḡearḡ laoirḡ, which is  
also engraven on the same stone:—

“Sin αḡαḡα Δ líc, mo uít ! ḡá u’ ḡaob ḡo laḡ !  
Saḡarḡ ba ḡaoin, ḡ Δ n-ḡlḡḡe míc Ué ba beaḡt ;  
ḡarḡairḡe ḡḡoíḡe u’ḡuīl Chaoīm ba ḡḡéine Δ u-ḡḡear,  
ḡear ḡeandḡa Δ rḡrḡob ḡo ḡíor ar ḡhaoḡeīlīb ḡeal.”

“A grave-stone lies above thee laid this night,  
Thou mildest priest, in God’s great laws well versed—  
O’Keeffe, of heroes mightiest in the fight,  
Whose lore illumed the Gaelic learning erst.”

John Murphy (Seáḡan O’Mupḡúḡaḡ), born at Raḡa-  
onneaḡ, county of Cork, in March, 1700, was distinguished  
for the beauty and pathos of his elegiac compositions. In  
the year 1726, he had transcribed, with his own hand,  
many native historical tracts of high value. He was  
the chief patron of a bardic sessions, or academy, held  
periodically at Charleville, and in the parish of White-  
church, near Blarney ; and we have seen a poem of four  
stanzas composed by him on the fate of four brothers

named Armstrong, who were killed at the battle of Aughrim, for which composition it has been asserted that their sister presented him with four bullocks. Murphy continued his labours as an Irish scribe of high repute to the year 1758. We cannot tell how long he lived, as we have no records bearing on that subject.

About this period the introduction into female dress of that singularly ridiculous and unsightly article of head-gear known as the "High Cauled Cap," called forth the unsparing satire of the poets of Munster. Numerous and bitter were the rhyming diatribes which they levelled against it. The offensive specimen of bad taste in apparel, however, maintained its elevated position for at least forty years, from 1760 to 1800, and some old dames kept up the custom till 1810, when it entirely ceased to disfigure the flowing ringlets of our fair countrywomen. Even poetry and satire, it will thus be seen, are not omnipotent. But if Horace, Young, and even Swift, failed in their attempts to correct the manners of their times by ridicule and sarcasm, it can hardly be deemed surprising that such weapons should prove powerless against a cause which influences of so potent a character as vanity and fashion had enlisted under their special protection.

Upon the "High Cauled Cap," several songs were composed to the air which we here present to our readers, but unfortunately we have not been able to procure the original words.



## THE HIGH CAULED CAP.



A species of rhythmical composition, similar to the following, was extensively in vogue among the Irish peasantry, about the middle of the last century. In giving it a place here, however, we willingly confess that we are less actuated by its poetical merit, than by a desire to display the extreme facility with which our native rhymers were able to bring into juxta-position with the Irish lines that Anglo-Irish phraseology, for a knowledge of which few of them have ever obtained credit :—

## bean na n'or-ghoit donn.

Ar 1 bean na n-óir-folt donn, mo ghéar-ra gan dóbat,  
 Ir ruisgte deas a com 'r a cnáma;

Likewise her features round, excel the Lady Browne's;

Her equal can't be found ann ran áir-rí:

If I had a thousand pounds, I'd pay the money down,

O'fonn tú beir agam a b-Port-láirge;

Ghlacfamaoir ann long, 'r do macfamaoir a nún

Tar fairge, 'r níor b' easal dúinn beir báirte.

Ní géillim-rí doo' glóir, mar ir móir do dúil ra n'ól,

'S tar fairge ní maca-ra go bráct leat;

I believe you're for sport, I beg you'll let me alone,

'S gur le bladaireacht do meallann tú namná leat,

If I bade my friends adieu, and to go along with you,

Seallaim out gur fada do beir tráct orruinn,

I believe I'll stay at home, and never go to roam,

Seácan me? do maodaireacht ní áil liom.

Tréigis feara an t-ól, 'r ní leanfaid mé an rporr,

'S beir aigis go fairring ann mo pócaíde,

Gur míle liom do pós ná rucie beac ar bóir,

'S go m'áite liom am áice tú ná céol rít;

What I do to you propose, you may take as a joke,

'S an ácarann, ní maasá leat bim a óg-mnaoi,

If I had you in my bower, do rinneinn ríor le o' com,

'S beiréac m'áigne-rí ceangailte ann do móiréirde!

Ír buaóaríta 'tá mo éiríde le tairníomh mór doo' ghaol,  
 Agus doabhuim ó m'aigne gur león me!

When I go to bed at night, no comfort can I find,  
 But lying on my side in sore grief!

By this and that indeed, and the Bible we do read,  
 Ní rḡarḡainn leat air aigíod, ná air ór buíde,  
 My treasure, wealth, and store, you shall be evermore,  
 Tair a baile liom 'r béarḡao m'acḡainn uirt a rḡóirín!

Your civil silver tongue I think is moving on,  
 Your chattering or flattering won't coax me ;  
 Dá ngéilḡinn-rí do o' r'ligé 'r an cam do beir do éiríde,  
 Náir b'é an peacaó uirt me meallaó le o'cuir gnoctuirde,  
 Can't you come and try—my kindness you shall find,  
 'S tábarḡainn m'acḡainn uirt go rabairneac le mór-  
 éiríde,  
 I'll buy you decent clothes, silk and satin shoes,  
 'S annra n-ḡailḡin do ḡlacac rínn ár lóirín.

My mind would give consent to go with you, I think,  
 Ac̃t le h-eaḡla gur cleara clír do gnoctaiḡe ;  
 If I thought you were true, do maḡainn leat anún,  
 Tair raiḡe, ḡan eaḡna, ḡan cóirctiḡe,  
 Níl aḡam le máó. ac̃t “go maó buan do beir na mná,”  
 'S gur tairníomac̃ liom ḡarḡao 'ca aḡól uíḡe,  
 To you I give my oath (and what could I do more ?)  
 Ná rḡarḡainn leat go ḡ-carḡao rḡuir̃ a ḡ-clóó aḡe.

With regard to the translator of the Irish Lyrics in this volume, we would inform our readers, that his biography shall appear in the contemplated edition of his collected poems, and that those shall be preceded by the "*Anthologia Germanica*," where his mastery of the English idiom, and thorough acquaintance with the language of Goethe, Schiller, etc., etc., shine so conspicuously. Meanwhile, we fondly hope that this book may help to keep alive and propagate a knowledge of the grand old tongue, for whose preservation such energetic efforts are being made at home and abroad, by some of the most highly gifted philologists of the day, which sees Davis' aspiration—the establishment of a Celtic Journal—realised.

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ban-chnoic eireann o!

Donncaó (Ruao) Mac Con-Maria, cct.

Fonn—Uileacán Dub O!



Beir beannaó ó m' éiríde go tír na h-Eireann,  
bán-chnoic Eireann O!

'S éum a mairiunn de fíolraó IR 'r eibhear,  
Ar bán-chnoic Eireann O!



## THE FAIR HILLS OF eire o!

BY DONOGH (THE RED) MAC CON-MARA.

AIR :—" *Uileacan Dubh O !*"

WE have no means of tracing the antiquity of the air to which these beautiful words are written ; but it may with probability be ascribed to the early part of the seventeenth century. "*Uileacan Dubh O !*" literally means *a black-haired head of a round shape, or form* ; and we have frequently heard it so applied by the Munster peasantry, with whom it is a favourite phrase, when speaking of the head, particularly that of a female. Some writers are of opinion that "*Uileacan Dubh O !*" allegorically means Ireland ; but we cannot concur in this opinion, for it is evidently a love expression. The song entitled "*Plur na m-ban donn og*," of which we give the first stanza, can be sung to this air. It must be played rather mournfully, but not too slow :—

"Da d-tiocfadh liomsa go Conntae Liath-drúim,  
 A phluirín na m-ban donn og !  
 Do bheairínn sinicre ar liun mar bhiadh dhuit,  
 A phluirín na m-ban donn og !  
 Do bheairínn aor long duit 's bathad faoi sheol,  
 Ar bharr na d-tonn ag filleadh chum traghá,  
 'S ní leigfinn aon bhron ort choidheche na go brath,  
 A phluirín na m-ban donn og !"

"Would you only come with me to Leitrim county fair,  
 O, flower of all maidens young !  
 On sugar and brown ale I'd sweetly feast you there,  
 O, flower, &c.  
 I'd shew you barks and ships you never saw before,  
 So stately and so gay, approaching to the shore,  
 And never should you sigh or sorrow any more,  
 O, flower, &c."

Take a blessing from my heart to the land of my birth,  
 And the fair Hills of Eire, O !  
 And to all that yet survive of Eibhear's tribe on earth,  
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !

An áit úr 'nar b'aoibinn binn-ḡuṯ éan,  
 Mar fáin-éruir éaoín aḡ caoine ḡaoṁal,  
 Ir é mo cár a beir míle míle i ḡ-céin,  
 O bán-énoic Eireann O!

bíóeann bárrí bog ríim ar éaoín-énoic Eireann,  
 bán-énoic Eireann O!  
 'S ar fearr 'ná 'n tír-rí oir ḡac ríleibe ann,  
 bán-énoic Eireann, O!  
 'Do 'b áro a coillte 'r ba óireac, réis,  
 'S a m-blát mar aol ar máoilinn ḡéis,  
 Atá ḡráṁ aḡ mo énoiré a m'innitinn féin,  
 'Do bán-énoic Eireann O!

Atá ḡarnaṁ líonmar a o-tír na h-Eireann,  
 bán-énoic Eireann O!  
 'S fear-éoin ḡnoiré ná claoiréac céanta,  
 Ar bán-énoic Eireann O!  
 m'fát-tuirre énoiré! 'r mo éuimne rḡéal,  
 Iao aḡ ḡall-énoic ríor fá ḡneim, mo léan!  
 'S a m-bailte dá noinn fá éior ḡo oar,  
 bán-énoic Eireann O!

Ir fairring 'r ar móir iao Cruacha\* na h-Eireann,  
 bán-énoic Eireann O!

---

\* *Cruachana h-Eireann*. There are various hills in Ireland bearing this name: *Cruach Phadruig*, in Mayo; *Cruachan Bri Eile*, in the King's County; but the Cruachan the poet alludes to is a large hill in the parish of Kilgobnet, county of Waterford, within four miles of the town of

In that land so delightful the wild thrush's lay  
Seems to pour a lament forth for Eire's decay—  
Alas! alas! why pine I a thousand miles away  
From the fair Hills of Eire, O!

The soil is rich and soft—the air is mild and bland,  
Of the fair Hills of Eire, O!  
Her barest rock is greener to me than this rude land—  
O! the fair Hills of Eire, O!  
Her woods are tall and straight, grove rising over grove;  
Trees flourish in her glens below, and on her heights above;  
O, in heart and in soul, I shall ever, ever love  
The fair Hills of Eire, O!

A noble tribe, moreover, are the now hapless Gael,  
On the fair hills of Eire, O!  
A tribe in Battle's hour unused to shrink or fail  
On the fair Hills of Eire, O!  
For this is my lament in bitterness outpoured,  
To see them slain or scattered by the Saxon sword.  
Oh, woe of woes, to see a foreign spoiler horde  
On the fair Hills of Eire, O!

Broad and tall rise the *Cruachs* in the golden morning's glow  
On the fair Hills of Eire, O!

---

Dungarvan; on the summit of which there is a conical pile of stones known among the natives as *Suidhe Finn*, or the seat of *Fionn Mac Cumhail*, of which we find the following account in a MS. of the seventeenth century:—

“And for the monuments from them (the Fenians) in this country

Δ γ-curo meala 'γur uactairi aγ γluairact na rlaota,  
 Ari bân-ênoic Eiréann O!  
 Raçav-ρα ari cuairi, no ir luac mo faoçal,  
 'O'n talam min ruairic ir oual vo γhaeðal,  
 'S go m'feairi liom 'ná ouair, vâ uairleact é, beic,  
 Ari bân-ênoic Eiréann O!

Σγαιpeann an vpiúct ari γεaíari 'r fêari ann,  
 Ari bân-ênoic Eiréann O!  
 'S pápaio abla cúbariça ari γεaγaib ann,  
 Ari bân-ênoic Eiréann O!  
 biðeann biolari 'r paíao ann a n-γleanntaib ceðaiγ,  
 'S na ppoça ran t-paípaç aγ labairi uim neðin,  
 Uirge na Siuirie \* aγ bpiúct na flóγaið,  
 Coir bân-ênoic Eiréann O!

anciently named, and still yet contynued, wee have from ffin  
 O'Baoisgne, *Suidhe Finn*, that is the sitting seate of ffin, vpon the  
 mountaine called *Sliabh na m-ban*. Gleann Garraidh, in the barony of  
 Iffahy, so called from Garrae mac Mornae, and *leabba Dhiermoda Vi  
 Duifne* and *Grayne*, ymplying their bedding there together, at *Pollty-  
 leabayne*, in the county of *Vi fflachragh Aidhne*, now called the O'Sheagh-  
 nussy his country, which are but a few of many other monuments  
 from them named in divers other places of this kingdome."

In the next line the poet alludes to the fertile district of Cumeragh  
 (properly *Com-Rathach*, from *Com*, nook, declivity, or opening between  
 two hills which meet at one extremity; and *Rathach*, forts, which  
 abound in the locality), in the parish of Kilrosenty, and barony of  
 Middlethird, where the cuckoo is heard earlier in spring than in any  
 other part of Ireland.

\* *Siuir*. This river has its source in *Sliabh Ailduin* (the Devil's Bit-  
 Mountain, better known as *Grein an Diabhail*), in the county of Tip-

O'er her smooth grass for ever sweet cream and honey flow

On the fair Hills of Eire, O !

O, I long, I am pining, again to behold

The land that belongs to the brave Gael of old ;

Far dearer to my heart than a gift of gems or gold

Are the fair Hills of Eire, O !

The dew-drops lie bright 'mid the grass and yellow corn

On the fair Hills of Eire, O !

The sweet-scented apples blush redly in the morn

On the fair Hills of Eire, O !

The water-cress and sorrel fill the vales below ;

The streamlets are hushed, till the evening breezes blow ;

While the waves of the Suir, noble river ! ever flow

Near the fair Hills of Eire, O !

perary. It takes a circuitous route by Thurles, Holycross, Cahir, Ard-Finan, Clonmel, Carrick-on-Suir, and Waterford ; and, being joined by the rivers Nore and Barrow (hence the appellation " Sister Rivers ") at Cheek Point, six miles below Waterford, falls into the British Channel. *Donnchadh Ruadh* describes its waters in the following line:—

" *Uisge na Siuire ag brucht na Shloghaidh.*"

" The Waters of the Suir swelling into whirlpools."

The scenery of these rivers recalls SPENSER's delightful lines :—

" . . . The gentle Shure that, in king way

By sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford ;

The next, the stubborn Newre, whose waters grey

By fair Kilkenny and Rosseponte board ;

The third, the goodly Barrow, which doth hoard,

Great heaps of Salmon in his deep bosom.

All which long sundered, do at last accord,

To join in one, ere to the sea they come ;

So flowing all from one, all one at last become !"

FAERIE QUEENE, Book iv. Canto xi.

Ar orghuilteac, fáilteac, an áit rin Eire,  
     bán-énoic Eireann O!  
 Bíodéann "Toraó na Sláinte" a m-bárrí na bóire,  
     A m-bán-énoic Eireann O!  
 Ba binne liom ná méaraib ar éada b ceoil,  
 Seinnim 'r géimheac a laos, 'r a m-bó,  
 Taitníom na gréine oirí aoróa 'r óg,  
     Ar bán-énoic Eireann O!

---

Although the *Suir* and *Nore* flow from the same source, *Sliabh Ailduin*, the *Barrow* rises in *Sliabh Bladhma*, in the Queen's County, which Spenser makes as the parent of the three; but we must presume that he took Giraldus Cambrensis as authority, he being the only writer on Irish history who fell into this sad mistake.—See *Haliday's Keating*, p. 29. Dub. 1809. *Cambrensis Eversus*, vol. i., p. 123, edited for the Celtic Society by the Rev. Matthew Kelly. Dublin. 1848.



A fruitful clime is Eire's, through valley, meadow, plain,

And the fair land of Eire, O!

The very "Bread of Life" is in the yellow grain

On the fair Hills of Eire, O!

Far dearer unto me than the tones music yields,

Is the lowing of her kine and the calves in her fields

And the sunlight that shone long ago on the shields

Of the Gaels, on the fair Hills of Eire, O!

uaill-chumhaíoh na feinne.

Seágan Ua Tuama, cct.

Fonn—An Cnotaó Bán.



Mo míle truaḡ! mo buairt! mo b'íón!  
 An rḡéimle muais ar n-uairle ar feóó!  
 San rliḡe, san ruaḡa, san ruaircioir, róḡac,  
 San laoió, san buain, san cnuar, san ceól!  
 Ar é vo léig mo mílleaó a ḡ-car,  
 Ar é vo traoó mo cuirle ar fao,  
 Uairle ḡaoóal—rá c'ruaó-rmaóct ḡear,  
 Aḡ cuaine an b'earla óuib a n-ḡlar!

## A LAMENT FOR THE FENIANS.

BY JOHN O'TUOMY.

AIR—" *The White Cockade.*"

THE air to which this song is written is very much misunderstood, as many persons suppose the White Cockade to mean a military cockade, and with that view, doggrel rhymers have polluted the good taste of the public by such low ribaldry as the following :—

"A Shaighdinir ! a Shaighdinir ! a b-posadh bean,  
Le Heigh ! no le Ho ! no le bualadh an drum !"

"O soldier ! O soldier ! would you take a wife,  
With a heigh ! or a ho ! or a beat of the drum."

The *Cnotadh Ban* (White Cockade) literally means a *bouquet*, or plume of white ribbons, with which the young women of Munster adorn the hair and head-dress on wedding, and other festive occasions. The custom prevailed early in the seventeenth century, for we find a poet of that period, *Muiris Mac Daibhi Duibh Mac Gearailt*, addressing a young woman in these beautiful words :—

"A chailin donn deas an chnotadh bhain,  
Do bhuair is mheall me le h-íomad gradh ;  
Tar si liom 's na dein me chradh,  
Mar do thug me greann duit 's dod' chnotadh ban !"

"O brown-haired maiden of the plume so white,  
I am sick and dying for thy love ;  
Come then with me, and ease my pain,  
For I dearly love you, and your White Cockade."

The Munster poets, who adhered with devoted loyalty to the cause of the Stuarts, wrote many beautiful Jacobite songs to this air.

It makes my grief, my bitter woe,  
To think how lie our nobles low,  
Without sweet music, bards, or lays,  
Without esteem, regard, or praise.

O, my peace of soul is fled,  
I lie outstretched like one half dead,  
To see our chieftains, old and young,  
Thus trod by the churls of the dismal tongue !

'b'é cíòpeac uairò ñac ñuaçan bñóin,  
 ñac òaoiñpe çñuaiz, ñac çñuaòtan fór;  
 ñac rñéimle ñuañi áñ n-uairle ñeóimainn,  
 'Da líontaò a ññuaò le òuañitan òeór!  
 Ar é òo léiz, etc.

Mañ a m-bíòeac na ñluaizte, móñ-ñlioòt Eoñain,\*  
 'O'áñ çuibe, 'r 'o'áñ òual an uairle añ o-tóir †  
 ba buíòeanmañ, buanaç, buacaç, beóða,  
 Soillpeac, ñuañac, ñuaò-ñlan, róñac.  
 Ar é òo léiz, etc.

Mañ a m-bíòeac Mac Cúmañ na bh-fionn-fholt óir,‡  
 'S an buíòin náñ óiúlta cúñpe a n-ñleo;  
 Coillte lútmañ, lúinneac, leóñac,  
 Mac 'Ohuibne, 'r 'Óúblainñ, çúñnac tpeoin.  
 Ar é òo léiz, etc.

An ñaíñac ñoll, ñníòeac ñoñail añ tóir,  
 'S Oíññuñ oll, òo lann-bñuñ ñlóiz;  
 Conall cañaíñac, ionncaib, óñ,  
 Níoiñ çlor ñall ba òeallñac leó.  
 Ar é òo léiz, etc.

\* *Eoghan Mor*, King of Munster, and ancestor to the *Ui Fidhgheinte*, who possessed that portion of the county of Limerick lying west of the river Maig, besides the barony of Coshma in the same county, and were exempt from tribute, as being the seniors of the Eugenic line, having descended from *Daire Cearba*, the grandfather of the great monarch, *Criomhthan Mor Mac Fidhaigh*—See *O'Flaherty's Ogygia*, pp. 380, 381; *Book of Rights* (published by the Celtic Society) pp. 63, 66, n, 67, n.

† Other copies read “*ar bord*.”

‡ *Mac Cumhail na bh-fionn-fholt oir*, *Mac Cumhal* of the golden locks of hair. *Fionn Mac Cumhail*, commander-in-chief of the Irish militia, of whom it is traditionally related, that his hair was of the colour of the

Oh ! who can well refrain from tears,  
Who sees the hosts of a thousand years  
Expelled from this their own green isle,  
And bondsmen to the Base and Vile ?

O, my peace, &c.

Here dwelt the race of Eoghan of old,  
The great, the proud, the strong, the bold,  
The pure in speech, the bright in face,  
The noblest House of the Fenian race !

O, my peace, &c.

Here dwelt Mac Cumhal of the Flaxen Locks,  
And his bands, the first in Battle's shocks ;  
Dubhlaing, Mac Duinn, of the smiting swords,  
And Coillte, first of heroic lords.

O, my peace, &c.

The Goll, who forced all foes to yield,  
And Osgur, mighty on battle-field,  
And Conall, too, who ne'er knew fear,  
They, not the Stranger, then dwelt here.

O, my peace, &c.

---

finest gold, and in graceful curls covered his shoulders. Many of the Irish peasantry take pride in these "golden locks." Extravagant stories are told of Fionn, as to his enormous size and strength ; but Dr. Keating states, on the authority of ancient records, that "Fionn did not exceed the common proportion of the men of his time ; and that there were many soldiers in the Irish militia that had a more robust constitution of body." See his History of Ireland, vol. i. p. 412, Dublin, 1809. For an account of all the other Fenian heroes whose names are introduced in the song, the reader is referred to Keating's History.

Μαρ α m-bíðeac rlioct 1R 'r Eíðear mórí,  
 Ba líonmar, ðaon-már, cpaobac, cóir;  
 'S fíir-éireib ðoibinn Eíreamóin,  
 An Ríð fá'r fíolpað tréine tréoin.  
 Ar é vo léig, etc.

Μαρ α m-bíðeac Niall na n-ðaoi-bpat ríóill,  
 San ríðeac ruarí gélle tréimre a ð-c'róinn;  
 Fíir Chroibe\* épaocac, tréit ðac tréoin.  
 Le cloíðeam ðac caoim-feapí céao ðe'n tóir.  
 Ar é vo léig, etc.

An caic-míleað Bman† vo'n fíann-fíul mór,  
 Ba ðacamail, ðaða, a mian 'r a clóð;  
 Le fepartab o 'ðia éug maðla 'r nóir,  
 Chuip 'ðanapí fá éiac ap íacab Eoðain.  
 Ar é vo léig, etc.

Ar é vo líon mo époie le bión,  
 Sur ðontapò C'píopò a o-tíðeac a ð-c'róinn,  
 Na béir éuir bíobla íopa ap cóir,  
 'S náir gélle óa naoim, óa ólíge, 'ná ó'ópò!  
 Ar é vo léig, etc.

---

\* The Red Branch Knights were the chief military force of Ulster, and resided at *Eamhain* (Emania), near Armagh, the palace of the Kings of Ulster. They were highly celebrated during the first century for their victories under their champions *Cuchulainn* and *Conall Cearnach*. See *Annals of the Four Masters*. *Book of Rights*, published by the Celtic Society, 1847, p. 249.

† *Brian*, surnamed *Borumha*, assumed the sovereignty of Ireland, A.D. 1002; and was killed at the Battle of *Cluain Tairbh* (Clontarf), on the 23rd of April, 1014. An account of the various tributes exacted by Brian may be seen in the *Leabhar na g-Ceart* (Book of Rights).



Here dwelt the race of Eibhear and Ir,  
The heroes of the dark blue spear,  
The royal tribe of Heremon, too,  
That King who fostered champions true,  
O, my peace, &c.

And Niall\* the great, of the Silken gear,  
For a season bore the sceptre here,  
With the Red Branch Knights, who felled the foe  
As the lightning lays the oak-tree low !  
O, my peace, &c.

The warrior Brian, of the Fenian race,  
In soul and shape all truth and grace,  
Whose laws the Princes yet revere,  
Who banished the Danes—he too dwelt here,  
O, my peace, &c.

Alas ! it has pierced mine inmost heart,  
That Christ allowed our Crown to depart  
To men who defile His Holy Word,  
And scorn the Cross, the Church, the Lord !  
O, my peace, &c.

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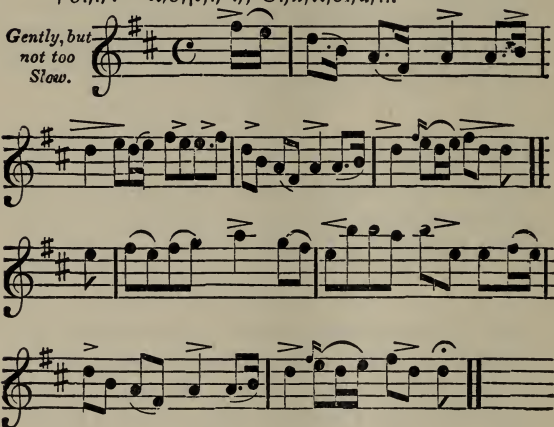
\* Nial, surnamed "*Naoi n-Giallaidh*" (Of the Nine Hostages), monarch of Ireland at the close of the fourth century, was one of the most gallant of all the princes of the Ultonian race: He made several descents on Britain, and it was against his incursions that some of those successes were achieved by the Romans which "threw such lustre round the military administration of Stilicho, and inspired the muse of Claudian, a Roman poet who flourished under Theodosius, A.D. 394."

Nial was killed, anno 406 during one of his invasions of Gaul.

# moirín ní chuillionnain.

Seágan Ua Tuama, cct.

Fonn:—Móirín ní Chuillionnain.



Ais aonair real as ró-uigeaó,  
 Cía reólfuioe am éinne lá?  
 Aó an rpéirbean mairead móir-mín,  
 Ar í Móirín ní Chuillionnain!  
 Ba péis, ba raómar, ró-ghoioe,  
 Ba cóir, cóirca, cluioe, cáis;  
 A craob-foile cap mar ór buioe,  
 Na o-cóiríisib go troisíte as fáir.

## MOIRIN NI CHUILLIONAIN.

BY JOHN O'TUOMY.

AIR :—" *Moirin Ni Chuillennain.*"

MOIRIN NI CHUILLIONAIN (Little Mary Cullenan) is one of those allegorical names by which Ireland is known in Irish song, and which became a favourite theme with our Munster poets. The Irish reader will readily perceive that it is of that Jacobite class peculiar to the middle of the last century ; for at that period the poets, excited to the highest degree, gave vent to their deepest passions in order to rouse the fallen spirit of the nation in behalf of the Stuart family.

This beautiful air approaches that of the "*Beinsin Luachra*" (Little Bench of Rushes) in plaintive tenderness of expression and melody, and is known in various districts of the south by different names. In Waterford, for instance, the peasantry call it "*Moirin Ni Ghiobarlain*" (Little Mary Giblin). In Tipperary, it is called "*The Rose-tree of Paddy's Land.*" In all the other southern counties the original name is still preserved—as, indeed, it ought to be, for there is nothing so hateful as calling our airs by strange names and after stranger incidents.

It must be played in moderate time—neither too slow nor too quick, but rather mournfully, like most of the Jacobite airs.

One evening roaming lonely,  
As pale twilight just began,  
I met the fair, the only,  
The bright Moirin Ni Chuillennain !  
The maid whom Eire blesses,  
The dignified, the gay, the neat,  
Whose brilliant golden tresses  
Wave down o'er her waxen feet.

ba ġlé, ba ġeal, ba ġleoiöte í,  
 b'öğ í, 'r b'oilte ápo;  
 ba řéim, ba řlactmar, řeólta í,  
 ba řnóğ-mín, ba řnuigste řám;  
 ba béapaç, blařa, beóó' í,  
 ba beol-binn oap linn an báb,  
 ba maopa, maipaç, móřa í,  
 ba moðamail, mionlað, mioçair, mná'úil.

Ağ teaçt ře m'air oo'n öğ mín,  
 'Noir móioğim řur binne an báb  
 'Ná éanlaic ağ cantainn nótaioe,  
 A móř-çoil çoir imioil trágä;—  
 'S ná'n té oo řpneagaç çeól-řit,\*  
 Chuir çeó ořaoioeaçt' ar Uirniğ† lá,  
 'S ar péalrað ó neam an t-řeoio řřinn,  
 O řeóil Çřiořo am çoinne an t-řřáo.

O řléaçoar řeal oo'n öğ-mnaoi,  
 'S ba oóic linn nář mĩroe a tráoç  
 O'řeaçain çréao oo řeóil í,  
 řan móř-buiöin oá coimĩře řlán,  
 An aon tar řleapaib bóçna í,  
 O břeóðaiğ řinn le h-iomaç řřáo;  
 No çreao an třeib 'na ř-coimnuigä  
 A móř çřioçaiß Inř řáil?

\* *Coel-sith fairy music.*

† The death of the sons of Uisneach, in the first century of the

So pure, so fair, so blooming,  
So mild, placid-souled and meek;  
So sweet and unassuming  
A maiden 'twere in vain to seek!  
Her fair and radiant features,  
Her tall form 'twas bliss to see—  
The noblest of GOD'S creatures,  
The loveliest, the best is she!

Her face, her brow of marble,  
Breathed music, oh! far more  
Than lays the wild birds warble,  
In greenwood glens anear the shore,  
Or his whose fairy metre  
Bewitched Uisnigh's sons one day  
More tender far, and sweeter  
Were hers that Christ sent in my way.

I bowed before the Daughter  
Of Light, Love, and Heavenly Song,  
And asked her what had brought her  
To us without a warrior-throng.  
Had she come o'er the ocean  
To melt our hearts and make us wail?  
Or owned she the devotion  
Of Conn's tribes of Inisfail?

---

Christian era, formed the subject of one of the "Three Sorrows of Story-telling" (*Tri Truagh na Sgealúigheachta*). See *Transactions of the Gaelic Society*. Dublin. 1808.

1ṛ mé do f̃earc a ʒ-cóinnuiṛe,  
 Cia iul-baoiṛ anoiṛ do t̃ráct ;  
 Om' t̃aoiṛ 'ṛ ó lact mo núad̃-éioct̃,  
 This Eóʒan ʒhoiṛe 'ṛ ʒac cinead̃ 1ṛ f̃earr:—  
 Shioct̃ Néill, 'ṛ Airt, 'ṛ mói-Chuinn,  
 'S pói Mhílead̃ uile o'f̃ár ;  
 Le h-éad̃ do m̃arṛad̃ beó rinn,  
 Aʒ r̃t̃róiṛiʒeact̃ aṛ m̃iṛe atáim !

An t̃'ad̃on o'áṛ c̃earc le cóiṛ rinn,  
 Aʒ oéoiṛiʒeact̃ amuiṛ aṛ f̃án ;  
 'S mé oam' f̃maad̃ aʒ r̃t̃róiṛiʒiṛ,  
 Do león rinn ʒo h-uile an cáṛ !  
 An f̃éiṛiṛ-f̃laic̃ do pói ʒaoiṛeal,  
 Ní mói oib̃ a c̃uṛ aṛ f̃áʒail,  
 Le f̃aoṛaṛ-neart̃ f̃maad̃ róinñiṛe,  
 ʒo f̃óṛiṛiʒeac̃ ʒo o-tiʒiṛ am oáil.

'Tá céad̃ta aʒ tead̃ oam t̃óṛiṛiʒeact̃,  
 O cóiṛtiʒiṛ na c̃uinñe lán ;—  
 Le h-aon do'n t̃reiṛ ní ʒeab̃ad̃ mé,  
 'S ní lám̃t̃aoi a c̃uṛ am p̃áirt̃ ;—  
 An f̃éinneac̃ 1ṛ f̃earr clóó 'ṛ ʒraoi,  
 O' áṛ t̃úṛm̃iṛ aṛ f̃uṛiṛinn aṛ oad̃m̃,  
 Réiʒf̃iṛ aṛ t̃ri c'róinñiṛe,  
 Le móiṛín Ní Chuill̃ionñáin !



"O ! I'm thy Fondest-hearted,"

She said, "though now beneath a ban ;  
From me in days departed  
Sprang Eoghan and each noble clan,  
The sons of Con the glorious,  
And Neill and Art, who filled the throne,  
Though now the foe, victorious,  
Thus makes me pine so lorn and lone.

"Our Prince and true Commander

Is now, too, an exile far.

Alas ! we both must wander

Until the avenging Day of War ;  
But through what distant regions

I know not, till the Gaels shall come  
And with their victor legions  
Lead him and me in triumph home.

"Crowds throng to seek and find me—

Of lovers I have many, in truth,  
But none of all shall bind me

In Wedlock's bands but one brave Youth.  
A Hero bold and portly

As ever graced the name of Man  
Will share Three Crowns full shortly  
With his Moirin Ni Chuillennain."

## cuisle na h-eigse.

Seághan Ua Tuama, cct.

Δ cúirle na h-éigse!\* éirig ruar?  
 Ir tuirfead a n-éag-éruit mé gan ruan,  
     Gan duine ran t-raoḡal  
     Aḡ inrirt rḡéal,  
 An cúruir an té 'tá 'ḡ-céin ar cuairt,  
     'S Eirne mo éiríde 'tá m'intinn orr!

Do b'aite liom rúo óm' úr-ḡar óḡ,†  
 ḡearraod 'ḡur brúe' na m-búr ḡo feór;  
     Ir rada mé aḡ rúil  
     ḡo b-feicfinn a ḡnúir,  
 An farrairne ríuntaḡ, ríonn, a ḡ-c' ríonn.  
     'S Eirne mo éiríde, etc.

Corruig ḡo léir a n-éirídeat duan,  
 A' r reinníde-rí oríadḡ do réir na ruadḡ;  
     Sin cúḡaib an t-aon  
     Le ruiríonn don féinn,  
 'S ar ruirímead tréan do déanfar buairt.  
     'S Eirne mo éiríde, etc.

\* A beautiful invocation—"Pulse of the bards, awaken!"

† *Ur-ghas og, Fresh young branch.* Charles Edward Stuart.

## SPIRIT OF SONG.

BY JOHN O'TUOMY.

---

O, Spirit of Song, awake ! arise !  
For thee I pine by night and by day ;  
With none to cheer me, or hear my sighs  
For the fate of him who is far away.  
O, Eire, my soul, what a woe is thine !

That glorious youth of a kingly race,  
Whose arm is strong to hew tyrants down  
How long shall it be ere I see his face,  
How long shall it be ere he wins the Crown ?  
O, Eire, my soul, &c.

Why, Bards, arise ye not, each and all ;  
Why sing ye not strains in warlike style ?  
He comes with his heroes, to disenthral  
By the might of the sword, our long-chained isle !  
O, Eire, my soul, &c.

'Tá Pilib 'r Séamur\* glé, 'r a rluaḡ,  
 'S na Ríḡte le céile a téaḡt le buaḡ,  
     Tíocfao ḡo léir  
     A b-fuinníom 'r a b-faoḡar,  
 'S an Innir ḡeal Eilḡe réiḡfir cuan.  
     'S Eiríe mo éiríḡe, etc.

bhuirfir 'r faoḡfao,—oéanfao ruaiḡ,  
 Air bhuiríḡfirḡ baíḡt an béarlao ōuairc;  
     Cuirfir na ḡaoiríḡl  
     'Na n-ionnadaíḡ féin,  
 Sin mairíe le m' rae 'r an éiríḡe ruar.  
     'S Eiríe, mo éiríḡe, etc.

bá binníe liom rúo a rún 'r a rḡóir,  
 An ḡloine ḡo h-úrí oá ōiúḡa ar bóirí;  
     Cuiríḡḡta rúḡaḡ,  
     Mhuiríḡ'neac, múníḡe,  
 'S ḡo m-buiríḡear an ceann ná cóḡanrḡac leó!  
     'S Eiríe mo éiríḡe, etc.

A mhuiríe na Naomí ! nac doirac, ruairc,  
 An buiríḡo reo téaḡt ar bhéirí an uadair;  
     Bíao fuiríonn oé'n Chléirí  
     Aḡ reinnim na o-Téao,†  
 'S ḡac bíle oó'n éiríḡe aḡ oéanaíḡ ōuan.  
     'S Eiríe mo éiríḡe, etc.

---

\* *Pilib agus Seamus*, Philip V. of Spain, and James Francis Stuart,  
 whom the native Irish recognized as King James II/

† *D-Fead*, i. e. Te Deum.

Kings Philip and James, and their marshalled hosts,  
A brilliant phalanx, a dazzling band,  
Will sail full soon for our noble coasts,  
And reach in power *Inis Eilge's* strand.  
O, Eire, my soul, &c.

They will drive afar to the surging sea  
The sullen tribe of the dreary tongue ;\*  
The Gaels again shall be rich and free ;  
The praise of the Bards shall be loudly sung !  
O, Eire, my soul, &c.

O, dear to my heart is the thought of that day !  
When it dawns we will quaff the beaded ale ;  
We'll pass it in pleasure, merry and gay,  
And drink shame to all sneakers out of our pale  
O, Eire, my soul, &c.

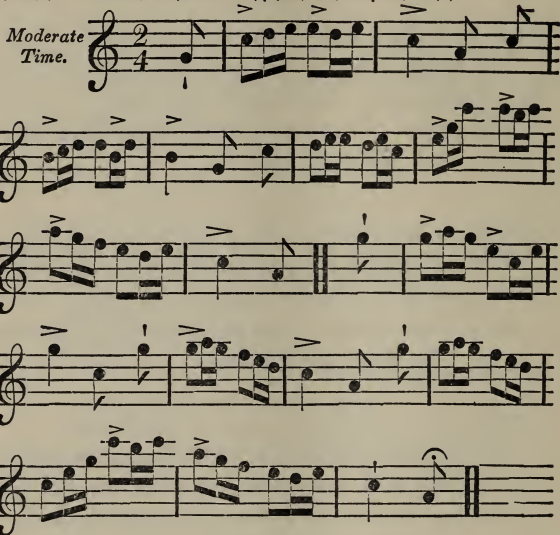
O, Mother of Saints, to thee be the praise  
Of the downfall that waits the Saxon throng ;  
The priests shall assemble and chant sweet lays,  
And each bard and lyrist shall echo the song !  
O, Eire, my soul, &c.

---

\* The old Irish detested the language of the stranger ; they would not, they said, " writhe their mouths with clattering English," which they considered a senseless jargon.—*Stanhurst's Description of Ireland*, 1586, p. 13, and *De Reb. in Hib. Gest.*, 1584.

ol-dan sheaghain ui thuama.

Fonn :—Sean Bhean Chrión an Dhan-táin.



Ar ouine mé óiolar lúin lá,  
 'S cuimhioir mo buíoin cum san-gháir,  
 Muna m-beirdeas amáin ouine  
 Am cuirdeas ta óiolasó,  
 Ir mire beirdeas ríor leir an am-tráit



## O'TUOMY'S DRINKING SONG.

AIR :—" *The Growling Woman.*"

THE song which we lay before our readers was written by O'Tuomy amid those festive scenes for which his house was remarkable ; and a reply to it, by the witty *Mangaire Sugach*, will be found on the next page.

This pleasing air, though quite common in Munster, has, we believe, escaped the notice of Bunting. Like *Moirin Ni Chuillionain*, the poets made it a general theme for their effusions, some of which are in our collection, and rank high among the Jacobite class peculiar to the middle of the last century. The circumstance which gave rise to this air is rather singular.

A peasant who had the misfortune to be yoked "for better for worse" to a scolding wife, who never gave him a moment's peace, composed a song to which the air owes its name. The first stanza runs thus :—

"A shean-bhean chrion an drantain,  
Ni bhion tu choidheche acht a cam-rann,  
Leath-phunt tobac do chur ann do phiopa,  
Ni chuirfeach ad chroidhe-si aon t-solas."

"O, you withered, growling old woman,  
You never will cease scolding ;  
A half pound of tobacco to smoke in your pipe,  
Would not make your heart merry or joyful !"

---

I sell the best brandy and sherry,  
To make my good customers merry ;  
But, at times their finances  
Run short, as it chances,  
And then I feel very sad, very !

Τὰορζαῖὸ βύρι n-οόιέτιν νε' n m-βριανθάν,  
 βήυρι n-νεοῶα ná τομαρὰὸ le ban lám ;<sup>\*</sup>  
 Τά 'ζαμπα ρζιλλινς,  
 le leigion ραν b-ρίον n-ζλαν,  
 'S ar ρεαρρι ιονά 'n βυιὸιν βίῶεαρ ας ὀπαντάν.  
 Ὅο β'αῖτ λιομπα ceólta 'na ὀ-τιομπάν,  
 Ὅο β'αῖτ λιομπα ρπόριτ αςυρ βριανθάν ;  
 Ὅο β'αῖτ λιομπα an ζλοine  
 ας Μυρριαιnn οά λioναὸ,  
 'S cuioeaṣta ραοιῑε ζαν meabpán.  
 ας αῖῑριρ eólar na ρean-οάm,  
 Capbar, ól, αςυρ αβpán ;  
 ρυιριον an ζλιocair,  
 ας imipc na laoite,  
 Súo map oo ζpíῑin-ri ζαῶ ion-εláp.

### PREAGRATH AINORIAIS mhic cnaith.

Διη Sheágan Ua Thuama.

Conn :—"Sean-bean Chpíon an 'Opanτάν."

Ιρ ουine tu ὀíolar lúin lá,  
 βυιρινn ζαν βpíg αςυρ βριανθάν ;  
 'S cúipear oo cúioioṣta,  
 Δι uipear'baṣ cuimne,  
 'S a n-incinn lioṣta oo meabpán !

\* *Ban-lamh*, Bandle ; a measure two feet long used at country fairs by dealers in frieze, flannel, &c.

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler,  
Or ale, if your liking be humbler,  
    And, while you've a shilling,  
    Keep filling and swilling,  
A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,  
Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure.  
    When Margery's bringing  
    The glass, I like singing  
With bards—if they drink within measure

Libation I pour on libation,  
I sing the past fame of our nation  
    For valour-won glory,  
    For song and for story,  
This, this is my grand recreation !

---

ANDREW MAGRATH'S REPLY TO JOHN  
O'TUOMY.

AIR—" *The Growling Old Woman.*"

---

O, Tuomy ! you boast yourself handy  
At selling good ale and bright brandy,  
    But the fact is your liquor  
    Makes every one sicker,  
I tell you that, I, your friend Andy.

1r deimhin a rír go meallráð,  
 Go minic do buidín le rleam'nán;  
     'S go g-cuirir gac n-ouine,  
     Ar gíodam cum bairre,  
 le glugair gan éric, 'r le rtan-cáir !

ní'l binnear do laoiúe,—ná'o fheanóáin,  
 'S ní milir dar linn do rtrancáin,  
     bion iomao do tuipe  
     Do gloine, gan líonao,  
 'S o'uige na oíbe do rtrancán !

buirinn dá oíol mar lúin lá,  
 'S Muirpáinn dá líonao 'na gann-cáir,  
     Ní rultmar do'n fúirionn,  
     Sibre dá inrin,  
 go ruitio bús rín cum ran-gair !

1r minic do líonuir lom-cáir,  
 'S cuirir fá máoil í le cúbar-án;  
     Do cuirir rinne  
     Gan cumar ar fúige,  
 ná imteadót ran t-rúige gan tean-tán !

Cia múrranta fúigir a g-ceann cláir,  
 'S do cuirfead tú ríor gac gann cáir;  
     Muna m-beirdead rúilling;  
     Ag ouine do oíolrao,  
 Cuirfir do buidín cum rtran-cáin !

Again, you affect to be witty,  
And your customers—more is the pity—  
Give in to your folly,  
While you, when you're jolly,  
Troll forth some ridiculous ditty.

But your poems and pints, by your favour,  
Are alike wholly wanting in flavour,  
Because it's your pleasure,  
You give us short measure,  
And your ale has a ditch-water savour !

Vile swash do you sell us for porter,  
And you draw the cask shorter and shorter ;  
Your guests, then, disdaining  
To think of complaining,  
Go tipple in some other quarter.

Very oft in your scant overfrothing,  
Tin quarts we found little or nothing ;  
They could very ill follow  
The road, who would swallow  
Such stuff for the inner man's clothing !

You sit gaily enough at the table,  
But in spite of your mirth you are able  
To chalk down each tankard,  
And if a man drank hard  
On tick---oh ! we'd have such a Babel !

Τίγρη σο φίον ἀξ λύξ-τάιλ,  
 Ἀ γ-coinne γὰρ δον ὁά n-γαβαν γγάρω ;  
 Γλοινε μά ἐυγαίη,  
 Ὅο ὀυινε γαν ὀιολ ;  
 San m-bille beirò φίον αἷη an am-τρίαιτ !

Ἀη imēaēt Ἀ γίη an ὀeamān cáηητ,  
 Ὅο γεαβαῖο γαν ὀιολ, no γεall-τάν ;  
 'S Ἀη cumaō cá h-ionao  
 Ἀ ηυιτρίο, cá ὀίγ  
 Iona ὀ-τυιτρίο γά ἔηί Iona lám'cán !

Ἥ ἔ ἔluinnim Ἀη ὀίη ὀe ὀ' ἔam-ἔeáηo,  
 Σο millio an τίη le pleam'nán  
 Slíbhíōe an ὀηoiōo,  
 'Σηη γίḃ-ηη σο n-ὀiōlpaō,  
 Ἀη ḡloine nó τήί, býη γ-com-pán !

Cuirle mo ἔηoiōe na pean-ὀáām,  
 Ní h-ionann 'γ laoiḗe 'γ meang Sheáḡain !  
 Murraine buile,  
 Τά Ἀη mipe ὀáηηηḃ ;  
 'S Ἀ ḃηuinnḃ Σηη líontaō ὀ'peall-rán !



You bow to the floor's very level,  
When customers enter to revel,  
But if one in shy raiment  
Takes drink without payment,  
You score it against the poor devil.

When quitting your house rather heady,  
They'll get nought without more of "the ready."  
You leave them to stumble  
And stagger and tumble  
Into dykes, as folk will when unsteady.

Two vintners late went about killing  
Men's fame by their vile Jack-and-Gilling;  
Now, Tuomy, I tell you  
I know very well you  
Would, too, sell us all for a shilling.

The Old Bards never vainly shall woo me,  
But your tricks and your capers, O'Tuomy,  
Have nought in them winning—  
You jest and keep grinning,  
But your thoughts are all guileful and gloomy!

## AN CHOICIN FRAOICH.

Fonn :—An Choicín Fraoich.

*Spirited,  
but not too  
quick.*

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and dynamic markings. The first staff begins with the tempo instruction 'Spirited, but not too quick.' and includes dynamic markings 'm. f.' and 'p'. The second staff includes 'm. f.', 'p', 'Cres.', and 'm. f.'. The score concludes with a double bar line on the fifth staff.

## THE LITTLE HEATHY HILL.

---

THIS delightful air is a great favourite in Munster ; and the *Cnoicin Fhaoich* which formed the theme of the bardic muse must be some romantic hill situate in Cork or Kerry. We subjoin the first stanza of the original song, with our own literal translation ; and we would feel obliged to any of our Munster friends for a perfect copy :—

*"Is ro-bhreagh an tam e air theacht mi na Bealtaine,  
 Aig feachaint a nun air mo Chnoicin Fhaoich ;  
 'S grian-gheal an t-samhraidh aig cur teas is na geamhartha,  
 'S duilleabhar glas na g-crann a fas le gnaoi ;  
 Bion lacha ann, bion bardal—bion banamh aig an g-crain ann,  
 Bion searrach aig an lair ann 's leanbh aig an mnaoi ;  
 Bion bradan geat ag snamh ann, san breac aig eirghidhe 'nairde  
 'San te do bheidheach air phonc bais ann d'eirghodhach aris !"*

"What joyful times! merry May is approaching,  
 I will gaze over on my little heathy hill ;  
 The summer sun is warming the fields and the corn,  
 And the foliage on the trees looks blooming and green ;  
 There the mallard and the wild duck sport and play together,  
 The steed and its rider, the mother and her babe ;  
 The speckled trout and salmon springing in its waters,  
 And the sick that is dying, health there will find."

## an bheith.

Seáḡan Ua Tuama, cct.

Fonn :—Béit Eimionn J.

Rather  
Slow, &  
with  
great ex-  
pression.

*p* *< m. f.* *f* *Dim.*

*m. f.* *Cres.* *p* *Dim.* *m. f.* *p*

*pp* *Cres.* *m. f.* *Cres.* *p* *Dim.*

*Dim.* *p* *#* *pp*

Am aice coir Máiḡ, 'tá'n mánlaḡ béaraḡ mín,  
 1ḡ veire tar mnaib, 'r ar áluinn rpeireamuil í;  
 A cairnfolc táclaḡ, breaḡ-vear, opeimríoc buíde,  
 'S gur b'ir mo ḡráḡ tar mnaib, 'bé'n eire í!

## THE MAIDEN.

BY JOHN O'TUOMY.

THE subject of this song was a young woman who kept an inn on the banks of the Maig, in the county of Limerick. There is also another song to the same air by Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, of Sliabh Luachradh, in Kerry, beginning—

*"San Mainistir la a d tigh tabhairne am aonar bhios,  
'S beath-uisge ar clar am lathair fein gan suim ;  
Do dhearcasa bab thais, mhanladh, mhaordha, mhin,  
'Na seasamh go tlath san t-sraid cois tuobh an tighe.*

"In Fermoy, one day, in an ale-house I chanced to be,  
And before me on the table plenty of wines were laid ;  
I beheld a babe, soft, comely, mild and meek,  
Standing most feeble in the street close by the house."

A maiden dwells near me by Maig, mild, meek to see,  
A beauty transcending all speech, all thought, is she ;  
Her golden hair floweth like waves along the sea,  
O ! she is my love and my light, whoe'er she be.

# AN FREAGRATH AIR AN M-BEITH,

An Mangaire Sùgach, cct.

Fonn :—" An bhéit Eire 1."

Sgurr fearra doo' plár, ná tráct go h-éas a mír,  
 Ar t-ainneir coir Máig, cé áluin rpéireamail 1;  
 Ar fearac nári tárlaio do dail-rí an béit do míom,  
 An bairi-fionn-tair bláit do ghráor, 'bé'n Eire, í!

'Tá a cairn-folt cáinae, ceárrae, craobae, cruinn,  
 A pearra uile 'tá gan cáim, gan taom, gan teimioil;  
 Níl maitear le fágaíl, níl cáil ná méinn a mnaoi,  
 Naé fearac ran m-báb do ghráor, bé'n Eire í!

Cé fada le fán me, 'r gur tárlaio am méic gan éiríe!  
 Gan aitor, gan fágaíl, gan áirio, gan rgeim, gan gnaoi;  
 'Na b-peacaó de mnáib níor tátaio raoḡao am éilí,  
 Gur ceanglar páirt le m' ghráó, 'bé'n Eire í!

Cé fada le fán me, 'r gur tárlaio óm' céill ar baor  
 Le tairniom do'n m-báin-éneir mánlaó, maoróa, mín  
 Ní rgarrao go bráit léi " bláit na féile," ir í  
 'Tá m'áice coir Máig, ir í ghráor, bé'n Eire í!

Gluairis a cáirae, le gároar gléartar píb,  
 Buailis an clár, 'r trágaig go h-éarḡao fion;  
 Sudaig an cáirt le h-ádaet, 'r glaoóais a mír,  
 Fae tuairim pláinte na mná, bé'n Eire í!



## A REPLY TO THE MAIDEN.

BY THE MANGAIRE SUGACH.

AIR :—" *The Maid Eire is She.*"

Have done with your praises ! palm not such style on me,  
Your maiden may be, if you please, gay, mild, and free—  
But she whom *I* love it was ne'er your lot to see,  
The beautiful girl of my heart, whoe'er she be !

O ! only to gaze on her locks, that reach the knee—  
Her loveliest figure, that speaks her high degree,  
Nought brilliant or noble hath e'er been met by me,  
To match her illustrious worth, whoe'er she be !

Long, long has my lot been as that of a blighted tree  
For Fortune and I, to my woe, could ne'er agree,  
But I never till now in my life was made to dree  
Such pangs as my darling hath caused me, whoe'er she be !

Long, long, from one spot to another, in pain I flee—  
For love of this fair one I rove o'er land and sea,  
The Flower and Queen of all maids in sooth is she,  
Who dwells by the meadowy Maig, whoe'er she be !

Then strike up the music, my friends—dull churls are we  
If we drain not the goblet of wine right merrilie !  
Red cup after cup will we quaff—and this be our plea,  
That we drink to the Maid of the Maig, whoe'er she be !

## LEIR-RUATHAR WHIGGIONA.

An Mangairne Súgach, cct.

Fonn:—Plancaim Peimhig.



A b'ile de'n f'ui'mionn na'c' zann,  
 Ba' cu'ia'ta an am' z'ac' clui't'ce-nei'it:  
 Na' tuig't'ear do m'ir'neac' zo' fan'n,  
 'S a' z'oi'neac't' du'it ca'bai'r' 'r' cu'ieac't'a.

## A WHACK AT THE WHIGS.

BY THE MANGAIRE SUGACH.

AIR :—"Leather the Wig."

THE reader has to thank the Whigs for this soul-stirring air, which was never before printed. From the time of the Revolution, this party seems to have been an object of hatred and contempt to the native Irish. The following chorus must be sung after each stanza :—

Will you come plankum, plankum,  
Will you come plankum, perriwig ;  
Will you come plankum, leather, and plankum,  
Will you come plankum, perriwig.

The words "plankum perriwig" mean to thrash with all your might the Wig, which in Irish is synonymous with Whig.

The Jacobite poets of Scotland joined their Irish brethren in reviling the Whigs. The following verses are part of a popular song to one of the most ancient Scotch airs in existence :—

"Awa, Whigs, awa, awa, Whigs, awa,  
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,  
Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.  
Our thistles flourished fresh and fair,  
And bonny bloom'd our roses ;  
But Whigs came like a frost in June,  
And withered a' our posies.  
Our sad decay in kirk and state  
Surpasses my describing ;  
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,  
And we hae done wi' thriving.  
A foreign Whiggish loon brought seeds,  
In Scottish yird to cover ;  
But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,  
And pack him to Hanover."

O, heroes of ancient renown !

Good tidings we gladly bring to you—  
Let not your high courage sink down,  
For Eire has friends to cling to you.

Ar orgairt a g corrair a namas  
 Le fuinnioin gac croidaire cinead-Scoit;  
 Sgiorrann ar Inni gac Gall,  
 'S ar rinn a beirdear teann na b-fionna-bhpois.

Ar deirbta a o-creairib an oream,  
 Go calma, cabairtac, coingimortac;  
 Go lonnamar, lonnairt, lonn,  
 Feara, foglac, fuinnioimac.

Beir eairairt go fairring le fonn,  
 A m-banba, 'r lóga lá fheil Muirne 'suinn;  
 Beir "prailm na marb" a o-Teamair,  
 Dá cannao 'r gan beann ar Mhinirion,\*

Beir luirne o 'Dhoirne go leamain,  
 'S an fuinnionn-ra teann, 'r teine leó;  
 Ruirir gac murrairne neamair,  
 'S ní coimirc do long, ná luimneac!†

Sin é cúgaib Dilib tar rrúill,  
 'S an bile nac dúr ran n-imirior;  
 Go g-cuir gac murrairne ar lút,  
 Fá beannaib a rúirte ag *Lucifer*!

---

\* Pitt, the Prime Minister of England.

† This is an allusion to the siege of Limerick in 1690, when that town, although in an almost untenable condition, was held by 10,000

Those insolent Sassenach bands,  
Shall hold their white mansions transiently,  
Ours shall again be those lands,  
Long tilled by our fathers anciently!

We'll muster our clans, and their lords,  
And with energy great and thunderous,  
With lances, and axes, and swords,  
We'll trample the Saxon under us!

We'll have vespers, as always our wont,  
And sweet hymns chanted melodiously;  
'Twill go very hard if we don't  
Make the Minister look most odiously!

We'll have bonfires from Derry to Lene,  
And the foe shall in flames lie weltering—  
All Limerick hasn't a green  
Nor a ship that shall give them sheltering.

See Philip comes over the wave!  
O! Eire deserves abuse, if her  
Bold heroes, and patriots brave  
Don't now drive their foes to Lucifer!

---

Irishmen against 38,500 of the finest troops in the world—Dutch, Huguenots, Danish, German, and British veterans, under William III.—  
*See O'Callaghan's Green Book*, p. 114, Dub. 1844.

A cumainn na g-cumann glac fonn,  
 Tigró u'ár g-cabair le mine-ghoil;  
 A g-tréarghairt gac sean-póc meámar,  
 'S bainfiom-na a meabair ar cuir aca!

'Tá fuinnonn ná cuirfeair ar g-cúl,  
 A g-ruiríom le cúmair na Sionnainne;  
 Nuair éiocfar an fuinnonn gar abainn,  
 I r-veimín go b-planc-fam *Whiggiona!*

Beir an ghrádaín dá u-taicté lé tnuít  
 Beir barra, 'sur brúit', 'sur bhríead oirra;  
 I r-gairt go g-cacfar na u-triúr,  
 Nuair a bainfeair ár b-phíonra cluitche aroa!

A g-tairtoil na mara le fonn,  
 'Tá Capolur cúgáinn 'r a cúroeacta;  
 Tá *Neptune* a g-rghairé na u-tonn,  
 'S ní rtaofair an fóga go h-ínir-loiric'

Beir *Mars* a u-tofac an triúr,  
 'S an farraire fionn go fuinníomac;  
 Ní cārfair go leagfair an oream,  
 'S ar veairb go b-planncam tuille 'ca!



Up! arm now, young men, for our isle!

We have here at hand the whole crew of 'em!  
Let us charge them in haste and in style,  
And we'll dash out the brains of a few of 'em.

A tribe who can laugh at the jail,  
Have found on the banks of the Shannon aid—  
O! how the Blue Whigs will grow pale,  
When they hear our Limerick cannonade!

O! pity the vagabonds' case!  
We'll slaughter, and crush, and batter them—  
They'll die of affright in the chase,  
When our valorous Prince shall scatter them!

Coming over the ocean to-day  
Is Charles, the hero dear to us—  
His troops will not loiter or stay,  
Till to Inis Loirc they come here to us!

Our camp is protected by Mars,  
And the mighty Fionn of the olden time,  
These will prosper our troops in the wars,  
And bring back to our isle the golden time!

Beir leagað, 'sur gearrað, 'sur brúct',  
 Beir i gairpeað, 'sur rannnað, 'r uinearbað;  
 Gallaið ná g-caitíomh gan ábair,  
 Nuair gheorpar an fpanncac \* teine leó!

náir áillioo-ra amanc mo íúl,  
 'S náir lagair mo lút le foirpeact;  
 So b-ferceao-ra an gnactain-rí a b-ponc,  
 'S an sean-phoc dall† gan gíolla aige!

---

\* The frequent allusions to France and Spain throughout these popular songs were the result of the dreadful treatment experienced by the native Irish during the early part of the eighteenth century. Oppressed by penal enactments which proscribed the religion, property, and education of three-fourths of the inhabitants of the island, the old Irish longed for an appeal to arms, and earnestly desired the co-operation of their expatriated kinsmen, whose military achievements in foreign countries had won the admiration of Europe.

It is now impossible to calculate what might have been the result if some of the Irish military commanders on the Continent had organized a descent on the coast of Munster while the native population were still labouring under the dreadful penal code.

† *An sean-phoc dall*, the old blind buck-goat, i. e., George III., who became imbecile at the close of his life.

---

Our cowardly foes will drop dead,  
When the French only point their guns on 'em—  
And Famine, and Slaughter, and Dread,  
Will together come down at once on 'em !

O, my two eyes might part with their fire,  
And palsying Age set my chin astir,  
Could I once see those Whigs in the mire,  
And the blind old goat without Minister !

## an bhlath-bhrummioll.

An Mangaire Sùgach, cct.

Fonh;—Carlin Dear Crùite na m-Bó.

*Sad, but  
not too  
Slow.*

Ar i 'n blàt bhrummioll, blàt-mìlir, béapac,  
 bhlàt-miòcain, béaltana, mòdaimuil;  
 Ue gràd-geal oà blàt-crùit vo óear me,  
 'So o'fàs mé gan tréine, gan treoir!

## THE FLOWER OF ALL MAIDENS.

BY THE MANGAIRE SUGACH.

AIR :— *"Pretty Girl milking the Cows."*

WE cannot trace the authorship of this delightful air, but such of our readers as have traversed the "sunny South" of a May morning, may have heard it sung by the peasant's daughter, in the milking bawn, or at the cottager's hearth of a winter's evening. The words are by the witty Andrew Magrath, surnamed the *Mangaire Sugach*.

The following stanzas are the "*Ceangal*" ("*Binding*" or "*Summing-up*") to the song—We present an unversified translation :—

"A Chumainn na g-Cumann, mo Chumann 's mo Rogha tu isfeas,  
Mo Chumann gach Cumann ba Chumann le Togha na m-ban  
Is Cumann do Chumann, a Chumainn gan cham, gan chleas,  
Mo Chumann do Chumann a Chumainn, 's gabhaim-si leat.

"My Love of all Loves, my Love and my Choice you are,  
My Love surpassing all Love—the Love and the choice of maid;  
Your Love is a Love, my Love, without guile or stain,  
My Love is thy Love, my Love; and I take your hand."

O, flower of all maidens for beauty,  
Fair-bosomed, and rose-lipped, and meek,  
My heart is your slave and your booty,  
And droops, overpowered and weak.

Τά α βλάτ-φόλτ ζο βλάτ-τιυβ άρ υαολ-ύαιτ  
 1ρ βλάτ-φνυιότε α ho-αολ-έριοβ, ζαν ρμ  
 1ρ βλάτ-τσιγρεαέ μάρóτε να βέιτε,  
 'S άρ βλάτ αν υιλε ζέας οι ζο ρεόρ!

Α ζράό ζιλ υο ζράό-ρα ταρ βέιτε,  
 'S υο ζράόραινν υά μ'φείοιρ, νί'ρ μό;  
 Υο ζράόρ τυ α ζράό ζιλ μο έλέιβ-ρι,  
 Le ζράό υιλ υοο' μέινν 'ρ υοο' έλό:—  
 Ο ζράόρ τυ α ζράό ζιλ le ζεαρ-ρεαρ,ρ,  
 'Υο ζράό-ρα νι φέανραο le μ'λό;  
 'Υο ζράό-ρα 'ρ μο ζράό-ρα, μά μαοβταρ,  
 ζαν ζράό ceαρτ аз аон neac ζο υeo!

Α μύν υιλ! μο μύν τυ ζο ν'έαςαο,  
 Μο μύν-ρα le μ' ραε τυ, 'ρ μο ρτόρ!  
 'S ζυρ λέιγιορ μο μύν leat ταρ αοιν-βean,  
 Μο μύν tú 'ρ μο έίλε le μ'λό:—  
 Α μύν υιλ να μύν ζ-ceαρτ, νι λέιγριο  
 Μο μύν, τυιζ, le αон бean αο υεόιζ,  
 'Υο μύν-ρα 'ρ μο μύν-ρα μά ρζερότεαρ,  
 ζαν μύν ceαρτ аз аон neac ζο υeo!

Α έυμαινν να ζ-cumann, ná τρείζ μέ,  
 'S ζο б-ρuilim α n-έας-έρμιτ αο υεοιζ  
 'S ζυρ cumann υο έυμαινν ná τρείζριο,  
 Α έυμαινν, ζο υ-τέιζεαο-ρα ρά'n б-πόο!



Your clustering raven-black tresses  
Curl richly and glossily round—  
Blest he who shall win your caresses,  
Sweet Blossom all down to the ground !

I have loved you, oh mildest and fairest,  
With love that could scarce be more warm—  
I have loved you, oh brightest and rarest,  
Not less for your mind than your form.  
I've adored you since ever I met you,  
O, Rose without briar or stain,  
And if e'er I forsake or forget you  
Let Love be ne'er trusted again !

My bright one you are till I perish,  
O, might I but call you my wife !  
My Treasure, my Bliss, whom I'll cherish  
With love to the close of my life !  
My secrets shall rest in your bosom,  
And yours in my heart shall remain,  
And if e'er they be told, O sweet Blossom,  
May none be e'er whispered again !

Oh ! loveliest ! do not desert me !  
My earliest love was for you—  
And if thousands of woes should begirt me.  
To you would I prove myself true !

O éugar 'uirt cumann 'r géile,  
 Mo éumann-ra a féanao ní cóir,  
 'S mo éumann a éumainn, má éréigir,  
 Gan cumann as aon bean do deó!

A éaiaró na g-caiaro le céile,  
 'Do caiar le raor-gean ar o-túir;  
 Mo éaiaró a éaiaró do éréigir,  
 'S do maéainn a g-céin leat na n-deoiḡ!  
 Ní caiaro dam caiaró caiaró, ná céib-fionn,  
 Aco caiaró na béite-ri am breóḡ,  
 'S mo caiaró-ra a éaiaró, má éréigir,  
 Gan caiaró as aon bean go deó!

A anhraét na o-anhraét do éear mé,  
 'Le h-anhraét doo' rgeim 'r doo' éló;  
 Bíveac do móga 'gao mo faimuil-ri mar céile,  
 Nó dunnra gan béara, gan rporc;—  
 A anhraét ná rannraig-ri basélaé,  
 Ná rtúmpaó ná réigfirioé do bpión;  
 M' anhraét-ra a anhróét, má éréigir,  
 Gan anhraét ná mae 'gao am deoiḡ!

A rtóir óil! mo rtóir-ra tar aon tu,  
 Mo rtóir tú go n-éasrao dar n-óóit;  
 Ir rtóir mé a rtóir-óil. Gan tréasa,  
 'S gur oóit leó gur réic me gan rós;

Through my life you have been my consoler,  
My comforter—never in vain,—  
Had you failed to extinguish my dolor,  
I should never have languished in pain!

O fond one! I pine in dejection;  
My bosom is pierced to the core—  
Deny me not, love, your affection,  
And mine shall be yours evermore.  
As I chose you from even the beginning,  
Look not on my love with disdain;  
If you slight me as hardly worth winning,  
May maid ne'er again have a swain!

O, you who have robbed me of Pleasure,  
Will *you*, with your mind and your charms,  
Scorn one who has wit without measure,  
And take a mere dolt to your arms?  
Your beauty, O, damsel, believe me,  
Is not for a clown to adore—  
O! if you desert or deceive me,  
May lover ne'er bow to you more!

Yours am I, my loveliest, wholly—  
O heed not the Blind and the Base,  
Who say that because of my folly  
I'll never have wealth, luck, or grace.

beirdeas rtorí ag am rtoríac, ní baogal oi,  
 beirdeas bó-laet gan baodaear, 'r fói,  
 A rtorí-óil ! oo rtoríac, má éiréigir,  
 Gan rtoríac na pae 'gao am óeoiḡ !

fastuighim an mhangaire shugais.

form:—"An beirín luadriac."\*

A capair ólúim'úil óioḡriar,  
 A fíaoi ḡlain ve rroc na n-óáim;  
 Mo beatao cúḡao oo rḡrúibim,  
 No 'n óit leat mé beir mar 'táim;—  
 Gac aingir óear 'nar cuibe liom,  
 A cuimbeaot le m' air, le páirt,  
 Ní ḡlacaó rí, papioir me!  
 Tan éio mé gan rroc, gan rtaít.

Cia ḡeallaim-rí oo'n buirín-rí,  
 Síḡile agur Murriainn bláit;  
 Stairí oo rḡrúoa, 'r laóite  
 Oo fúigeadan mar Oilioll páig!  
 Clearaó lút ḡo lioméao,  
 'S gac níó eile papiac mnáib;  
 Ir fear ḡur óiúltao ir óiol oam,  
 'Nuair éio mé gan cuio, gan cáin!

\* This beautiful air will be found at p.

How much the poor creatures mistake me !  
 I'll yet have green acres and gold ;  
 But, O, if you coldly forsake me !  
 I'll soon be laid under the mould !

---

### THE MANGAIRE SUGACH'S PASTIME.

AIR—" *Little Bench of Rushes.*"

---

My upright and my noble friend,  
 My pure son of the Bardic Race,  
 To you I unveil my life : oh bend  
 Your eyes in pity on my case !  
 Save from the old and ugly now  
 I meet, alas ! with no regard ;  
 No gay and fair young maid will vow  
 Her heart away to a cashless bard !

In vain I seek to win my way  
 With Sighile\* and each blooming one—  
 My merry tale, my gladsome lay  
 Fall on their ears as rain on stone.  
 Mine eyes are bright ; I am lithe of limb—  
 I think myself a dashing blade ;  
 But all still look askance on him  
 The bard, without a stock-in-trade !

\* *Sighile*, pronounced Sheela.

'Deir Catál úr mac Shíomoin,  
 A Shígile! 'noir tuig an cáir?  
 Saib-rí éúgao mac Fheirólim,  
 'S mágairóir na rgoile rás?  
 Ir fearr úinne Taóð beag.  
 Ná rgaín-rí de'n fuil ir fearr;  
 San rait, san clú, san oigheact,  
 Act ar tuill namh gur rlois na b'rágair!

Ar glac mo glaic do rgaoirín,  
 Le h-aoibnear sac corin trágaim!  
 Sac bean do gab am líontaó,  
 Do caoirín go rliuc am óáin.  
 Sac baile go rriar nac rtríocraó  
 Le rín-dair a corp do éneamain,  
 'S ar Mangaire ait le baoir me,  
 Cia ríliu gur b'ole mo cáil!

Aitirrim do'n m-buiróin-rí,  
 Cia ríe leó mo óul 'na b-páir  
 Ar cataraó gur óiolar,  
 Le h-aoibnear, r go b-fuilim rlán.  
 Gur b' aitrío dam na mílte,  
 Go chaoite ná h-ibeac cáir,  
 'S an Mangaire ait nac cinte,  
 Na rgaín-rí go h-iomlán.



And Cathal\* Mac-Simon says,—the ass !  
Come, Sighile,† now ! you have some sense—  
Mac Phelim is your man, my lass !  
That pedagogue has no pretence !  
Wed some industrious youth, who shows  
He profits by the lore he learns,  
And scout the bard in finest clothes,  
Whose throat engulphs whate'er he earns !

Well ! true :—my brain was oft a-whirl  
From whiskey—or, perhaps, the moon !  
And if I met a pleasant girl,  
I didn't like to leave her soon.  
And if I gave her face a slap  
Whene'er she frown'd, what harm the while ?  
For I'm a jovial pedlar chap,  
Though some suppose me full of guile !

Some good folks, whom I don't much thank,  
Look down on me—but what of that ?  
I always paid for what I drank—  
And gave, and still give, tit for tat.  
I have known a many a screw, and dust,  
That wouldn't buy one drop of drink ;  
The Jolly Pedlar surely must  
Be better than such sneaks, I think !

---

\* Pronounced *Cahal* (Charles).

† *Sighile*, pronounced *Sheela*.

Mo bhuirio ! mo dhuir ! mo ríor-ghuir !  
 Mo rheimle, mo goin, mo gáó !  
 Mo lot do loirg mo éli 'nam,  
 Ar raoite 'r a rlioct ar rán !  
 Gan éion, gan éuro, gan oigheact,  
 Gan feróim-éarpt, gan coéram rtaít,  
 'S Tuirc, 'r Duirc, 'r Daoite,  
 Go buiríonmar, 'r bodacháin.\*

### REALTAN CHILL-CHAINNICH.

Δοῦδᾶν ἢα Ρατᾶιλλε, cct.

Ατᾶιο εἰργ ἀρ na rruíllib ag léimurō go lútmar,  
 Tá 'n t-Éclapir gan ríuntar ag iméact ;  
 Tá Phoebur ag múrsgailt 'r an t-éarḡa go ciuinglan,  
 Α'ḡ éanlaít na cóige go roitím.  
 'Táio rḡaoct-beac' ag túirpling ar ḡéaḡaib ir úrḡlar,  
 Tá réar aḡur orúct ar án muirḡib ;  
 O'ḡ céile do'n m-bhuínac † í, Réaltan no Múman,  
 'S ḡaoḡal ḡar do'n Duirc o Chill-Chainnic.

\* *Turio, 's Duirc, 's Daoithe, 's Bodachain.*

Turks, Churls, Dunces, and Clowns.

By these epithets the poet designates the Williamite settlers who obtained the estates and titles of the Irish Jacobites, after the latter sailed for France in 1691.

† This song was written in commemoration of the nuptials of Valentine Browne, third Viscount Kenmare, who married in 1720, Honoria,

But oh ! my wound, my woe, my grief,  
It is not for myself or mine—  
My pain, my pang without relief,  
Is nothing how our nobles pine !  
Alas for them, and not for me !  
They wander without wealth or fame,  
While clowns and churls of a low degree  
Usurp their gold, their lands, their name !

---

## THE STAR OF KILKENNY.

BY EGAN O'RAHILLY.

---

The fish in the streamlets are leaping and springing,  
All clouds for a time have rolled over ;  
The bright sun is shining ; the sweet birds are singing,  
And joy lights the brow of the lover.  
The gay bees are swarming, so golden and many,  
And with corn are our meadows embrowned,  
Since she, the fair niece of the Duke of Kilkenny,  
Is wedded to Browne, the renown'd.

---

daughter of Thomas Butler, of Kilcash, in the county of Tipperary, and great grand-niece of James, first Duke of Ormond.

Τά βίοςαὐ ἄνν ζαὸ τὰμ-λας, 'ῖ γῆοιθε-ἔνοιε γο λάοιη,  
 'S an n-geimhirò τις βλάτ αρ ζαὸ bile ;  
 Cill Chair ó τάρλαιρ, ι γ-cuibneac go ḡráomair,  
 Le Ríḡ Chille h-Ainne ár γ-Cupao ;  
 Níl éascóir na luao 'ḡuinn, τὰ παοταὸ 'ḡe τῖυαὸαιβ.  
 O'n rḡeal núao pa luaoτair le oḡuinnḡib ;  
 Ar péarla óḡ mná uairle (a Ohe oíl tabair buao oí)  
 An épaob cúbpa ιῖ uairle a γ-Cill Chainnic.

Τά'n Ríog-ḡlaic na ḡámoib, αρ íḡlib 'ῖ αρ ámoib,  
 'S na mílte oá ḡáilciúḡao le muiminn ;  
 Τά'n ταιοε go h-áobarae, 'ῖ coill ḡlar aḡ ḡár inn,  
 'S ḡnaoi teaet αρ oántaib ḡan milleao :—  
 Táio cuantaὸ ba ḡnátae paoi buan-ḡoim ḡrána,  
 Go ruaimneac o τάρλαιρ an ḡnuirmeao,  
 Τά cuarτair αρ épaíḡ 'ḡuinn, nae luaḡgan an τ-ḡáile,  
 Ruacain, 'ῖ báimnic, 'ῖ Oillioḡ.

Τάιο uairle Chill-Ainne go ruairc aḡ ól ḡláinte,  
 'S buan-bioe na lanáimann a γ-cumann ;  
 Τάιο ruan-ḡoirτ 'ῖ oánta oá m-bualaὸ αρ élaíḡḡis,  
 Ζαὸ ruan-ḡoirτ αρ áilleaet, 'ῖ αρ binneaet,  
 Τά claoeeloὸ αρ épuarò-ḡeirτ 'ῖ an τ-aon cóir aḡ buao'  
 éann,  
 Τά ḡné-núao αρ ḡḡuaὸaib ζαὸ n-ouine,  
 Τά'n ḡpéir mōir αρ ruaiment, 'ῖ an ḡae ḡór go ruaimnioc  
 ḡan caoē-ḡeo, ḡan ouarτan, ḡan oaille.

The hills are all green that of late looked so blighted ;  
Men laugh who for long lay in trouble,  
For Kilcash is, thank Heaven, in friendship united  
With Browne of Killarney, our Noble !  
Our poor have grown rich—none are wronged or o'er-laden,  
The serf and the slave least of any,  
Since she came among us, this noble young maiden,  
The Rose and the Star of Kilkenny !

Her Lord, the proud Prince, gives to all his protection,  
But most to the Poor and the Stranger,  
And all the land round pays him back with affection—  
As now they may do without Danger !  
The ocean is calm, and the greenwoods are blooming,  
As bards of antiquity sung us,  
And not even one sable cloud seems a-looming,  
Since he we so love came among us !

The Lords of Killarney, who know what the wrongful  
Effects of misrule are, quaff healths to the pair—  
And the minstrels, delighted, breathe out their deep  
    songful  
Emotions each hour in some ever-new air.  
The sun and the moon day and night keep a-shining ;  
New hopes appear born in the bosoms of men,  
And the ancient despair and the olden repining  
Are gone, to return to us never again.

## inghion ui zhearaile.

Δοῦδᾶν ἡ Ραταίλλη, cct.

Fonn :—"Tonn ye Calait."

Δ πέριλα ζαν ἤγαμᾶλ, το λέρι-ῦνι μέ ἃ ζ-καταῖβ,  
 Εἶρο λιὸν ζαν ἤεριν ζο ν-ἰνριὸο μο ἤζεόλ!  
 'S ζυρ παὸβιαὸ το ῥαῖτιρ ζαὸταὸ 'ζυρ ὠριτα,  
 Τῆε μ' ῥιέαταὸ 'να ζ-καταῖβ, το μέλλ μέ ζαν  
 τρεοιρ!

Ζαν ῥιέαζναὸ το ἡαῖραινν ὀο'ν Εζιρτ ζαῖ καλαῖτ,  
 'S ζο ἡ-Εἷρε νί ῥαῖραινν ῥοιὸδε ὠαμ' ὀεοιν;  
 Αῖ τῆεανμυιρ, αῖ ταλαῖ, ἃ ν-ζέιβιονν, ἃ ν-αῖτιορ,  
 ἡιορ λέαν λιὸν ἃ βεῖτ παρᾶτ κοῖρ ἡνε, ζαν ῥτόρ!

ἡρ ῥιαὸβᾶὸ 'ῖ ἃρ ῥαῖρα,—'ῖ ὠριέμμιουὸ 'ῖ ἃρ ὠλαῖαὸ,  
 ἡρ ἡαῖμιαὸ 'ῖ ἃρ ἡεᾶβαιρ,—ἃ ὠλαοῖτι μαῖ ὀρ!  
 ἡρ πέριλαὸ ἃ ὠεαῖρα—μαῖ ἡεᾶλταν ἡα ἡαῖρινε,  
 ἡρ ῥαὸλ ῥεαῖτ ἃ ἡαλα μαῖ ἡζῖοῖβ πῖνν ἃ ζ-ῥλότ;  
 Σζέιμ-ῥμυῖτ ἃ ἡεαῖν ἃὸλῶα μαῖ ἡνεαῖτα,  
 Ζο ἡ-ἃοῖαὸ ἃζ ῥαῖρμυῖτ τῆε ἡονῖαὸ ἃν ἡόιρ;  
 Τυζ ῤhoebur 'να ἡαῖαῖβ,—ταῖ βέῖτιβ ἃὸ τ-ἃῖαῖρ,  
 'S τ-ῥᾶῶαν ἃῖ ἡαῖαὸ ἡε ὠοζῖμυῖρ ὠο' ῥλότ!

ἡρ ζλέιζελ ἃ ἡαμα,—μαῖ ζέιριβ κοῖρ καλαῖτ,  
 ἃ ἡ-ἃὸλῥοῖρ μαῖ ἡνεαῖτα ἡρ ἡαὸἡεανῶα ἡνός;  
 ἡῖ ἡέιριρ ἃ ἡαῖτιορ το λέρι-ῦνι ἃ ἡ-ῤῖαῖαινν,  
 ῥαὸμ-ἡἡἡ ῥνεαῖρα, 'ῖ ἡῖν-ἡζοῖτ ἡα ἡ-ὀζ.



## THE GERALDINE'S DAUGHTER.

BY EGAN O'RAHILLY.

AIR :—“ *Sea and Shore.*”

A Beauty all stainless, a pearl of a maiden,  
Has plunged me in trouble, and wounded my heart :  
With sorrow and gloom are my soul overladen ;  
An anguish is there, that will never depart.  
I could voyage to Egypt across the deep water,  
Nor care about bidding dear Eire farewell,  
So I only might gaze on the Geraldine's Daughter,  
And sit by her side in some pleasant green dell.

Her curling locks wave round her figure of lightness,  
All dazzling and long, like the purest of gold ;  
Her blue eyes resemble twin stars in their brightness,  
And her brow is like marble or wax to behold !  
The radiance of Heaven illumines her features,  
Where the Snows and the Rose have erected their  
throne ;  
It would seem that the sun had forgotten all creatures  
To sline on the Geraldine's Daughter alone !

Her bosom is swan-white, her waist smooth and slender,  
Her speech is like music, so sweet and so free ;  
The feelings that glow in her noble heart lend her  
A mien and a majesty lovely to see.

Iy crioídearís maí balíam, a déio-geal san aitéir,  
 'Do íaoiríad o galair mílte dam' íóir;  
 Saor-íuít a teanga léigíonnta san rtaríad,  
 Bhéir tréan-íuic tar beannaib le mílreacht a glóir!

Phéimic o'íuil Shearailt,—Íréagais an éalait,  
 Séim-íúir élan na míleat na ríóir;  
 Laoíad san tairé, traóctad le Gallair,  
 San tréine, san talam, san ríóir-bíuís, san ríóir!  
 San b'éag nóí sur ígagais a b-íaoiríat 'r a m-bairíat,\*  
 'S tréan-éoin bhuníate éirí-íaoiríat óó,  
 Ní'í íaoir-ílaít ná íaoiríat nó íréim élanne Chairí,  
 San íaoíal íur an aingí ímíoníat san ímíol.

Ní léirí íam a íamíul í n-éirí 'ná a íagían,  
 A n-éiríóit, a b-íaoiríat, a n-íntleacht 'r a í-clóó.  
 An b'éit éiríoe í íaoiríat tréite, 'sur teiríat,  
 Ná Helen le'í íaoiríat mílte ían n-íleó!  
 Ní'í íaoir-íaoiríat ná íaoiríat o'íaoiríat í íaoiríat,  
 Ná í-éíaoiríat san íaoiríat, ná í-íaoiríat a íaoiríat,  
 Mo í-íaoiríat! mo í-íaoiríat! ní í-íaoiríat a íaoiríat,  
 Í-íaoiríat m' í-íaoiríat íaoiríat íaoiríat, ná í-íaoiríat!

---

\* *Paoraig agus Barraig*, Powers and Barrys, two ancient and respectable families in the counties of Waterford and Cork respectively.

The Powers are descended from "Rogerus Pauperus" (Roger le Pauvre, or Poer), Marshal to Henry II., from whom, in 1177, he obtained a grant of Waterford, the city itself and the cantred of the Ostmen alone excepted. So early as the fifteenth century the descendants of Le Poer renounced the English legislature, and embraced the Brehon law and Irish customs.

Her lips, red as berries, but riper than any,  
Would kiss away even a sorrow like mine.  
No wonder such heroes and noblemen many  
Should cross the blue ocean to kneel at her shrine!

She is sprung from the Geraldine race—the great Grecians,  
Niece of Mileadh's sons of the Valorous Bands,  
Those heroes, the sons of the olden Phenicians,  
Though now trodden down, without fame, without lands!  
Of her ancestors flourished the Barrys and Powers,  
To the Lords of Bunratty she too is allied;  
And not a proud noble near Cashel's high towers  
But is kin to this maiden—the Geraldine's Pride!

Of Saxon or Gael there are none to excel in  
Her wisdom, her features, her figure, this fair;  
In all she surpasses the far-famous Helen,  
Whose beauty drove thousands to death and despair.  
Who'er could but gaze on her aspect so noble  
Would feel from thenceforward all anguish depart,  
Yet for me 'tis, alas! my worst woe and my trouble,  
That her image will always abide in my heart!

---

The male race of the Powers, Viscounts Decies and Earls of Tyrone, became extinct by the death of Earl James in 1704. His only daughter, Lady Catherine Poer, married Sir Marcus Beresford, Bart., who was created Lord Viscount Tyrone by George II.

The Barrys are descended from Robert Barry, who came over in 1169 with Fitz-Stephen.

## AN SEAN-UIUNE SEOIRSE.\*

An τ-Αἰαίρ William Inglis, cct.

Fonn:—An Sean-úine.

Lightly,  
and  
rather  
Quick.

Ir no-úian do ríneadh an sean-úine Seoirse,  
 O Dhia! Cá raicam? ní'l agam Hanover;  
 'ná fód Hesse Cassel, 'na baile beag cóimhghair,  
 Ná fód mo sean-athair, táro airmíte, dóigíte!

\* This beautiful air, of which we give our readers two different settings, is a great favourite in Scotland, where it is known under the name of "The Campbells are Coming." It owes its birth to the *Mangaire Sugach* (see p.24).

This song which we now present is the only one we have met to this

# GEORGEY THE DOTARD.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ENGLISH.

Fonh :—An Sean-dúine.



Alas for old Georgey—the tool of a faction !  
 “GOD ! what shall I do ?” he exclaims in distraction.  
 Not one ray of hope from Hanover flashes—  
 The lands of my fathers lie spoiled and in ashes !

---

air, if we except the two versions by the *Mangaire Sugach*, referred to at p. 24, where we gave the opening stanza of one, but omitted the chorus supplied at the foot of next page, which should be sung after each verse of the original.

Tá fuadair cafa go tapa ar bóchnaó,  
 Duao ar ériannaó, agus ar féoltaó!  
 Uairle Shagran go h-eaglaó, ómanua,  
 A g-cuanta beir cneadta, 'ra m-baile beir tógta.

Ní óion dam bpeatan, ná féaríonna fóóla,  
 Ní oílir dam Albain ó gearmar a ríóinaó;\*  
 Ní oílir dam Danair,—níl cairiaro am éómgar,  
 Fuigisó mé marb—'r cairiúo faoi 'n b-róo me!

Mo éiaó! mo laḡar! ní féadair cá n-geobmaoio!  
 Iarmair Chalbin, vo feadain na cómaótaó,  
 A m-bliagáin beir maro barḡarúte, leacaigte, leointe,  
 'S cliar éirte pheadair 'r a m-beaótaó go veó 'ca.

I rruairc ar maroin 'na g-cealla, 'r am nóna,  
 Sianrha pralm, 'r airíonn glóimair;  
 Bmaótaó na n-abrtal óa g-cánaó go ceólmair,  
 'S an gliaóaire gan ainim† ran m-baile 'sur c'moinn air.

\* An allusion to the massacre of the Mac Donalds, at Glencoe, in 1691.

† *Gliadhair gan ainim* (literally a Hero without name), allegorically, Charles Edward Stuart, of whom it was treason to sing.

The Jacobite bards felt peculiar satisfaction in reviling the house of

"Oro sheanduíne leatsa ní gheabhadsa,  
 Oro sheanduíne basgadh 'gus breodh ort;  
 Oro sheanduíne leagadh 'gus leonadh ort,  
 'S cupla duig ionat chuirfeadh faoi an bh-fod tu!"

"Oh, my old dotard, with you I'll not tarry,  
 Oh, my old dotard, that the plague may seize you,  
 Oh, my old dotard, that your doom may soon hasten,  
 The tomb lies open ready to receive you!"



“The thunders of Battle boom over the ocean—  
On all sides are Conflict and stormy Commotion;  
Black Brunswick is shaken with terrors and troubles,  
And the cities are pillaged on Saxony’s nobles !

“Nor England nor Eire will yield me a shelter;  
And Alba remembers the base blow I dealt her,  
And Denmark is kingless—I’ve none to befriend me—  
Come, death ! weave my shroud, and in charity end me !

“But vain is our sorrow, thrice vain our beseeching;  
Alas ! we forsook the True Church and her teaching,  
And hence the o’erwhelming and bitter conviction  
Of *her* triumph now and *our* hopeless affliction !”

Yes, George ! and a brilliant career lies before us—  
The God we have served will uplift and restore us—  
Again shall our Mass-hymns be chanted in chorus,  
And Charley, our King, our Beloved, shall reign o’er us.

---

Hanover. The following is the first stanza of one of the most popular Scotch songs of this period :—

“Wha the deil hae we gotten for a king,  
But a wee wee German lairdie ?  
And when we gae’d to bring him hame,  
He was delving in his kail-yardie ;  
Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,  
Without the hose, and but the breeks ;  
And up his beggar duds he cleeks  
The wee wee German lairdie.”

## sighile ní gharadhach.

Ταὺς (Γαυδαλαὶ) ἡδὲ Σὺλλιοβάν, οὐκ.

Fonn :—Síjile Ní Ghadaraí.

Moderate  
Time.



Αἱ μαῖριν ἃ νὲ ἡ ρέαμαὶ τοῦ βίου,  
 ὅ κατὰ ἀμ δοναὶ ἀγ ρεάναι μο ῖμασιντε;  
 Το ρεαρκαὶ ἀγ πλείνοτ ὅ ἡ-αμαὶ ἀμ τίμτσιλλ,  
 Ἀλαὸ βα ῖέιμε, βα ἔλαοιμε, βα ἔαοιμε;

## SIGHILE NI GARA.

BY TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN (SURNAMED GAODHLACH).

THE first peculiarity likely to strike the reader is the remarkable sameness pervading those Irish pieces which assume a narrative form. The poet usually wanders forth of a summer evening over moor and mountain, mournfully meditating on the wrongs and sufferings of his native land, until at length, sad and weary, he lies down to repose in some flowery vale, or on the slope of some green and lonely hill-side. He sleeps, and in a dream beholds a lady of more than mortal beauty, who approaches and accosts him. Her person is described with a minuteness of detail bordering upon tediousness—her hands, for instance, are said to be such as would execute the most complicated and delicate embroidery. The enraptured poet inquires whether she be one of the heroines of ancient story—Semiramis, Helen, or Medea—or one of the illustrious women of his own country—Deirde, Blathnaid, or Cearnuit, or some Banshee, like Aoibhill, Cliona, or Aine, and the answer he receives is, that she is none of those eminent personages, but EIRE, once a queen, and now a slave—of old in the enjoyment of all honour and dignity, but to-day in thrall to the foe and the stranger. Yet wretched as is her condition, she does not despair, and encourages her afflicted child to hope, prophesying that speedy relief will shortly reach him from abroad. The song then concludes, though in some instances the poet appends a few consolatory reflections of his own, by way of finale.

The present song is one of the class which we have described, and *Sighile Ní Ghadharadh* (Celia O'Gara) in the language of allegory, means Ireland. The air must be played mournfully, and in moderate time.

---

Alone as I wandered in sad meditation,  
 And pondered my sorrows and soul's desolation,  
 A beautiful vision, a maiden, drew near me,  
 An angel she seemed sent from Heaven to cheer me

Do þreabaf, do muittior, do ðmuittior 'na cóir,  
 Do meafaf, do tuiſior, nár mĩroe ðam fĩr  
 A blaire ſo mĩlĩr a n-iomall a beoil,  
 Le taitnĩom, le ſile, le finne na h-óige,  
 Le mair̃e, le glaine, le binneact a ſlóir̃a

Ir ſrĩanm̃ar, ðrĩem̃reac, nĩam̃reac, ffraiñreac,  
 Bhĩ a capn-folt craobac, na f̃laora a rĩneac;  
 So bacallaac, p̃earĩlac, ſo r̃ealtaac, ſo roill̃reac,  
 So cam̃reac, craobac, ſo nĩam̃'rac aoibinn;  
 As feacað, 'r as fĩlleað, 'r as r̃leað na neoĩs,  
 Na m-beart̃aĩb, na r̃raç̃aĩb, 'na muĩrear ſo feór̃,  
 So h-altaĩb, ſa h-uileað, ſo ffr̃ĩr̃ĩr̃ a ſ-cóm̃ao,  
 So r̃lámar̃ac, cum̃ar̃ac, om̃rac, ór̃oða,  
 Na r̃raç̃aĩb as tuittim ſo h-iomallaac, om̃rac.

Do çat̃f̃ĩoç a b-r̃eaõrac a r̃eĩſt̃ĩoç a buĩone,  
 So bañam̃ail, r̃aõr̃oða, ſo maor̃oða, ſo mĩonlað;  
 So f̃laç̃am̃ail, r̃eap̃acac, ſo r̃eaõm̃ar, ſo r̃ĩoç̃m̃ar,  
 So r̃abair̃neac, ſaoð'laç̃, ſo r̃eap̃rac, ſo r̃ĩont̃ac;—  
 Ar̃ ðr̃ag̃aĩb, ar̃ ðr̃onſ̃aĩb, ar̃ cónſ̃nam̃ ar̃ leóſ̃an,  
 Ar̃ lanñaĩb, ar̃ lonſ̃aĩb, ar̃ iom̃ar̃cað r̃l̃óĩſ̃,  
 Ar̃ m̃ar̃caĩb, ar̃ ſ̃air̃ſe, ar̃ çur̃að na n-ſ̃leó,  
 Do çar̃tac ſ̃ac r̃r̃ũĩm̃ile cuĩr̃ipe, çr̃on-ouð,  
 Do leaſ, 'r do çur̃rac, an iom̃ar̃cað br̃óĩn r̃inn!

Let none dare to tell me I acted amiss  
Because on her lips I imprinted a kiss—  
O ! that was a moment of exquisite bliss !  
For sweetness, for grace, and for brightness of feature,  
Earth holds not the match of this loveliest creature !

Her eyes, like twin stars, shone and sparkled with  
lustre ;

Her tresses hung waving in many a cluster,  
And swept the long grass all around and beneath her ;  
She moved like a being who trod upon ether,  
And seemed to disdain the dominions of space—  
Such beauty and majesty, glory and grace,  
So faultless a form, and so dazzling a face,  
And ringlets so shining, so many and golden,  
Were never beheld since the storied years olden.

Alas, that this damsel, so noble and queenly,  
Who spake, and who looked, and who moved so serenely,  
Should languish in woe, that her throne should have  
crumbled ;

Her haughty oppressors abiding unhumbled.  
Oh ! woe that she cannot with horsemen and swords,  
With fleets and with armies, with chieftains and lords,  
Chase forth from the isle the vile Sassenach hordes,  
Who too long in their hatred have trodden us under,  
And wasted green Eire with slaughter and plunder !

1ῖ εαγναὸ, ἐαγθαὸ, νο λέιγ' ῖοὸς ἀν βίοβλαὸ,  
 Σταῖταα Chéitinn, 'ῖ τρέιτε na n-ῖμαοιτε;  
 Δ λαοιον 'ῖ α n-ῖνείγι, α ο-τέχιονnuib-οιαῖδαα,  
 Le pean' ἄρ τρέανmari na Tῖae ῖοι γο λιόmta.—  
 Γο γαρῶα, γο clirῶe, γο h-οιλte, γο león,  
 Γο rῖarῶα, γο rῖnuigte, γο rῖnamte, γο móðamuil,  
 Γο h-αltaῖ, γο h-uileῖ, γο pῖuῖr α γ-cómairῶ,  
 'Na γ-ceaḱῶannaiḱ pult-maria, lonnarῶa, rῖnóðamuil,  
 Δ ταγairῖ α τῖrῖe αῖ uῖreapḱaḱ núaḱḱairi!

mār capῖaiγ α γ-céill tú, α n-ῖrῖoḱt 'ῖ α n-ῖnn-  
 cleaḱt,  
 Δ b-peapῖrainn, α m-bῖrῖeῖrῖb, α ngné, 'ῖ α ngníomairῖaiḱ;  
 Δiḱῖr ῶam pῖin rῖn αn pῖimionnaiḱ pῖioγḱa,  
 Δ ḱairῖo αn tú *Helen*, no ῶéirῖoῖe nḱoiri?  
 ῶ'ῖreagairi αn ḱῖuinnioill α n-ḱliγḱῖb γan mῖoῖo,  
 Naḱ aiḱne ḱuῖt mῖre 'noir, buime na ο-τῖeoin;  
 ῶo barγao, ῶo milleao, ῶo cuῖreao tap pῖoiri,  
 Le ḱalla, le ḱaille, le buile na γ-cóbaḱ,  
 ῶo mḱalairῖaiγ mῖre le ḱuine γan ḱómῖogur.

1ῖ γairῖo γῖrῖ aontaiγ αn *Phoenix* αῖ inῖrῖnt,  
 ῶo labairῖa γῖara na ḱéiγ rῖn ῶo bῖo 'γuin;  
 Γο blarῶa, γο béarḱ, γο néata, γῖ naoirḱeanῶa,  
 γῖrῖ b'ainim ῶi Eῖrῖe ḱoḱt! céile na Stíobairῖ;



She hath studied God's Gospels, and Truth's divine pages—  
The tales of the Druids, and lays of old sages ;  
She hath quaffed the pure wave of the fountain Pierian,  
And is versed in the wars of the Trojan and Tyrian ;  
So gentle, so modest, so artless and mild,  
The wisest of women, yet meek as a child ;  
She pours forth her spirit in speech undefiled ;  
But her bosom is pierced, and her soul hath been shaken,  
To see herself left so forlorn and forsaken !

“O, maiden !” so spake I, “thou best and divinest,  
Thou, who as a sun in thy loveliness shinest,  
Who art thou, and whence ?—and what land dost thou  
dwell in ?

Say, art thou fair Deirdre, or canst thou be Helen ?”  
And thus she made answer—“What ! dost thou not see  
The nurse of the Chieftains of Eire in me—  
The heroes of Banba, the valiant and free ?  
I was great in my time, ere the Gall\* became stronger  
Than the Gael, and my sceptre passed o'er to the Wronger !”

Thereafter she told me, with bitter lamenting,  
A story of sorrow beyond all inventing—  
Her name was Fair Eire, the Mother of true hearts,  
The daughter of Conn, and the spouse of the Stuarts.

---

\* *Gall*, the stranger ; *Gaels*, the native Irish.

Δὲ τρεαργαῖναδ, βρυργαῖναδ, τυβαῖρθεαδ, ὀρεοῖλ,  
 Ὅαμ ἡεαῖαδ, ὅαμ ἰεαδ, ὅαμ ἐρεῖμε, ὅαμ ὀεόλ,\*  
 Ὡο ὠ-ταγαῖς ἀμ ἐοῖννε λέ κυμάν, μο ῥτόρ !  
 Ὅο λεαγρῶ, ὅο βρυρῖορ, ἀ ν-ολίγτι 'ῥ ἀ ὡ-κόμαατα,  
 Ὅο ῥεαλβαδ ἰοναδ μο ἐλοῖννε λέ ῥόρρα !

Μάρ καμῖο οὐτ Σέαῖλur mac Shéamuir, ἀ Ῥίογαν,  
 ἱρ γαῖρo Ὡο ὠ-τέαῖρναδ τὰρ τρέανμῖορ ἀο ἐοῖννεαδ ;  
 Λε γαῖραδ ḡλείρ-καταῖβ ḡαοῦαλαδ, ὀείḡ-ḡνίομαδ,  
 Δὲ ῥεαλβαδ ὅο ῥλείβτ, ὅο ἐοῖμίτι, 'ῥ ὅο ἐοῖλλτε,  
 Δὲ τρεαργαῖρτ γαν τῖοῖρλε λέ κυμῖρνεαδ νὰ ὠ-τρεον,  
 'S ἀὲ ταῖργαδ νὰ ὠποῖνγε ὠ'ῥύḡ ῥῖννε ῥαν μ-βρόν !  
 Ὡο ὡ-καῖτῖορ, Ὡο ὡ-ἐλῖνῖορ, λέ ῥῖννῖομ νὰ ῥλόḡ,  
 ἀ ὡ-κατῖραδῖβ κυμῖρ τὰ τυῖλτε ὅο ῥεοῖνβ,  
 Ὅο ἐαβῖοῖτ ἀρ ἐομῖρνε ὅο ἐμῖομν 'ῥ ὅο ἐ' ῥόῖννεαδ.

---

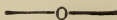
\*Since the arrival of the English, in 1169, the native Irish have suffered much for political and religious offences. They have been massacred (Leland), tortured (Leland), starved to death (Leland), burned (Castlehaven), broiled (Carte), flayed alive (Barrington), sold to slavery (Lynch), compelled to commit suicide (Borlase), and to eat human flesh (Moryson). In one century their properties were four

She had suffered all woes, had been tortured and flayed,  
Had been trodden and spoiled, been deceived and betrayed;  
But her Champion, she hoped, would soon come to her aid  
And the insolent Tyrant who now was her master  
Would then be o'erwhelmed by defeat and disaster!

O, fear not, fair mourner!—thy lord and thy lover,  
Prince Charles, with his armies, will cross the seas over.  
Once more, lo! the Spirit of Liberty rallies  
Aloft on thy mountains, and calls from thy valleys.  
Thy children will rise and will take, one and all,  
Revenge on the murderous tribes of the Gall,  
And to thee shall return each renowned castle hall;  
And again thou shalt revel in plenty and treasure,  
And the wealth of the land shall be thine without measure.

---

times confiscated (Leland). They were forbidden to receive education at home or abroad (Irish Statutes). Their language, dress, and religion, were proscribed (*ibid.*), and their murder only punished by fine (*ibid.*) They were declared incapable of possessing any property, and, finally, compelled to pay large sums to their worst oppressors (*ibid.*)



# suirghe pheadair i thornin.

Fonh :—Slab Féilim.

*Soft, and Moderately Slow.*

*Cres. Dim. p pp m. f. p f Dim. pp*

A ainneir éiuin na g-clab,  
 Déinri liomra trall,  
 Air ainneir go Slab Féilim ?  
 Mar nár éis' 'nár n-riais,  
 Capair 'nó clair,  
 'Ná neac ar bit faoi éion a m-buainneim !

## PETER O'DORNIN'S COURTSHIP.

AIR :—" *The Hills of Feilim.*"

*Sliabh Feilim* (the Hill of Feilim, from which this song takes its name) is the largest of the group of hills situated about two and a half miles north-west of the parochial church of Kilcommon, partly in the parish of Abington, in the barony of Owney and Arra ; and partly in the parish of Dolla, barony of Upper Ormond, in the county of Tipperary. It rises 1,783 feet above the level of the ocean. On the top of it is a curious conical-shaped pile of stones, of the slate kind, about forty feet in height. Its first name was *Sliabh Eiblin*, from *Eibhle*, the son of *Breogan*, one of the forty chiefs who came to avenge the death of *Ith*, as is recorded in the eighth verse of a poem in the *Leabhar Leacan* (Book of Leacan, col. i., fol. 288), beginning *Seacht mic Breogain*, &c. (Seven Sons of Breogan, &c.)

Within the last twenty years several urns, containing bones, were discovered by a peasant named Tierney, near a *Leaba Dhiarmuid agus Ghrainne* (the bed of Diarmuid and Grainne), on the townland of Knockervoola, parish of Upperchurch, about four miles east of this mountain.

*Sliabh Feilim* is now called *Mathair Sleibhe* (i.e., Mother, or Parent mountain), from the fact of its being the largest of the surrounding hills, on which also are many *Crom Leacs* now to be seen. At Ahon Mor, there is a *Crom Leac*. At Cnocshanbrittas, there are two, and a *Giant's grave*. At Logbrack, a *Leaba Dhiarmuid agus Ghrainne*. At Cnoc na Banshee, a *Crom Leac* and pillar stone. At Grainiva, a *Crom Leac*.

Maid of the golden hair !

Will you with me repair

To the brow of the Hill of Feilim ?

Whither we go shall know

Neither a friend nor foe,

Nor mortal being nor fairy—

Beirdeas mé dúit am fíadaí,  
 Chorantaó ann gac gliaíó  
     A lile marí grian a g éiríóe.  
 Mharbairinn dúit marí biaó,  
 An torc-allaó 'sur an fiaó,  
     'S déanrain caóair dúit do'n fíar-éiríóe!

Dá u-téigin-ri leat riar,  
 Go talam fíl m-brian;  
     Ir ias mo macnaíó beiró 'm óiaíó go h-éiríóe!  
 Níor aibíó mo éiall,  
 Níor b-earaó óam riam,  
     Ceannaó ná óiol do déanaí!  
 B'olc ár n-ghóó ár fíab  
 Feilim, gan biaó.  
     Mun a b-earaíóir aó fiaó fíóóba!  
 Chuiprin a b-eara riam,  
 Go n-foilrin mo érial,  
     Sul a g-cóinnuiginn ann bliadáin do laeíóe!

A cúirle! 'sur a ríóir!  
 Ná ceirníó do deó,  
     An fáir mairíóir mo móir-léigíon liom,  
 Ir ear do cúirín b'íó,  
 'S culaíó do'n t-ríóll,  
     'S ar ríuamaó ár gac ríóir ríóir me.



I'll guard and shield you there,  
I'll banish from you all care,  
    O, Lily, that shine so paly,  
I'll slay for you the deer,  
And for you, my love, I'll rear  
    A bower of roses daily!

Could you give me your plighted hand,  
And lead me to Brian's land,  
    'Tis my kin that would be wailing!  
For knowledge of worldly ways  
I merit but slender praise—  
    I am always falling and failing.  
Sad, should we fare on the hill  
With nothing to cook or kill—  
    Though I never much fancied railing,  
I should bitterly curse my fate  
To stop there early and late  
    In trouble for what I was ailing.

My *Cuisle*,\* my life and soul,  
Give up your heart's deep dole!  
    For nought shall trouble or ail you—  
'Tis neatly I'd make full soon  
For you silk dresses and shoon,  
    And build you a ship to sail in.

---

\* *Cuisle*, pulse. *Cuisle mo chroidhe*, Pulse of my heart.

Chuirfin long uuit faoi fheól,  
 ní'l ealaðan dam nað eól,  
     beagán oi ar uóit a óéanaí;  
 'S ná ceirnið-rí go deó,  
 go u-tuitið oiríainn bhrón,  
     ar mullað rléib móir féilim!

O éarlaró go b-fuil tú rtuamairó,  
 ar gac ealaðan dá g-cualair,  
     ir é mearaím-rí gur cluain mhuimneac!•  
 Chuirfeáð oim dá n-glualairfin,  
 leat do'n tír úo fuar,  
     a b-fao ó m' éuairí míora.  
 Mo éabairt ó éuairim,  
 an baile úo a b-fuairir,  
     macnaí gan fuaét, 'r doibneair,  
 b'feairí óam fuiréac uait  
 a n-aice na g-Cruach,  
     'ná beiré ag filléac óm' ruairí óiomáoin!

A éuirle! 'gur a rtorí,  
 ir veire fá óó.  
     na *Helen* le'r leónaó an tréim-feair!  
 Gur binne liom go mór,  
 'nuair éluinim gur do beóil,  
     nó reinneac do méorí ar éaóaið.

\* A Momonian trick.

There's not a trade in the land  
But I thoroughly understand—  
And I see its mystery plainly ;  
So, never at all suppose  
That lives like ours would close  
On the brow of the Hill of Feilim !

O ! cajoler from the South,  
'Tis you have the girl-winning mouth !  
Momonian's arts are no fable !  
Long, long, I fear, should I rue  
My journey to Munster with you  
Ere the honeymoon were waning.  
You would take me away from the sight  
Of the village where day and night  
They banqueted and regaled you.  
Begone, deceiver, begone !  
I'll dwell by the *Cruach's* alone,  
And not on the Hill of Feilim !

My *Cuisle*, my beaming star !  
Twice lovelier, sure, you are  
Than Helen, of old so famous.  
No music ever could reach,  
The melody of your speech,  
So sweet it is and enchaining.

Triaill liom ann-ra móo?  
 Ná fulaṅz mé a m-bhíón!  
 A lile, 'r ṡur tu bheoio 'r buair me!  
 Sheabair imhit aṡur ól,  
 Do roṡa do'n uile íóir,  
 Ar mullaḋ rleib móir féilim!

Tá do ṡeallamhaḋ mó mór,  
 Le na ṡ-cóimlionaḋ ṡo deo,  
 A maḋair bheoio aṡur buair me!  
 Imhit aṡur ól,  
 Meaḋair aṡur ríóir,  
 Do ṡnoḋaio-rí, 'r do móir-léaṡan!  
 Mar bíḋ mipe mó óṡ,  
 Ba maíḋ leat me ḋaḋair,  
 A b-raḋ óm' móir-ṡaḋaíḋaio!  
 Imḋeaḋ leat ran móo,  
 An áit naḋ aítneḋaíḋ naḋ beó,  
 Ar mullaḋ rleib móir féilim!

A bhuinnioill ṡan rmuaro,  
 Náir meallaḋ le cluam,  
 A pealt-eólaíḋ mar ṡṡian aṡ éirṡio!  
 Sheabair meaḋair ar o-túir,  
 Aṡur réir ṡan cúmaḋ,  
 Le ṡaḋar-ḋoin éuin, béil-binn.

O ! hear me not so unmoved !  
O ! come with me, Beloved !  
    'Tis you, indeed, who have pained me !  
Your choice of every sort  
Of banqueting and sport  
    You'll have on the Hill of Feilim !

Ah ! no more of your promises, cheat !  
You tell me of things too sweet,  
    I know you want to betray me.  
By pleasure, and mirth, and joy,  
Ah ! though you seem but a boy,  
    Your learning would soon waylay me !  
Because I am innocent and young,  
You have wheedled me with your tongue  
    Afar from those who would claim me,  
To travel with you the road  
Where I'd know no soul or abode  
    To the summit of the Hill of Feilim !

O ! Damsel, O purest one !  
O ! morning star like the sun !  
    No soul could mean your betrayal !  
You will know all pleasures on earth—  
We'll revel in music and mirth,  
    And follow the chase unfailing !

biaiò o' eac'raìò ar lúit,  
 leat'ra cum riú'baíl,  
 Chum geataíòe gac' Dúna maobaò;  
 le h-aitioir do'n cúir,  
 le r'raíò caoin, olúit,  
 ar o'airtoir go rúit'ce fhéilim!

A ciuin-maícais féim,  
 ir neam-méónac, réis,  
 A canar do céim líom'ta?  
 Dá g-cluinfead' an cléir,  
 go m-biaðmaoir a g-céin,  
 Sgarfaíòe ó céile a maon rinn!  
 Má tígead' tura a g-céin,  
 le feab'ar do móir-leisín,  
 Sheabair cuim'ea'ct ó'n g-cléir naom'ta;  
 biaiò m'ire liom féin  
 S mo mac'naíò gan féim,  
 a'g fill'ead' 'r mé 'm donar coir'ce!

A cuirle, a rúin mo cléib,  
 ná ceir'níò go h-éas,  
 go b-fill'ead' tú leat féin do t-donar  
 sheabair cuim'ea'cta ó'n g-cléir,  
 biaiò tu a g-cumann na naom,  
 'S ní h-eagal uuit céim ósorp'tain!



All over the neighbouring ground  
You will spur your palfreys round,  
    The nobles on all sides hailing !  
As happy as the Blest you'll be,  
And pleasantly live with me  
    For your visit to the Hill of Feilim !

O ! Cavalier, meek and brave !  
Of mind so noble and suave !  
    Have you, then, no fear as a layman ?  
If here we plighted our troth,  
By the Church we should speedily both  
    Be brought to the chancel's railing !  
Yet, still, if you leave me alone,  
And depart to another zone,  
    Where your learning will glow so flaming,  
I cannot but weep and mourn  
For I never shall see you return  
    To the pleasant high Hill of Feilim !

O ! Pulse and Life of my soul,  
Abandon your ceaseless dole,  
    You'll never be left a-wailing ;  
Our priests and the saints of Heaven  
Will never behold you bereaven,  
    So fear not slander or fables.

Ma éireoiden tú mo rígeal,  
 I r mór-ghairn go m-béirí,  
 'S do macnairí ar péim díompaí;  
 Ar eadhairí cuim réim,  
 As bhíorúgáí do cuirí gáí,  
 Mar *Paris* ar íliaí *Ida*.

Nac me beirí mílte go veó,  
 Dá o-téiginn leat ran móí,  
 Do neam-éad mo móir-ghaobairí;  
 Gan capall, gan bó,  
 Gan círe, gan ríor,  
 Aco beagán beag do lón éadairí;  
 Gan cairde am díor,  
 Maroiden ná nóin,  
 'S tuar beirí ar an nór céadna;  
 Nuair a éirínnéad an ceó,  
 Tuirimí a m-bhíon,  
 Ar mullaí íleirí móir íleim !

A cóm reang réim,  
 An úir-éiríre íleirí,  
 Rug báirí ar an ríogal le cíonnaí;  
 I r leanbairí an ríogal beil,  
 A éangalrúí rínn a ríon,  
 Nac b-rígaríre go h-éad ar ríogalí;

O ! only believe my tale,  
And you, of the race of the Gael,  
    Will again rise proud and famous—  
You shall gallop on bounding steeds  
Over hills and dells and meads,  
    As the heroines of olden ages.

But, woe is me ! if I leave  
My kindred at home to grieve  
    'Tis bitterly they will blame me !  
O ! what a fate will be mine,  
Without gold, or gear, or kine,  
    Or a single friend to stay me !  
And you, too, night and morn,  
Would meet but Poverty and Scorn.  
    When it came on dark and rainy  
Oh ! where should we find a friend—  
Our sorrows would never end  
    On the brow of the Hill of Feilim !

Mild maid of the slender Waist—  
Chaste girl of Truth and Taste,  
    Excelling all other maidens,  
What a few sweet Words of Life  
Would make us man and wife,  
    With happiness never waning !

ní'l don neac faoi 'n n-ghéin,  
 nac b-faḡaḡo tú an éadan,  
     mór-éuro dá méinn rḡríobḡa;  
 aicḡear oir dá m-béirḡeao,  
 ḡo o-tiocḡao an t-éas,  
     fuarḡailt oo' péinn ní b-fuigḡao!

---

moirín ní chuillionnain.\*

---

Tá rḡamal ouḡ 'r ceó oḡaoirḡeacḡ,  
     ná tóḡfuigḡear ḡo bḡuinn' an bḡacḡ!  
 aḡi fḡearainn fḡairrḡḡ, fḡo-ḡloinn,  
     O fḡeol CRIOSTO an fḡuinnonn fḡáil:—  
 Tar fḡearaibḡ maḡa as tófuigḡeacḡ,  
     le ḡleó-ḡloirḡim oo éuir aḡi fḡán!  
 aḡi n-oḡaḡain méaḡa, mór-buirḡean,  
     O Mhóirín ní Chuillionnain!

O'earḡao an péacaḡ, fa-ríor!  
     Oo fḡeol rínn faoi ólḡḡtib námao;  
 ḡan fḡaḡar aḡit as póir ḡaoirḡeal;  
     ḡan fḡeoro puinn, ḡan cion, ḡan áirḡo!—

\* Copied from a MS. of 1732, formerly in the possession of Sir William Betham.

I gaze on your lovely brow,  
And from Eve's bright day till now  
The soul shines out in the features.  
O! only take me as yours,  
And as long as life endures,  
My Love, it is you shall sway me!

---

MOIRIN NI CHUILLIONNAIN.

---

A gloomsome cloud of trouble,  
A strange, dark, Druidic mist,  
Lowers o'er Fāil \* the noble,  
And will while Earth and Time exist.  
Across the heaving billows  
Came slaughter in the wake of Man—  
Then bent our Chiefs like willows,  
And fled Moirin Ni Chuillionnain!

Alas! our sad transgressions  
First brought us under Saxon sway,  
The power and the possessions  
Of Eire are the Guelph's to-day.

\* *Innisfail*, one of the names of Ireland—the *Isle of Destiny*.

'S gac bátlaç bñacaç, beól-buñe,  
 Do'n cóip éñion do ñuic tañ ñáil,  
 A g-ceannañ flait, 'r a g-cóiméigear,  
 Le móñín ní Chuillionnáin!

Do ðearcañ neac añ éló 'n aoil,  
 Do mó-linn ó neam aím-ðáil;  
 'S ð'aicñiñ ðam go beól-bínn,  
 Gan mó-moill go ð-tuicñ ðláig :—  
 Añ *Amsterdam* na ñeól ñlím,  
 Añ *Sheón Stiall* \* 'r añ *Philib Sáill*  
 'S nár b-ñaða ceañ na Seóññiñe,  
 Añ *Mhóñín* ní Chuillionnáin!

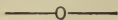
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\* *Seon Stiall* (John Steele), *Pilib Saill* (Philip Sall), two objectionable characters.



The churls who crossed the surges  
Six ages back, and overran  
Our isle, are still the scourges  
Of mild Moirin Ni Chuillionnain !

I saw, in sleep, an Angel  
Who came, downward from the moon,  
And told me that some strange ill  
Would overtake the Dutchman soon.  
On Amsterdam's damned city  
On Steele and Sall there lies a ban ;  
'Tis GOD, not George, can pity  
Our poor Moirin Ni Chuillionnain !



aisling chonchubhair uí Riordáin.

Fonn:—An Spealadóir.

*Moderately  
Slow.*



Τράτ 'ῖ τρέιμρε ταιριοιολα,  
 Δμ εἰμειολλαῖβ ραοῖαῖλ;  
 Ο Ράτ λοῖρε\* τρέ ζαὶ ἀάρανα,  
 Ζο λαοι-ῖρριυῖ† ἀν εἰρς;

\* *Rath Loire*, Charleville.

† *Laoi-Shruith*, The river Lee.

## CONOR O'RIORDAN'S VISION.

AIR—" *The Mower.*"

CONOR O'RIORDAN, author of this song, was a native of West Muskerri (Muscraide), in the county of Cork, and flourished A.D. 1760. He followed the occupation of parish schoolmaster in his native district, whence he obtained the appellation of "*Conchubhar Máister*" (Conor Master), by which he is better known at this day, and from which many of his compositions, current among the peasantry of Cork, take their name. He had a son named Peter, who "lisp'd in numbers," but not with that inspiration which fired the father's poetic muse. He followed the profession of his father, and went by the name of *Peadair Máister* (Peter Master), but we cannot tell when, or where, either of the Riordans closed his earthly career.

The present song is adapted to the air of a pleasing pastoral love ballad of great beauty, very popular in the south, of which the following is the first stanza :—

" Ata páircín bheag agamsa,  
Do bhán, mhín, reigh ;  
Gan cladh, gan fal, gan falla lei,  
Achd a h-aghaidh ar an saoghal ;  
Spealadoir do ghlaclainn-si,  
Ar task no d'reir an acradh,  
Be aco sud do b'fearr leis  
No pádh an aghadh an iae."

" A little field I have got,  
Of smooth meadowy lea ;  
Without a hedge, a wall, or fence,  
But exposed to the breeze ;  
A mower I would hire on task,  
Or by the acre, if it pleased him best,  
Or if either would suit him not,  
I'd pay him by the day."

Once I strayed from Charleville,  
As careless as could be ;  
I wandered over plain and hill,  
Until I reached the Lee—



And there I found a flowery dell  
Of a beauty rare to tell,  
With woods around as rich in swell  
As eye shall ever see.

Wild birds warbled in their bows,  
Songs passing soft and sweet ;  
And brilliant hues adorned each flower  
That bloomed beneath my feet.  
All sickness, feebleness, and pain,  
The wounded heart and tortured brain  
Would vanish, ne'er to come again,  
In that serene retreat !

Lying in my lonely lair,  
In sleep me dreamt I saw  
A damsel wonderfully fair,  
Whose beauty waked my awe.  
Her eyes were lustrous to behold,  
Her tresses shone like flowing gold.  
And nigh her stood that urchin bold—  
Young Love, who gives Earth law !

The boy drew near me, smiled and laughed,  
And from his quiver drew  
A delicately pointed shaft  
Whose mission I well knew ;

'Do páirò an béit go carfanaò,  
 Cui deáirnaò fae na ceal' gairb;  
 Gráin mo éleib a dartaire,  
 Ar do fairsaobais, ná déin?

A gráò, a laog, 'r a càraio cumainn  
 'Diozrair mo éleib!  
 Ná fás mé an-éagmair t-ainime,  
 Le h-innirint tar h-eir!  
 Dáilio Eir 'r banba,  
 Cláir loirc Eibear gairmro,  
 Cé 'táimre d'éir na b-feanna-con,  
 Gan cumineao! Gan céill!

Ir gearr gur éirig reanòar,  
 'Dár g-coimcinn a raon;  
 A g cáraim tréao na panna fuilte,  
 'Dá n-viog' ar an raozal,\*  
 Gan tráct ar rgeal, ná eactra,  
 Aco clára faobair 'r rpealanaò,  
 Bánta piéò 'gur aópaínn,  
 'S innreacáo péir!

---

\* Here the poet laments the persecutions suffered by his brethren of the bardic profession at this period; because of the exposure which they made of the delinquencies of state officials and men in authority,



But that bright maiden raised her hand,  
And in a tone of high command  
Exclaimed, "Forbear! put up your brand.  
He hath not come to woo!"

"Damsel of the queenly brow,"  
I spake, "my life, my love,  
What name, I pray thee, bearest thou,  
Here or in Heaven above?"  
—"Banba and Eire am I called,  
And Heber's kingdom, now enthralled,  
I mourn my heroes fetter-galled,  
While all alone I rove!"

Together then in that sweet place  
In saddest mood we spoke,  
Lamenting much the valiant race  
Who wear the exile's yoke,  
And never hear aught glad or blithe,  
Nought but the sound of spade and scythe;  
And see nought but the willow withe,  
Or gloomy grove or oak.

---

they were looked upon as the greatest evil the supreme power had to contend with.

Τά 'γάμ ῥεάλ le h-aiṭṡur,  
 'S inṡim duit é;  
 Sur ḡearrṡ ḡo ṡéiḡṡeacḡ an t-Δεαιρ-Mhac,  
 'De ḡemleacḡaib ḡaoḡaib;  
 Τά ḡáṡṡa laocḡ pá aṡmaib,  
 ḡo ṡána aḡ téacḡt tap ṡaiṡḡe,  
 Ní ḡáḡ ṡiḡb téaṡmaḡ aṡ talaṡaib,  
 'S ná coinḡmíḡ ḡúṡ léiṡ?

beirḡ lá tap éiṡ ḡo h-aiṡṡeacḡ  
 aḡ ṡaoimib na ḡ-clson!  
 aṡṡacḡ, léiṡeacḡ, cṡaiṡiḡḡeacḡ,  
 'S cṡinneacḡ a téacḡt!  
 An báṡ maṡ céile leaṡṡa 'ca,  
 'S aṡ ḡṡána ḡné an ṡeacḡḡ oṡṡa;  
 A láṡaiṡ 'Dé ḡac ainḡbeaṡṡ,  
 'Dá n-ḡníomaiṡaib le léaḡḡ!

Táim cṡaíṡṡe aḡ beaṡlaḡ ḡaḡṡannaḡ,  
 San tíṡ aṡ ḡac ṡaoḡ!  
 'S táio na ḡaoiḡeib cóṡ ḡanḡaṡeacḡ,  
 'S a n-inṡṡin iṡ claon!  
 Lán ṡo tṡéiḡṡib mallaiḡṡe,  
 ḡan tábaḡt a n-ṡéiṡc, ná ḡ-caṡṡannaḡḡo,  
 'S ḡṡáṡa 'Dé ḡo n-beaṡmaio,  
 Le ṡioḡṡaiṡ ṡo'n t-ṡaoḡal!

“ But hear ! I have a tale to tell,”  
She said—“ a cheering tale ;  
The Lord of Heaven, I know full well,  
Will soon set free the Gael.  
A band of warriors, great and brave,  
Are coming o’er the ocean-wave ;  
And you shall hold the lands GOD gave  
Your sires, both hill and vale.

“ A woeful day, a dismal fate,  
Will overtake your foes,  
Grey hairs, the curses of deep hate,  
And sickness and all woes !  
Death will bestride them in the night—  
Their every hope shall meet with blight,  
And GOD will put to utter flight  
Their long-enjoyed repose !

“ My curse be on the Saxon tongue,  
And on the Saxon race !  
Those foreign churls are proud and strong,  
And venomous and base.  
Absorbed in greed, and love of self,  
They scorn the poor :—slaves of the Guelph,  
They have no soul except for pelf.  
God give them sore disgrace !”

# an chuilfhionn.

Fonn :—An Chúil-Fhionn.



A b-facaò tú an Chúil-fhionn 'r i aš riúbal an na bóite,pe,  
 Maiven ſeal dhúcta 'r gan fmút an a bpoſa ;  
 Ir iomda ógánač rúl-ſlar aš tnuč le i póſaò,  
 Aco ní b-ſaſaò ríao mo mún-ra an an ſ-cúntar ir vóit leó.

---

THE CUILFHION.

---

THE Coolun, or *Cul fionn*, literally means *The maiden of the fair flowing locks*. In Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. i. p. 251, will be found another version of this song in six stanzas, with a translation by Thomas Furlong, the original of which has been attributed to Maurice O'Dugan (*Muiris Ua Duagain*), an Irish bard who lived near Benburb,\* in the county of Tyrone, about the middle of the seventeenth century, but is probably of much greater antiquity.

The air of this song is by many esteemed the finest in the whole circle of Irish music, and to it Moore has adapted his beautiful melody "Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see."

The three stanzas here given are all that we have been able to procure, after a diligent search in Munster, where our version is in the hands of every peasant who has any pretensions to being a good songster.

---

Have you e'er seen the Cuilfhion when daylight's declining,  
With sweet fairy features, and shoes brightly shining ?  
Though many's the youth her blue eyes have left pining,  
She slights them, for all their soft sighing and whining.

---

\* Scene of Owen Roe's memorable victory over Monroe in 1642

A b-facaó tú n fábán, lá bheáí 'r í na h-aenar,  
 A cúl oualaó uir-leánaó, go rlinneán ríor léite;  
 Mil ar an óig-bean, 'r mór bheáí na na h-éadan,  
 'S ar uóit le gac rppiorán sup leanáan leir féin í!

A b-facaó tú mc r-réim-bean 'r í taob leir an toinn,  
 Fáinníóe óir ar a méaraib 'r í réiórtioó a cinn;  
 Ir é uóbaire r r-aoríac bíó 'na maor ar an loing,  
 Go m'feair leir eige féin í, 'ná eirre gan poínn!

---

MOIRÍN NÍ CHUILLEANNÁIN.

Tomár méic Coitir, cct.

---

Cia h-í an bean! nó an eól uíb,  
 Do féolairíeao anoir am láim?  
 Thuí ciall na b-feair air móir-baoir,  
 Ba uóig linn naó tiocfaro rlan:—  
 Glan-biaó 'sup reair na n-ós í,  
 'S r-tóir-choiríe gac n-ouine an báb,  
 Seal-ghuan na m-ban air ló í,  
 Móirín Ní Chuilleanáin!



Have you e'er on a summer's day, wandering over  
The hills, O, young man, met my beautiful rover ?  
Sun-bright is the neck that her golden locks cover—  
Yet each paltry creature thinks *she* is his lover !

Have you e'er seen my Fair, on the strand, in her bower,  
With gold-ringed hands, culling flower after flower ?  
O ! nobly he said it, brave Admiral Power,  
That her hand was worth more than all Eire for dower.

---

## MOIRIN NI CHUILLIEANNAIN.

BY THOMAS COTTER.

---

But who is she, the maiden,  
Who crossed my path but even now ?  
She leaves men sorrow-laden,  
With saddest heart and darkest brow.  
O ! who she is I'll tell you soon—  
The pride of every Irishman—  
Our heart, our soul, our sun, our moon—  
Is she—Moirin Ni Chuilleannain.

'Tá "Ghiadhairne Catha"\* ari veóraiúeaçt,  
 San Eóruir fá comairc cáich :  
 Ua n ghuann-fuil Alban móir-ríog,  
 'Sur fóir, ní b-fuil fuil ir fearr;—  
 San m-bliadain re fear naç vóiré linn,  
 Le fóirraiúib go h-Innir Fáil,  
 Beir' n triaç-rí teaçt aç tóirúgeaçt,  
 Ari Mhóirín Ní Chuilleannáin !

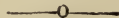
Beir' n Ríog-ílairé agunn póiré,  
 San móir-moill i n-Innir-Fáil;  
 'S clair aç teaçt o' n Róirín leir,  
 A ç-cóir guré é vo beiré ríán:—  
 Déanrað açt an móir-gíinn,  
 Aç tóirúgeaçt ari éir na mná;  
 'S ní iarrraiú açt trí c' móiríné,†  
 Le Móirín Ní Chuilleannáin !

\* *Ghiadhairne Catha*, a Battle-warrior.

† *Tri Coroinnidhe*. *Three Crowns*, i.e., of Ireland, England, and Scotland.

A great and glorious warrior  
Is now struggling fierce in fight—  
And yet will burst the barrier  
That severs Ireland from the light !  
He will combine each scattered host—  
He will unite each creed and clan—  
Ah, yes ! we have a Queen to boast,  
In our Moirin Ni Chuilleannain !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! I see him come—  
He comes to rescue Inisfail—  
And many myriad priests from Rome  
Will aid him—for, he cannot fail !  
Search hamlets, villages, and towns,  
Tempt all the best or worst you can,  
But, ere twelve moons go by, Three Crowns  
Will deck Moirin Ni Chuilleannain !



## CAITILÍN NÍ UALLACHÁIN.

William Dall ua h-eapnám, cct.

Fonh :—Caitilín Ní Uallaacán.

*Moderate Time.*

*p* *Dim.* *Cres.*

Meapamasoio, naé calm rin, do'n buairt ran Sbáinn,  
 áeo mealla plige, cum caeta cloiróim, do éabairt a  
 o-tráit;

beró galla a rír, rá leagao ríor, le lút ár lámaib,  
 águr mac an Rí, á, Caitilín Ní Uallaacán!

## CAITILIN NI UALLACHAIN.

BY WILLIAM HEFFERNAN (THE BLIND).

*Caitilin Ni Uallachain* (Catharine Holahan) is another of those allegorical names by which Ireland is known in Irish song. With respect to the prefix "*Ni*," used before surnames in the feminine gender, we may quote the following extract from Conor Mac Sweeny's "Songs of the Irish," where he says, "It is proper here to warn Irish ladies that they commit a blunder in writing their names with *O* or *Mac*, instead of *Ni*. They should bear in mind that O'Neill, Mac Carthy, O'Loughlen, O'Connell, are not surnames like the English Baggs, Daggs, Scraggs, Hog, Drake, Duck, MoneyPENNY, &c., but simply mean *descendant of Niall, son of Carthach, descendant of Loughlin, &c.*, as the Jews say, Son of Judah, Son of Joseph, &c., and that a lady who writes *O* or *Mac* to her name calls herself son, instead of daughter. What should we say of a Hebrew lady who would write herself 'Esther Son of Judah?' and yet we do not notice the absurdity in ourselves. I therefore advise every Irish lady to substitute *Ni* pronounced *Nee* for *O* or *Mac*. Julia Ni Connell, Catharine Ni Donnell, Ellen Ni Neill, will at first sound strange, but they are not a whit less euphonious than the others, and use will make them agreeable. In Irish we never use *O* or *Mac* with a woman's name, and why must it be done in English?"

Fully coinciding in these observations of our esteemed friend Mr. Mac Sweeny, we adopt the prefix "*Ni*," in preference to the *O* in surnames of the feminine gender, throughout this book.

In vain, in vain we turn to Spain—she heeds us not.  
 Yet may we still, by strength of will, amend our lot.  
 O, yes! our foe shall yet lie low—our swords are drawn!  
 For her, our Queen, our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain*!

Gealluim díb, naé fada a ní, gur buadóiré an gáir,  
 aS arim faobairí dá g-ceapao linn, 'r fuaoar lámaiz;  
 Ir tapar cruinn do phreabramaor, 'r ar buacaé, áro,  
 Dá m-beit mac an Rí, aS Caitilín ní Uallaacán!

Ir fada rinn aS fairé arir, le fuargail o'fágail,  
 Ná ritalairíde, gan balcairíde, 'ná luao 'nár láim;  
 Beiré barica líonta air barra taoiré, 'r fuaim air ráil,  
 Le mac an Rí, cum Caitilín ní Uallaacán!

Ná meafaoair gur caile éirí ár rtuairé rtaíro,  
 Ná caillicín, 'na g-crapaoair a cuail-bheag cnáma;  
 Cia fada luige ói le fearaib éóiméac, gan fuaim-near  
 o'fágail,  
 Atá ráit an Rí a g-Caitilín ní Uallaacán!

Ir fada a olaoiré, carpa cíoré, 'r a rguab-folt bán,  
 S a deapca mún aS amairc gaoiréal, coir cuanta breág;  
 Ir blarpa bínn do éanan rí, gur buan bíor páir,  
 Ioir mac an Rí 'gur Caitilín ní Uallaacán!

Ná meafaoair. na rprealairíde, gur buan ár b-páir,  
 'S gur gearr a bío na glara a rgaile, 'nuairir cruais an  
 cáir;  
 Go n-deáirnao Dia roim pobul *Israel*, de'n mórmuir  
 tráiz,  
 'S go b-fóiréao an Rí oir, a Chaitilín ní Uallaacán!



---

Yield not to fear ! The time is near—with sword in hand  
We soon will chase the Saxon race far from our land.  
What glory then to stand as men on field and bawn,  
And see all sheen our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain !*

How tossed, how lost, with all hopes crossed, we long have  
been !

Our gold is gone ; gear have we none, as all have seen.  
But ships shall brave the Ocean's wave, and morn shall dawn  
On Eire green, on *Caitilin Ni Uallachain !*

Let none believe this lovely Eve outworn or old—  
Fair is her form ; her blood is warm, her heart is bold.  
Though strangers long have wrought her wrong, she will  
not fawn—

Will not prove mean, our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain !*

Her stately air, her flowing hair—her eyes that far  
Pierced through the gloom of Banba's\* doom, each like a star ;  
Her songful voice that makes rejoice hearts Grief hath  
gnawn,

Prove her our Queen, our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain !*

We will not bear the chains we wear, not bear them long.  
We seem bereaven, but mighty Heaven will make us strong.  
The God who led through Ocean Red all Israel on  
Will aid our Queen, our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain !*

---

A Mhuirne óilir! a éapaó éaoim-puirg, gac uair nár  
 b-páirt,  
 Agail lora! ar ron na n-ḡaoiḡeal-boct, ir cnuaiḡ an cáir!  
 Luct an írbirt do cup ar víbirt, ár rtuairne mná,  
 'S a céile fíir-éairt, do éeact tar taoirde, gan buairt na  
 vail!

## Ceangal.

Tá gne ḡlan air *Phoebus*, 'r lonnhaó éirio,  
 Tá an rae 'ḡur ná réalta a ḡ-cúirra épuinn;  
 Tá na rreáirca fá rḡéim-ḡlan, gan rmúit, gan téimioi  
 Roim Réx ceairt na féinne, 'r a éirúp tar toinn.

Tá ár ḡ-cléirne a ḡ-caom-ḡuit, a rúil le Crioirt,  
 'S ar n-éirir go péimeac, 'r a ḡ-cúma vail víob:  
 ḡaoḡail boct Inuir Eilge, go rúgaó, ríobac,  
 Roim Shéamur \* mic Seamuir, 'r an Ouirce tar toinn.

\* In the first stanza, the poet alludes to the regal honours paid to James Francis Stuart, at Madrid, in 1719, when Cardinal Alberoni and the Duke of Ormond planned the expedition to Scotland in his favour. He committed a fatal mistake in not making a descent upon Ireland where the old Irish and northern Presbyterians were most anxious to have "The auld Stuarts back again."

Had he accomplished his design of sending the Duke of Ormond and

O, Virgin pure! our true and sure defence thou art!  
 Pray thou thy Son to help us on in hand and heart!  
 Our Prince, our Light, shall banish night—then beameth  
 Dawn—  
 Then shall be seen our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain!*

## SUMMING-UP.\*

Phœbus shines brightly with his rays so pure,  
 The moon and stars their courses run;  
 The firmament is not darkened by clouds or mist,  
 As our true king with his troops over the ocean comes.

Dur priests are as one man imploring Christ,  
 Our bards are songful, and their gloom dispelled;  
 The poor Gael of Inis-Eilge in calm now rest  
 Before James,† the son of James, and the Duke‡ who  
 over ocean comes.

---

General Dillon to Ireland, the Irish government could not have sent the troops to the Duke of Argyle, which dispersed the Scotch Jacobites in 1716. *Hooke. Stuart Papers.*

\* We have given a literal translation of these two stanzas, as Mangan did not versify them.

† The Chevalier de St. George.

‡ James, second Duke of Ormond.

failltiughadh rìgh searlus.

William Dall, cec.

THE HUMOURS OF GLYN.

*Lively.*



A phàrpaig na n-àrrmann ! a g-cluin' tú na gárrta,  
 A g-cluinir an plé-ráca,\* an riorraò, 'r an gleo ?  
 An òualair mar èànic go cóige ullao an gárra,  
 Thurot na f'láinte le h-iomarcaò r'góip !

\* *Ple Raca* means a row, such as would occur in a country shebeen

## A WELCOME FOR KING CHARLES.

BY WILLIAM HEFFERNAN (THE BLIND).

AIR:—" *Humours of Glynn.*"

---

THIS air was very popular in the town and vicinity of Clonmel. The Glynn, from which it takes its name, is a small romantic country village, situated at either side of the Suir, midway between the towns of Carrick and Clonmel.

Having, from our infancy, heard this air traditionally ascribed by the peasantry of the district, to a celebrated piper named Power, a native of the locality, we, some time ago, wrote to John R. O'Mahony, Esq., of Mullough, for information on the subject, and the following extract from his letter will probably satisfy our readers:—

"Glynn," says Mr. O'Mahony, "was more than a century ago the residence of a branch of the Powers, to which family it still belongs. One of them, Pierse Power, called *Mac an Bharuín* (the Baron's Son, for his father was the '*Barun*,' or Baron, of an annual fair held here), was celebrated as a poet and musician; and there is a tradition among his descendants, that he was the author of the popular air of "The Humours of Glynn.'"

---

O Patrick, my friend, have you heard the commotion,  
The clangour, the shouting, so lately gone forth?  
The troops have come over the blue-billowed ocean,  
And Thurot† commands in the camp of the North.

---

house. It is derived from *ple*, contention, and *raca*, an epithet by which a country public-house is known among the natives.

† Commander Thurot (whose real name it is said was O'Farrell) and

Phaeb ! bio do fearaib ! glac mean'mnao 'r bioz 'noir ?  
 Shíoraiz na reabair-rí do t-aice cum ríóir,  
 beiréad puicíóeodá réirde le cloíóeaim a m-beiréadobar aih,  
 'S macam a n-éirfeacht faoi bhíataib ár leóghain.

Eiríois a shaoobail-bhoict 'tá cpháirte 'ge méirliis,  
 Glacais búir o-tréan-aihm shairge 'n-búir n-oóio,  
 bioó *Hurrah* go rúgac ! anoir o tá 'n phríonnra  
 'S a sháirdaige go súbaltao as tarraint 'n búir sh-cóir ?  
*Hurroo* shan doómao ! bioó deoc ar an m-bóirio shab,  
 Suigíde go roómao le roilíbioir ceoil ?  
 Tá'n báirde as ár muinir, 'r an lá 'co ar an namáirde,  
 'S go bháit beiré ar raóirde as imirir 'r as ól.

Atá 'n Rúta\* ra láiríoir mair fíoir shac a mairítear,  
 An cphobairde ceann-áir 'r a buime shan bhóir ;  
 Seoirre go lán-las—'r *Cumberland* cpháirte,  
*Pitt* ann ra *Parliament* caíte aih a tóir !

Colonel Cavenac landed with 700 French troops near Carrickfergus in 1760, according to the old song—

"The twenty-first of February, as I've heard the people say,  
 Three French ships of war came and anchored in our bay ;  
 They hoisted English colours, and they landed in Kilroot,  
 And marched their men for Carrick, without further dispute."

They immediately took possession of the town, and remained in it for five days, after which they sailed away, having obtained the supplies of provisions and water, for which they had landed.

On the 28th the French vessels were attacked and captured, off the Isle of Man, by three English frigates, commanded by Captain Elliot. Thurot was killed in the action, after a most heroic but ineffectual de-



Up, up, to your post!—one of glory and danger—  
 Our legions must now neither falter nor fail:  
 We'll chase from the island the hosts of the stranger,  
 Led on by the conquering Prince of the Gael!

And you, my poor countrymen, trampled for ages,  
 Grasp each of you now his sharp sword in his hand!  
 The war that Prince Charlie so valiantly wages  
 Is one that will shatter the chains of our land.  
 Hurrah for our Leader! Hurrah for Prince Charlie!  
 Give praise to his efforts with music and song;  
 Our nobles will now, in the juice of the barley,  
 Carouse to his victories all the day long!

Rothe\* marshals his brave-hearted forces to waken  
 The soul of the nation to combat and dare,  
 While Georgy is feeble and Cumberland shaken,  
 And Parliament gnashes its teeth in despair.

---

fence against a vastly superior force. The contemporary ballad tells us that,—

"Before they got their colours struck, great slaughter was made,  
 And many a gallant Frenchman on Thurot's decks lay dead;  
 They came tumbling down the shrouds, upon his deck they lay,  
 While our brave Irish heroes cut their booms and yards away.  
 And as for Monsieur Thurot, as I've heard people say,  
 He was taken up by Elliot's men, and buried in Ramsay Bay."

This affair has been greatly misrepresented. Thurot merely landed to procure provisions, as his men were almost starved, having only one ounce of bread daily to live upon.—M'Skimmin's "*History of Carriekfergus*," "*Life of Thurot*," by T. C. Croker.

\* One of the Rothes of Kilkenny, then in the French service.

na *Heelans*\* oá o-tarraint faoi plairiob na o-trúpannaib  
 'S a b-píbiaoá faoa oá rpreaga cum ceoil,  
 Rainnce ar gac maol-énoc—le h-átar na rgléipe;  
 Ag cur fáilte roim Shéarlur a baile 'na c'róinn.

Ar é 'n ríg-máó oáirípe é—an plé-paca, 'r an t-aoib'neap,  
 An rgeal breága le h-innrínt faio mairíom gac ló;  
 Na cóbais go claoirte—gan fóit' rin, gan fionta,  
 Gan ceóltáó, gan faoite, gan bailte, gan lón!  
 Raobais gac Gallá-poc,—leagais 'r núrtais lao,  
 Cuiris ar talam búr n-aiépeac an cóir,  
 Tá Seoirre 'r a muintri go bpiónac lag claoirte,  
 'S c'róinn na o-trí ríogáoa ní éarfao go deo!

---

an bhain-treabhach 's an mhaighíon.†

---

Ar maighíon 'r ar bain-treabac do rinn Dia go h-ós oíom,  
 Ní binn liom an éiríoll-ri gabail tímcíoll mo nuatóair;  
 Ba bean-póroa ar mairíon mé, o'n eaglais comáctac,  
 'S ar bain-treabac m'ainim ar éaet do'n tráctóna.

---

\* *Heelans*, the Highlanders.

† We cannot trace the author, or rather the *authoress*, of this song. That it was composed during the campaign of King James in Ireland need not be questioned. According to the highest authority on that

The lads with the dirks from the hills of the Highlands  
Are marching with pibroch and shout to the field,  
And Charlie, Prince Charlie, the King of the Islands,  
Will force the usurping old German to yield !

O, this is the joy, this the revel in earnest,  
The story to tell to the ends of the earth,  
That our youths have uprisen, resolving with sternest  
Intention, to fight for the land of their birth.  
We will drive out the Stranger from green-valleyed Erin—  
King George and his crew shall be scarce in the land,  
And the Crown of Three Kingdoms shall he alone wear in  
The Islands—our Prince—the Man born to command !

---

### THE VIRGIN, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

---

A virgin...and widow...I mourn lone and lowly,  
This morn saw me wedded, in GOD's Temple holy,  
And noontide beholds me a lorn widow weeping,  
For my spouse in the dark tomb for ever lies sleeping.

---

episode in our history, it cost England nearly eighteen millions sterling to overcome the 1,200,000 Irish who took up arms in 1689. *Macariæ Excidium* edited for the *Irish Archæological Society*, by J. C. O'Callaghan.

Tá rmuít ar mo éiríde-rí ná rgaoilfeadh go h-éas de,  
 feadh beirí oíúct ar na gleannnta, ná ceó ar na rléibte;  
 Tá cóimradh dá rníomh óuit go caoin dear de'n éadól daire,  
 ír é mo lá bhríomh an éiríóill-rí\* dá inniúint gur éasdaí!

Ír dear do éiríde cloíódaí óuit ar marcaígeadh ar  
 éadól-eas,  
 nó as réir na h-ádhairce 'r do gádaí-binne air raotair;  
 Thógfaidh an ceó de m'íntinn 'r tú ar beinn-maol ar  
 t-rléibte,  
 Agus áiréócamas do uairn tú lá buailte Rígh Séamur!

Ír móir móir é m'eacla go b-fuil do muintir a b-fuarán  
 liom.  
 Mar nár liugor 'r nár rgeadhair nuair éonnapic an fuil  
 uair!

O'féad tú tar air oim a óian-ghrád la triuag óam,  
 Ado o'imrígeas an feall ar mo anghradh an uair úo!

Mo mallacht béairfainn o'áoin-bean na m-beirdeas beirte  
 fear dá h-iarraí,  
 ná déanfaidh a oíctíoll gan don aca maraí;  
 Mar ír áilleán fíri éailce ar éail mé mo éail leir,  
 'S fear bheágha-dear ná ghána ní gháirídeas do óiaígh-rí!

On my heart lies a cloud, and will lie there for ever.  
Hark ! hark to that death-knell that dooms us to sever.  
Oh ! well may my eyes pour forth tears as a fountain,  
While dew gems the valley or mist dims the mountain.

King James mourns a hero as brave as e'er breathed—  
O ! to see him, when mounted, with bright blade unsheathed,  
Or high on the hill-side, with bugle and beagles,  
Where his foot was a deer's and his eye was an eagle's.

I shrieked and I cried when his blood gushed like water,  
But treachery and baseness had doomed him to slaughter.  
He glanced at me fondly to comfort and cheer me ;  
Yet his friends love me not, and they never come near me.

Accurst be the maid who can smile on two lovers !  
Around me the shade of my lost husband hovers,  
And oh ! never more can I think of another,  
Or feel for a lover save as for a brother !

The first stanza of this poem bears a great resemblance to Gerald Griffin's beautiful verses "The Bridal of Malahide":—

"Ye saw him at morning,  
How gallant and gay !  
In bridal adorning,  
The star of the day:  
Now weep for the lover—  
His triumph is sped,  
His hope it is over !  
The chieftain is dead !

But, oh for the maiden  
Who mourns for that chief,  
With heart overladen  
And rending with grief !  
She sinks on the meadow  
In one morning's tide,  
A wife and a widow,  
A maid and a bride !"

# SIAINTE RÍGH SEARÍAS.

Eógan Ruaó Ua Súilleabáin, cct., A.D. 1783.

Fonn:—Seázan O'Duibhín an Shleanna.



Mo éar! mo éar! mo éar! mo éar!  
 An fáil tug claoiríte an earbá!  
 Fáilge, oiaoiúte, 'r ragaínt,  
 Dáim agur cléir!



## A HEALTH TO KING CHARLES.

BY EOGAN O'SULLIVAN (THE RED).

AIR :—" *John O'Dwyer of the Glyn.*

---

THIS Jacobite relic by *Eoghan Ruadh*, is adapted to the well-known air of *Seaghan O Duibhir an Ghleanna*, of which the original song, with a translation by the late Thomas Furlong, will be found at p. 86, vol. ii. of Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy."

Colonel John O'Dwyer, for whom the song was composed, was a distinguished officer who commanded in Waterford and Tipperary, in 1651, but after the capitulations, sailed from the former port with five hundred of his faithful followers for Spain.

The O'Dwyers were a branch of the Heremonians of Leinster, and possessed the present baronies of Kilnemanach, in Tipperary. From an early period they were remarkable for their courage, and after the expatriation of the old Irish nobility, several of the family distinguished themselves abroad in the Irish Brigade. In the last century General O'Dwyer was governor of Belgrade, and Admiral O'Dwyer displayed great bravery in the Russian service.

---

Source of lamentation !  
Bitter tribulation,  
That I see my nation  
Fallen down so low !

Ξαν θάιν θα μίον le h-αιτιορ,  
 Ξαν μάρτε ξρίνν θά ξ-cannaò ;  
 Ξαν ράμ-έρυιτ βίνν θά ρρρεαζαò ;  
 Α m-bán-βρογαιβ μέρò !  
 Ξαò μάιβ ο'φουλ mήιιρò ðeannaρ,  
 Λάιριρ, λαοòθα, έαρα ;  
 θα ξνάταò μαιnceαò, ματαò,  
 Λάν-οιλτε αιρ ραοβαρ !  
 Ξαν ρτάτ, Ξαν buíðean,\* Ξαν ρεapann,  
 Αι ιρ mίle meapaò  
 na Seáξan ua Duibhι an Zhleanna,  
 Α beít ράξταò Ξan Game !

Τρίαιτ Α μαιοιρ am leabaò,  
 Αξ cápaμ víτ† na ρeabaò ;  
 Tháiniò ρξuim Ξan ρξaρeαò,  
 Ο λάμαιβ *Morpheus* !  
 Ραοί'm θάιλ ξο ρίλτεαò, ρεapξaρ,  
 Τάμαò, τίμ, Ξan ταρe,  
 Ο'ράξ me αιρ víτ mo έapaíò  
 'Ξυρ ο'άρoαιξ mo neul !  
 Ξan ρπάρ Α τίξeαò το ðeapcap,  
 Ράmξεαò ξρίνν τpe m' αιρλίng,  
 Ξο h-άλuinn, ίοξaρ, αιβίξ,  
 Τάιτε le m' έaob.  
 'S Ξυρ βpeáξταò linn, Ξan blaopaρ,  
 Σξáιλ 'ρ aoίξιρ, Α leacan ;  
 ná'n mánlaò mίn‡ le'ρ cailleaξ  
 Ξáρoα na Tpaε !

\* Readings in other copies—μαοιν.

† έαξ.

‡ Helen.

See her sages hoary,  
Once the island's glory,  
Wandering without story  
Or solace, to and fro.  
Mileadh's\* offspring knightly,  
Powerful, active, sprightly,  
They who wielded lightly  
Weighty arms of steel,  
Left with no hopes higher,  
With griefs ever nigher,  
Worse woes than O'Dwyer  
Of the Glens could feel!

Last night sad and pining,  
As I lay reclining,  
Sleep at length came twining  
Bands around my soul;  
Then a maiden slender,  
Azure-eyed, and tender,  
Came, me dreamt, to render  
Lighter my deep dole.  
Fair she was, and smiling,  
Bright and woe-beguiling;  
Vision meet for wiling  
Grief, and bringing joy.  
None might e'er compare her  
With a maiden fairer—  
O! her charms were rarer  
Than the Maid's of Troy.

---

\* *Mileadh* pronounced *Meeli*, Milesius.



Like that damsel's olden  
Flowed her tresses golden,  
In rich braids enfolden,  
    To the very ground ;  
Thickly did they cluster  
In a dazzling muster,  
And in matchless lustre,  
    Curled around and round.  
The red berry's brightness,  
And the lily's whiteness,  
Comeliness and lightness,  
    Marked her face and shape.  
She had eye-brows narrow,  
Eyes that thrilled the marrow,  
And from whose sharp arrow  
    None could e'er escape.

Her white breasts were swelling,  
Like the swan's while dwelling  
Where the waves are welling  
    O'er the stormy sea ;  
And her fingers pat in  
Broidering upon satin  
Birds at early matin  
    Warbling on the tree,  
Fishes, beasts, and flowers,  
Fields, and camps, and towers,  
Gardens, lakes, and bowers,  
    Were so fine and white !

'S gur fáime linn gac aithe,  
 'S dáin gan fuigeall ná g-cannaó;  
 A páirtibh grínn le blaise  
 Ná fáim-éruit *Orpheus*!

Táim, ar rí, le réalao,  
 Fágta ar oí mo caraó;  
 Faoi táir ag oíodair Danaí,  
 O'áirdeis mo leun!  
 Gan cáin, gan éiric, gan éannar,  
 Gan áruir ní mar éleácar,  
 Gan táin, gan buiréan, gan fearian,  
 Ar-o-meas, ná méim!  
 Am éirín boct énaoite, éite,  
 Ag tál go fuigeac o'm ballaibh,  
 Ar ábal gac daoirte o'aicme,  
 Shátan, gíó' clao!  
 'S go bráic ní cuibe éuit labairt,  
 Páirt cum grínn do éabairt;  
 Le m'áirim o'fuig'leac airm,  
 Gáirde agur maor.

Dar páirán oib do measar,  
 Gur plár gac ní do labair;  
 Mar fáil ó'n n-ghníom' nar beartar,  
 Páirteac beic léi;  
 Gan rpar do'n míos' gur aiceas,  
 Fáic a tígeac do am aice,  
 A páir, a cmaoib, 'r a h-ainim,  
 Fannao a beas.



Wandering through the mazes  
Of her lyric phrases,  
I could chant her praises  
All the day and night !

“O ! thou land of bravery !”  
Cried she, “sunk in slavery,  
Through the tyrant knavery  
Of the stranger foe—  
Tribeless, landless, nameless,  
Wealthless, hostless, fameless  
Wander now thine aimless  
Children to and fro.  
Like a barren mother  
Nursing for another  
Cubs she fain would smother,  
So I feel to-day.  
Sadness breathes around me,  
Sorrow’s chains have bound me,  
They who should have crowned me  
Perish far away !”

Could I, think you, waver ?  
No !—these words I gave her—  
“O, thou fair enslaver,  
Thou hast won my heart  
Speak on, I entreat thee,  
I may never meet thee,  
Never more may greet thee,  
Speak, before we part !”

D'éir lán-tocht caoi gur aitéir  
 Ar na raoite\* ínamais;  
 An áitreab chíce Chairil,  
 Cháig cumairt léi.  
 'S tar páil go ríomrofaó aicme,  
 Dhána, díomraó, aibí,  
 A cráo 'ra díot-cuir Dána  
 Dána, ar a péim.

Am páirt-rí gurídeac gac reabac,  
 Atá gan chíoc le realao,  
 Faoi táir na daoire as fearam,  
 Sáir-toile Dé!  
 Gac tráit cum CRÍOSTO fuair peannao,  
 Páir 'r íobairt fearb!  
 Cráo le ríoc 'r gearraó  
 Cnám, asur géas!  
 An págnaó, Ríó gan ainim,†  
 Atá do ríor pá ríamal;  
 Gan rpar a tígeaó a n-ghraam,  
 Aitreab na n-íaoóal.

---

\*The total extirpation of the Irish natives was strongly advocated in the English political pamphlets of the seventeenth century. One of them, printed at London, in 1647, contains a tirade against the Irish too brutal for quotation, and concludes by invoking an imprecation on all who would not make their swords "starke drunk with Irish blood." Two years afterwards, Oliver Cromwell followed this advice so reli-

So she then related,  
How our land was hated,  
Cashel† devastated,  
And its chieftains slain.  
“But,” she said, “we are striving,  
Hosts are now arriving  
Who will soon be driving  
Tyrants o’er the main!”

O! Thou who inspirest  
Eire’s bards, and firest  
Heroes’ breasts in direst  
Woe through bitter years,  
Unto Thee each morning  
Who didst dree such scorning,  
Scoffing, scourging, thorning,  
I cry out with tears!  
Send him back, and quickly  
Who now, sad and sickly,  
Roams where sorrows thickly  
Press and crush him down!

---

giously, that his name among the Irish peasantry is still synonymous with murder, ruin, and desolation.

† *An faghnach Rígh gan ainim*. The exiled or wandering King without a name—Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

‡ In 1647, Cashel was sacked by the Earl of Inchiquin’s troops. For an account of the hideous massacre, see Rev. C. P. Meehan’s “Irish Franciscans” and “Hierarchy,” p. 360.

'S an t-áir-ríocht coimítead, meamhuill,  
 Atá na riuige 'nár m-bailte,  
 Le cáirna clóirdeamh do rḡairpead,  
 Ar clár leathan Néill.

Ḥo h-áirpead Chuinn ná o-taḡad,  
 Spáinnis\* ḡiorde le ceannar;  
 'S ḡárda laoirpead fearad,  
 Tán do luēt faodan.  
 Ní b-fuil rḡáir san riuigeacht 'ná caḡair;  
 Nár b'áir a o-teinte air laḡad,  
 Lán-cúro ríon ná rḡairpead,  
 'S ḡárdaḡar pléar,  
 Dáin aḡ buirdean na leabhar,  
 Ráir 'r "páinnce faod;"  
 Cláirpead ḡaoin ná rḡirpead,  
 Ḥáirḡa 'ḡur rḡléir!  
 Aḡ páilteúḡad an Ríḡ tar calaít,  
 'S ní ḡráḡḡar linn air ainim,  
 'S a ḡáirpe diúḡaḡ fearḡa,  
 Sláinte mo Rex!

---

\* "Les Irlandois" (says Boullaye Le Gouz) "ayment les Espagnols comme leur frères, les François comme leurs amis, les Italiens comme leurs allies, les Allemands comme leur parens, les Anglois et Ecossois sont leur ennemis irreconcilables."—*Voyages et Observations*, 447.

And disperse and scatter  
All who in these latter  
Times have striven to shatter  
Eire's rightful Crown !

O! the French and Spanish  
Soon our foes will banish ;  
Then at once will vanish  
All our grief and dread,  
City, town, and village  
Shall no more know pillage,  
Music, feasting, tillage,  
Shall abound instead ;  
Poetry, romances,  
Races, and " long dances,"  
Shouts, and songs, and glances  
From eyes bright with smiles !  
Our King's feasts shall Fame hymn,  
Though I may not name him,  
Victory will proclaim him  
Monarch of the Isles.

---

(The Irish love the Spaniards as brothers, the French as their friends, the Italians as their allies, the Germans as their kinsmen, but the English and Scotch they regard as their irreconcilable enemies.)

inghion an fhaoid o'n n-*gleann*.\*

Siúbail a cúro ! bíó ag *gluaisead*,  
 San ríít, san ríto, san fuairíó ;  
 Tá'n oíóce *gairio fainíó* ;  
 'S bíódam a maon ar *riúbail* ?  
 Theabhairí doibneap, bailte móra,  
 'S maóapc le m' éaoib ar éuantáó ;  
 'S a Chríórt nári ró-bheáí an uain í,  
 Ar an b-faoiteac fáda ó'n n-*gleann* !

Tá mé lán do naire  
 Tríé *gac beapc* dá n-*deámaó* ;  
 Marí ir buacáill mé bíó dána ;  
 'S o' iméig uaim mo *gheann* !  
 Ní beó mé mí 'ná páite,  
 Marí a b-faíaró mé póg 'r páilte,  
 'S ceao ríne ríor le o' báin-éneir,  
 A Inghion an fhaoid ó 'n n-*gleann* !

Ir íomóa cáilín *rpéiríamail*,  
 Do *gluaisead* liom na h-aonap ;  
 Mollaim féin a *tréigte*,  
 A *g-coillte* béal áit-úir,†

---

\* *Gleann* (Glyn), a small village situate on the banks of the Suir, midway between the towns of Carrick and Clonmel. An annual fair is held here on the twenty-eighth of May. The Suir runs direct through the village, dividing it into two—hence, the following proverb among the natives :—



---

WHITE'S DAUGHTER OF THE GLEN.

---

Come, let us trip away, love,  
We must no longer stay, love,  
Night soon will yield to day, love;  
We'll bid these haunts farewell.  
We'll quit the fields, and rather  
New life in cities gather;  
And I'll outwit your father,  
The tall White of the Dell!

I am filled with melancholy  
For all my bygone folly;  
A wild blade and a jolly  
I was, as most can tell;  
But woes now throng me thickly,  
I droop, all faint and sickly,  
I'll die or win her quickly,  
White's Daughter of the Dell!

There is many a Kate and Sally  
Who'd gladly stray and dally  
Along with me in valley,  
Or glade, or mossy cell—

---

*"Bioch a leath air an d-taobh air nos aonach an Ghleanna."*

*"Let it be fairly divided, like the fair of Glyn."*

† A large tract of land east or south-east of Carrick, lying near an opening in the hills immediately over the Suir, and not far from the demesne of Tinahalla.

Dá m-beiróimí agá céile,  
 'S ag ól a n-Duirlar fhéile,\*  
 Mo lám fadai ceann mo céav-rearc,  
 Do cuirfínn í cum ruain!  
 A cáilín barrmaí, rpéireamail,  
 'Na o-tug mé rearc mo cléib' uuit;  
 I r é 'n ghráó do tug mé 'maoir uuit,  
 Chuir an raoḡav-ra tpe m' com!  
 Ní beó ar muir ná ar féar me,  
 'S taorḡaim fuil mo cléib' 'mac;  
 I r é mo b'íón ḡan mé i r mo céav-rearc,  
 Fadai dúilleabair ḡlar na ḡ-cuann!  
 Dá m-beiróinn-rí lá breáḡ ḡréine,  
 Am fuidé ar beinn an t-rléibhe;  
 An lon-dub† 'r an céirreac,  
 Ag reinnim ór mo ceann;  
 Ba dear do ḡḡrúbfínn béairra,  
 'S b'íongnaó leó mar léiḡrín,  
 A n-ḡráó beir rínte taob' leat,  
 A lḡíón an fhaoit ó'n n-ḡleann!

\* *Thurles*, in the county of Tipperary.

† *Lon-dubh*. The Blackbird. This bird was a great favourite with our Gaelic Poets. There is a poem attributed to *Oisín* on the Blackbird of *Doire an Chairn* (Derry Carn), in the County of Meath. The following are the two first stanzas:—

Binn sin, a loin Dhoire an Chairn!  
 Ní chualas an ard san m-bith,  
 Ceol ba bhinne na do cheol  
 Agus tu fa bhun do nid.

Aen cheol is binne fa'n m-bith,  
 Maig nach eisdir ris go foil!  
 A mbic Alphruinn na g-clog m-binn,  
 'S go m-beartha aris air do noin.

O! were we in Thurles together,  
 And each had quaffed a methers,†  
 We'd sleep as on soft heather,  
 My sweet One of the Dell!

You bright, you blooming Fair, you!  
 'Tis next my heart I wear you!  
 The wondrous love I bear you  
 Has bound me like a spell!  
 Oh! both by land and ocean  
 My soul is all commotion,  
 Yours is my deep devotion,  
 Dear Damsel of the Dell!

Oh! were I seated near her,  
 Where summer woods might cheer her,  
 While clearer still, and clearer,  
 The blackbird's notes would swell,  
 I'd sing her praise and glory,  
 And tell some fairy story  
 Of olden ages hoary,  
 To White's Rose of the Dell!

---

† Methers, in Irish *Meadar*, a drinking-vessel used by the ancient Irish.

---

Melodious are thy lays, O, Blackbird of Derrycarn!  
 I have never heard in any quarter of the globe  
 Music sweeter than thine  
 While perched beneath thy nest.

Music more melodious is not in the world,  
 Alas! had you but listened to it a while  
*O son of Alphruin of the deep-toned bells,*  
 You could again your prayers resume.

See Oisín's poems, where he contends with St. Patrick, about the strident voices of his choristers, with which he contrasts the tuneful warbling of the Derrycarn blackbird.

## Domhnall na Greine.

Fonn :—Domhnall na Greine.

*Lively.*

Comaoin 'r *Frolic*—éirí Ardtúr de Bhailir  
 Ar Dhomhnall na Greine!  
 Má éualaó rib a tréigíte!

So g-caitpeac ré peactmain ag ól a o-tig leannaó,  
 'S ná tuitpeac néal air,  
 b'anain' oit céille air!

## DOMHNALL NA GREINE.

OF Donall na Greine. the hero of this song, little is known. We find the following allusion to him in a Jacobite ballad by the Rev. Patrick O'Brien, which appears at p.310. of this volume.

“Beidh hata maith beabhair,  
Air *Dhomhnall na Greine*.  
Da chathadh is na spmhartha le mér-chroidhe.”

*Domhnall na Greine*,  
Shall have a fine beaver,  
Which will toss to the skies with delight.

Our own opinion is, that *Domhnall* was a fellow who loitered his time idly basking in the sun, as his cognomen *na Greine* (of the sun) would indicate, and consequently became a fitting subject for the poets to display their wit upon.

On this air the Scotch have founded their “Bucky Highlander,” which was by some wag burlesqued in an Anglo-Irish rhyme beginning thus :—

Potaties and butter would make a good supper  
For Bucky Highlander,  
For Bucky Highlander.

Of Arthur Wallace we know little ; but we have seen some records of a family of that name living in Cork about a century ago—patrons of poets and poetry—and it is probable that “Arthur” was a distinguished member of this family.

Wild Domnhall na Greine !—his frolics would please ye,  
Yet Wallace, confound him,  
Came trickishly round him !  
He'd sit, without winking, in alehouses drinking  
For days without number,  
Nor care about slumber !

Ὁ μαρπας ρέ σεαῖταρ—ní ὀεανϑὰς ρέ καραοιο,  
 β'αναμ ζαν γλέαρ έ,  
 Οομναλλ na Ξρίνε !

Τροδαίε, βουαίε—οά β-φυλ ραν β-παίριον έ,  
 “Cuirle na Féile”  
 An Spalpaίε Τρίετας !

Ὁ λέξιρεας ρέ καλλεας αρ μύκαο 'ρ αρ έαραςο,  
 Sin curo οά βέαρα,  
 Ξο n-οέαναο ρέ πρίοτεας !

Ὁά m-βογαο 'ρ οά μεαλλα ό οιοέε Ξο μαίριον.  
 Le βλαοαρ 'ρ βρέαζα,  
 Εαέτρια 'ρ ρζéalτα !

β'άρο α λέιμ-πατα—'ρ βα έριυαίο α βuille βατα,  
 Αζ τεαέτ αιμριμ ρέαομα,  
 Ὁ έποιορεας ρέ έέαοτα.

βα ραμáιλ mo ξεαίρταο le λύγαίο λάμ-φαοα,  
 Le Αλυρτρom έαέτας,  
 No *Hercules* Ξιέαζας.

ní τριέινε έ αρ ταλαμ 'νά αρ τυιnn μαρια,  
 Ὁ ρνάμτας αν ειρινε  
 Αν ρτοιριμ no 'n ρέριε.

nil αον νεας οά μαίριον náρ ράμιαίο α Ξ-clearaο,  
 β'φυριμ οο ὀεαναμ,  
 βhί ρέ πió τριέετας.

---

\* *Spalpeen* (*rectius*, spailpin), a person following the spade—a spade officer.



O! jovial and funny—a spender of money—

A prince at his Table,

Was Domhnall the Able!

The Soul of Good-breeding, in fashions his leading

Was copied and stuck to

By tradesman and buck too!

Old crones, of diseases, of coughings, and sneezes,

He'd cure without catsup,

And quarrels he'd patch up.

With flattery and coaxing, with humbug and hoaxing,

And song-singing daily,

He'd pass the time gaily.

O! he was the spalpeen\* to flourish an alpeen!†

He'd whack half a hundred,

And nobody wondered!

He'd have taught a right new way to Long-handed Lughaidh.

Or Great Alexander,

That famous Commander.

On water and land he was equally handy,

He'd swim without fear in

A storm o'er Lough Eirin!

Not a man born of woman could beat him at *Coman*‡

Or at leaping could peer him,

Or even come near him!

---

† *Alpeen* (*rectius*, *ailpin*), a wattle. Used at country fairs in faction fights.

‡ Hurling.

Níl ceáirí ná ealaóan náir íáiríó gán uócar,  
     'S níor cuineasó breás,  
     Ar Dhóinnall na Gréine.  
 Ba táilíúir, ba goba é, b'fear gléara potairé é,  
     'S o'fígreas ré éasac,  
     Cotún 'r *Cambrick* !

Gréarairé ró molta é, puintéir breás leabar é,  
     Dhéanraó ré céasra,—  
     O'fuirreac na breanraó\*—  
 Gléiréir an feabar, ba óaoiré bí a g-Corcaró é,  
     Doimnall na Gréine,  
     Do feinneaó air téasraib !

Le h-aol 'r le cloca, do déanraó ré obair,  
     Dhoiceas ar an Eirne,  
     Nó táirna ar an o-tréan-muir!  
 Báó agur coite, do déanraó go cara,  
     Threabtaó an tréanmuir,  
     A nún cum na Tréige !

*Groom* agur marcaó é, naó fuair mair a leasraó,  
     Sheinneas ré ar píob,  
     'S ar gac róir mair.

Every artisan's tool he would handle so coolly—

From the plough to the thimble,

Bright Domhnall the Nimble!

A blacksmith and tailor, a tinker and nailer,

A weaver of cambrick,

Was also the same brick!

He made stout shoes for winter—he shone as a printer,

He'd shape a wheelbarrow,

A plough and a harrow!

His genius for glazing was really amazing,

And how in Cork city

He'd harp to each ditty!

In a week's time, or shorter, with stones and with mortar,

He'd rear a high stronghold,

And bridge that would long hold.

With wood from the valley he'd build a gay galley,

To cleave the deep waters

To Greece of the Slaughters!

He reigned a musician without competition,

And coursed like a jockey,

O'er ground the most rocky.

Bóro agus leathair do dhéanfaí go tapaid,  
 'S dhéanfaí ré bhríde,  
 Do éirícean na caoraí.

D'ólfaí deoí leanna 'r é féin dá ceannaí  
 'S ar blas na bhríde,  
 Chánaí go cíalmar.

Dhéanfaí ré *Pitcher* do fuisceáí san S-cirtin,  
 Choingmeósaí *Geneva*,  
 D'ólfaí na *Ladies*!

Le reabhar a cuirteáir meallfaí ré cuir aca,  
 Cailíní óga!  
 Singil 'r pórsa!

Dhéanfaí ré hata d'oirfeáí do 'n Earbog  
 'S Peimibis do 'n Iarlaí!  
 Sman agus Diallaí.

níl ceól náir rreagaí, a reompaí, no a h-alla,  
 Nác b-fuil air a méara,  
 'S cúmpaí ré béarra.  
 Ir líomta a teanga, a m-béarla nó a laoiounn,  
 Sgríbeáí ré Sairéilge  
*Dutch* agus Sreígir!

'Twas he that was able to make bed and table—  
And breeches to match you,  
Of sheepskin he'd patch you.

No churl and no grumbler, he'd toss off his tumbler,  
And chat with a croney,  
In speech sweet as honey.  
For the Fair and the Richer he'd shape a neat pitcher  
For gin or for sherry,  
To make the heart merry.

With married and single he'd oftentimes mingle,  
And many's the maiden  
He left sorrow-laden.  
A wig for a noble he'd make without trouble,  
Hat, saddle, and bridle—  
He couldn't be idle!

All airs, pure or garbled, that ever were warbled  
By harpers or singers,  
He had on his fingers!  
Greek, Erse, English, Latin, and these he was pat in,  
And what you might term an  
O'erwhelmer in German!

níl don bean a g-Corcaò nàc págraò a n-uochar!

San oipa aò rmeòe!

Do òiofraoír taob leir!

Le méad a mhuirò—Do fáraò pé an doían,

Sin aguib a tpeíte,

Domnall na Spéine!

Fonh:—Bean an Fhinn Ruad.





Long, long, they'll regret him, and never forget him,  
 The girls of Cork city,  
 And more is the pity!  
 What more? By his courage he topped all in our age—  
 To him, then, be glory!  
 And so ends my story.

---

### THE RED-HAIRED MAN'S WIFE.

THE following is the first stanza of *Bean an Fhir Ruadh* (The Red-Haired Man's Wife), which is quite common among the Munster peasantry :—

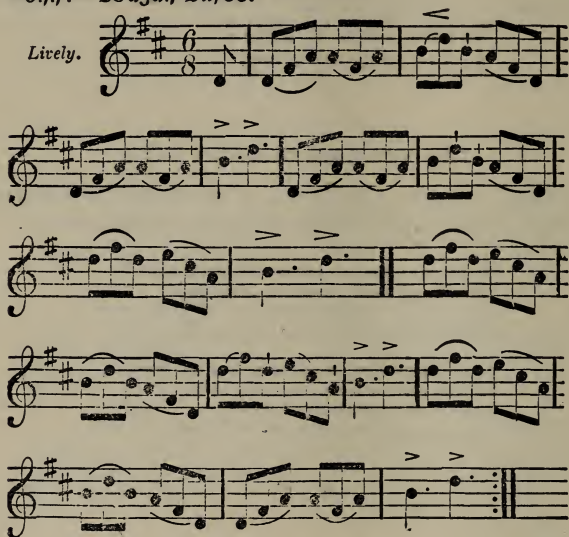
*Do thugas naoi mi a b-priosun ceangailte cruaidh,  
 Bulta air mo chom 's mile glas as sud suas!  
 Do thugasa sigh mar do thabharfach aladh cois cuain  
 D'fhonn a bheith sinte sios le Bean an Fhir Ruadh.*

I spent nine months in prison fettered and bound,  
 My body chained and secured with locks,  
 Bounded as the swan on the wave  
 In hopes to sit down beside the Red-haired man's wife.

## teacht na n-geana fiadhaine.\*

Seághan Ua Cuinneagáin, cct.

Fonh:—Seághan Buíde.

*Lively.*

Fanaíó go n-éiríom a ceatair ar éagao,  
 'S geallaim go péigfeao an t-Aro Ríog!  
 An ceangalra air ghaoróeilib, ag Danaraió élaonao,  
 A b-peapannaió Eibear na lán-rghíob:—

\*In Bunting's Irish Music will be found a beautiful air called "Geadhna Fiadhaine" (Wild Geese), with words by Dr. Drennan, the United Irishman.

## THE RETURN OF THE WILD GEESE.

BY JOHN O'CUNNINGHAM.

AIR :—" *Seaghan Buidhe*."

---

THE epithet *Seaghan Buidhe* (Yellow Jack) was applied to the followers of William III. We have no less than ten different songs to this air in our collection ; but the true *Seaghan Buidhe* is one in which the accomplishments of an individual with this cognomen are humorously described, and which we give on next page.

Of the author, *Seaghan O'Cuinneagain*, there is no memoir.

---

O, wait till I reach but the year Fifty-four,  
And I promise the High God shall free you !  
He shall shiver your Sassenagh chains evermore,  
And victor the nations shall see you !

Lappað na rpeapcað,  
 Le h-annpað an éirlið,  
 Do ðearcpa o bhéapa go Tríáig lí,  
 'S go calac-þort Eirne,  
 As gap'pað Sheapluir;  
 A tpeapcpa an tpeapa rin Sheágaín bhuiðe!

Cappað na h-éanlaic óa n-gaímceap "Géana,"\*  
 An aím go gléapa gan ppár puinn,  
 As cabair le Séapluir—an caicmle ir tpeine,  
 Óar fcapaim o ó'eaapap cnaíma fhinn!  
 Cpeacpaio 'r céappaio,  
 'S rgaiprio na bjean-toirc,  
 Leaaprio 'r paobpaio a n-gápaicge,  
 Leaapri na péirce,  
 Tá ceal'gað, cpaopað,  
 Gan paice, gan éapað, gan Seágan buiðe!

---

#### SEAGHAN BUIDHE.

Air maidin de domhnaig ag gabhail sios an bothar,  
 Go h-atuirseach, brnach, gan or puinn;  
 Casag orm oigbhean bhi suighte go corach,  
 'S i faire air an roguire *Seaghan Buidhe!*

---

\* The departure of the Irish Jacobites, in 1691, still spoken of by the people as "The Flight of the Wild Geese," marks one of the most mournful epochs in our sad history. It was indeed a memorable and mournful spectacle; women and children severed from their husbands, and all family ties rent asunder. The parting sails were pursued by moans and lamentations, that excited even the sympathies of the English

The thunder and lightning  
Of battle shall rage—  
"Twixt Tralee and Berehaven it shall be—  
And down by Lough Eirin  
Our Leader shall wage  
Fierce war to the death against *Seaghan Buidhe* !  
The " Wild Geese " shall return, and we'll welcome them  
home—  
So active, so armed, and so flighty  
A flock was ne'er known to this island to come  
Since the years of Prince *Fionn* the mighty—  
They will waste and destroy,  
Overturn and o'erthrow—  
They'll accomplish whate'er may in man be ;  
Just heaven ! they will bring  
Desolation and woe  
On the hosts of the tyrannous *Seaghan Buidhe* !

---

SHANE BWEE.

One Sunday morning as I rambled on the road,  
Sorrowful, gloomy, and penniless,  
I happened to meet a comely young maiden,  
A watching the thief known as *Seaghan Buidhe*.

---

and foreign troops, and still find a mournful echo in the memory of the Irish people. It is said that the weather was unusually gloomy, as if the sun itself had been unwilling to behold so sad a spectacle of fathers torn from their children—husbands from their wives, and, more touching still, of brave men torn from the bosom of their native land, to fill the world with the fame of their valour, and the glory of that nation

Ba thailiuir, ba ghobha e, ba phrinteir breagha leabhar e,  
 'S geallaim gan ambras gur breagha sgriobhach,  
 Dheanfach se fionta de bharraibh na g-craobh,  
 'S do shnamhfach an taoide go tion sios !

B'fhear e ar an maide, 'gus b-fhear e ar an m-bearnadh,  
 B'fhear e la chasda na suistighe,  
 B'fhear e la an earraig ag grafa na m-banta,  
 'Gus b-fhear e ar binse na giuistis.

Cuirfeadsa an roguire feasta dha fhoguir,  
 A g-Corcaidh, a n-Eochuill, 's a d-*Tralee*,  
 Ní leomhthadh aon oig-bhean gabhail thoruinn an bothar  
 Le h-eagla an roguire *Seaghan Buidhe* !

Le fearthaib an don-Mheic—o'fúlaimz peannair oáin  
 raorao,  
 So o-taíao mo bhuatíra le gíao, a g-cíic ;  
 Ain n-eaglaíra naomíca—so g-caíao a n-éinfeact,  
 A g-cealla na raorí-gíolaí ráin-bínn !  
 Oá maíunn oá éir rin  
 Act feactíman oe laetib,  
 S gan labairt ain claon-oligíte Sheágain bhuríe !  
 Le h-atal ba raorac,  
 Meain, acruinneac, éaoctiom,  
 Oo gílanfainn oo léim tap an m-bán laoi !

---

which they were never to revisit.—“Military Memoirs of the Irish Nation,” by M. O'Connor. Duffy and Sons, Dublin, 1845.



He is a smith and a tailor--a fine printer of books,  
And I have no doubt he can write well ;  
He can make wines from the blossom of trees,  
And can swim and dive in the ocean.

He is the best at the cudgel--the first in the gap,  
The first to thresh his corn :—  
The first in spring to till his land,  
And more skilled in the law than a judge !

Henceforth I'll proclaim this wandering rogue,  
In Cork, and in Youghal, and in Tralee,  
For none of our maidens dare travel the road,  
For fear of the sly rogue called *Seaghan Buidhe* !

---

And oh ! may the God who hath kept evermore  
This isle in His holy protection—  
Bring back to His temples His priests as before,  
And restore them to Eire's affection !  
To end ! may I sooner  
Be slaughtered in war,  
Or lie sunk in the waves of the Grand Lee,  
Than with spirit for Freedom,  
E'er cease to abhor  
The detestable statutes of *Seaghan Buidhe* !

## sebeal ní bhrían.\*

Doṁ buíde Mac Cuimín, ccc.

Δ Θέιρ ζαρτα ζλέισιολ—α βέιτ μαιρεαδ βέαραδ,  
 Δ έραοδ-ένεαροα έέιμ-λεαρ νο ματαιβ ριολ τάιλ;†  
 Δ αον-λαραιρ ρζέιμμε na n-αολ-βαν le έέιλε,  
 Δ βéal-τανα an οέιρ-ζιλ na λαβαρτα ράμ.

Ιρ τρέαν τεαδτ νο έρείτε le ρέιρδμ-μαίτ na ρέιλε,  
 'S τ-αολ-έροδ le οαονναδτ ιρ ταβαρταδ τάρζ,  
 Οο 'n ταιρτιολλαδ τρέιτ-λαζ—οο 'n αιμιρ ζαν έίριοδτ,  
 Οο 'n λαζαρ le h-αορταδτ ιρ tú a ζ-ααβαιρ 'r a ρζάτ.

Μαρ βάριρ αρ ζαδ léan-λοτ νο μεαριαδ μο έέαοραδ,  
 'S ο'ράζ οεalb ζαν έέίλλ mé am μεαταδ μαρ 'τάιμ,  
 Συρ έαίλλιοραδ λαοέραδ ba έαβαιρ οαμ έίσιον,  
 Ρεαρια έοιν έαδταδ Chairil 'r Chláin.‡

\* Daughter of Christopher O'Brien of Ennystimon, and wife of Sorley Mac Donnell.

† Tail. Cas, the son of Conall Eachluaith, on whom, after the death of Core, Criomhthan, monarch of Ireland, conferred the sovereignty of Munster, was surnamed *Dolabra Mac Tail*, from his foster-father, who was a smith, and the founder of the Dalcassians, whose posterity were called *Clan Tail*.—See "O'Flaherty's Ogyg." Part III. p. 310

## ISABEL NI BRIAN.

BY HUGH BUIDHE (THE YELLOW) MAC CURTIN.

---

O, swan of bright plumage ! O, maiden who bearest  
The stamp on thy brow of Dalcassia's high race,  
With mouth of rich pearl-teeth, and features the fairest,  
And speech of a sweetness for music to trace !

O ! how shall I praise thee, thou lovely, thou noble !  
Thou prop of the feeble, thou light of the blind !  
Thou solace and succour of wretches in trouble,  
As beauteous in body as bounteous in mind !

Alas ! these are woes from which nought can defend me,  
My bosom is loaded with sorrow and care,  
Since I lost the great men who were prompt to befriend  
me,  
The heroes, the princes of Cashel and Clare !

---

† Charles O'Brien, Fifth Lord Clare, who on Whitsunday, May 23rd, 1706, commanded a regiment of Irish infantry in the battle of Ramilies, fought between the Duke of Marlborough and Marshal de Villeroy. O'Brien was mortally wounded in that action, and his regiment captured two English colours, which were deposited in the chapel of the Irish Benedictine nuns at Ypres.

We subjoin the epitaph on Lord Clare's monument in the Church of

Do ceanglar le núad̃car, flait̃ ceannra do 'n cúad̃ne,  
 O Anntrium na n-guair-beart, 'r o Albain áru  
 Do 'n élainn un Cholla Uair m̃ur, ruair Teamair 'r  
 Tuat̃-Mhumain,  
 A n-ván rin 'r a n-dualg̃ar na n-aitead̃ ó 'r fáir.

Cread̃ ṽam̃ra ná luad̃fainn an lann-m̃aric̃ad̃ uaral,  
 An "crann-caith̃"\* cnuarãc̃, gan carãd̃ ar a láim̃;  
 Gan fann-beart, gan truaillead̃t, ad̃t ceannrãc̃t le  
 cuallãc̃t,  
 An planñra do fuãc̃ad̃ tre caire ṽfuil Táĩl.

the Holy Cross, Louvain (demolished in 1785), copied by de Burgo, the learned Dominican bishop of Ossory, who died 1771:—

D. O. M.

Hic jacet

Illmus . D.D. Carolus . O'Brien,

Ex . stirpe . Regum . Hiberniæ ;

Par . comes . de Clare . et Maigh-airty

etc. etc.

Campi . Marischallus .

Legionis . Hibernicæ . Colonellus,

Qui . plurimis . heroicis.

Pro . Deo . Rege . et . Patria

Peractis . facinoribus.

In . Prælio . Ramiliensi

xxiii . Maij . MDCCVI . vulneratus

Triduo . post . Bruxellis . obiit

Aetatis, suae xxxvi.

R.I.P.

Posuit . pia ejus conjux.

Ilma. Dom. Carola. Bulkeley.

\* *Crann caithis*, a May-pole.

But, glory and honour to thee!—thou hast wedded  
A chieftain from Antrim, of chivalrous worth,  
Of the great *Colla-Uais* the Swift—they who headed  
So proudly the conquering tribes of the North!

To that bold cavalier hast thou plighted thy duty,  
And *he* is a hero whom none can surpass—  
*His* valour alone was the meed of thy beauty,  
Thou Rose of the Garden of golden Dal Cas!



## An páisdeín fionn.

Séamus mic Conraoín, cct.

Fonn:—An páisdeín fionn.



Atá rgeál beag agam le h-áirimh oib,  
 Air réaltan maireac do éiríó mo éiríóe,  
 Le h-éigion tairnim 'r ghráó óá ghaoi,  
 A n-geibionn galairi gur fás me!



## THE FAIR-HAIRED CHILD.

BY JAMES CONSIDINE.

JAMES CONSIDINE, of *Ath na g-Caorach* (Sheepford) in the county of Clare, author of this beautiful song, flourished about the close of the last century.

A lady from the south (a Tipperary girl) kindly gave us the following fragment of a much older version, which is generally sung by the peasantry about Cahir, Clogheen, and Clonmel, and of which we give a literal translation at the close of this song:—

A g-Cluain geal Meala ta 'n Paisdin Fionn,  
 A bh-fuil a croidhe 's a h-aigne ag gaire liom ;  
 A da pluc dhearg mar bhlath na g-crann,  
 Is truagh gan i 'dir mo dha lamha 'gam.  
     Is tusa mo mhaon-sa, mo mhaon-sa mo mhaon-sa,  
     Is tusa mo mhaon-sa, 's mo ghradh geal,  
     Is tusa mo mhaon, 's carra mo chroidhe,  
     Is truagh gan tu 'dir mo dha lamha gam

Da m-beidhin-si seachtmhuin an ait a m-beidheadh greann,  
 No dir dha bharinille lan de leann ;  
 Gan aon am aice acht mo Phaisdin Fionn,  
 Go deimhin duit d'olfain a slainte.  
     Is tusa, &c.

Da m-beith sud agamsa airgid 's oir,  
 Ba boga geala 's caoire ar moin,  
 An charraig ud Chaisil na piosaidhe oir,  
 Do mhalairt ni iarfuin mar cheile.  
     Is tusa, &c.

The air must be played with spirit, and the chorus sung after each stanza.

A maiden there is whose charming art  
 Has fettered and bound my love-sick heart ;  
 From thence her image will never depart.  
     But haunts it daily and nightly.

1r péarlad, baéallad, tá gac olaoi,  
 'Na craob-folt cratac, go páingioe rior,  
 Sné na h-ala a rnam ar ling,  
 'Na h-éadan seanamail, náireac!

1r caol a mala ar bláit-vearic rin,  
 Chuir raogao go raingion am lár go tinn;  
 Na caora a rbairinn le rgal an aoil,  
 Go tréan na leacain glain mánlaó.  
 A béal 1r tanna 'r ar áilne gnaoi,  
 A véio-mion cáilce gan cáim a mnaoi,  
 1r léir gur binne ná cláirioe éadon,  
 Gac béarra éanan an báin-éneir.

Venus, banaltia bláit, na gnaoi,  
 'S Helen gheanta eug ár na Traoi;  
 Déiríoe\* mairéac me 'i rágbaó Naoir  
 Go raon a n-Eamhainn, 'r a bráitíe!  
 A rgeim, 'r a b-pearrainn, ní táire óioe,  
 An béit-ri éanaim eug báiri o mnaoib,  
 'S ar baot an veaímao bláitíoe ginn  
 Thu g eaz oo Chumai mic Dáire!

Tá gléire an t-réacra gac tráit 'na píob,  
 'S sné na mama-vear bláitíari éruinn;  
 Dgeim a reanga-éuirp áluinn éaoil,  
 'S an t-aol a taitíom na bár-éioib.

---

\* *Deirdre*. For the fate of Deirdre, Naoise, and his brethren, at Eamhain (Emania), see transactions of the Gaelic Society, Dub. 1808.

How glitters and curls each lock of her hair,  
All golden over her bosom fair !

As the swan on the wave, so it on the air  
Floats hither and thitherward brightly.

From her piercing eye, so blue and bright,  
Shoot arrows on arrows of Love's own light,  
And the red rose vies with the lily's white

In her brilliant queenly features ;  
No pearls can rival her dazzling teeth,  
Her lips are like coral above and beneath ;  
And never was harp on a wild wood heath,  
Like the voice of this fairest of creatures !

Not she, that dame who was Eire's pride,  
Not Helen of Troy, famed far and wide,  
Not Deirdre, who when King Naoisi died,

No more in Emania would tarry,  
Could vie in features, figure, or air,  
With this young damsel of beauty rare,  
Not even the maiden, Blanaid fair,  
Who slew brave Curigh Mac Daire.\*

Her heaving bosom and beauteous neck  
Are white as the snow, and as pure from speck,  
Her arms are meet for gems to deck,  
And her waist is fine and slender ;

---

\* Curai Mac Daire's tragic fate is related in Keating's *Ireland*, Halliday's edition, p. 405, Dub. 1811.

ní 'l éirg le h-amarc go bráic ar lín,  
 ná éanlaic fearaí ar bárr na g-craoibh,  
 ní 'l gné ná raíuile le fágaíl air tír,  
 nac léirí oí tarraunt ar bán-braic.

Do léiginn reanóir cláir na n-íaoirdeál,  
 'S méim na breatan do éiríodas mo éiríde!  
 Léigim na pralm ba gnáic go binn,  
 As cléire as cantuim a o-tráta.  
 Ar téada rreagaimn gáibteac Reel,  
 Do leiginn galaraibh rláinte croidhe,  
 Ar éadob na raicce níorí cláic mo gníomh,  
 As véanam airte ná tráctaim!

Féad-ra a éaraí oia b'féarí oúit rinn,  
 Gan rpre, gan fearian mar táim, gan buíom,  
 Ná créice fearibh beirdeac lán do púimp,  
 Do beirfac aicir 'r cáin oúit!  
 Tá méirín rin tarraing am óáil, gan ríic,  
 'S véim mo éabairí ó 'n m-bár ro am élaíde,  
 'S an té do éannais le gíara rinn,  
 Beirfac caitíom 'r fágaíl oúinn.

---

In gay Clonmel dwells the fair-haired child,  
 Whose heart and soul at me have smiled;  
 Her two rosy cheeks like the red apple shine,  
 My grief, she is not in my arms!  
 You are my fond one—my fond one—my fond one,  
 You are my fond one and *gradh croidhe*!  
 You are my fond one—my heart's only treasure  
 My grief you are not in my arms!

And there never was seen, by sea or land,  
Beast, bird, or fish, but her delicate hand  
Could broider it forth on silk so grand,  
And glowing, yet soft and tender!

I have pondered, with tears, the rueful tale  
Of the Saxon's conquest over the Gael;  
I have heard the chant, the melodious wail  
Of the priest in his matin duty:  
I have played my land's harp o'er and o'er,  
And was pierced with grief to my bosom's core  
But nothing could touch or move me more  
Than the charms of this young beauty!

O! come then unto me, darling dove!  
I am sure I can make you a better love,  
Than a pompous, purse-proud fellow would prove,  
Though I neither have lands nor treasure.  
O! come to my arms, my Fond, my True!  
'Tis a step, I vow, you never will rue,  
For He who died for both me and you  
Will give to us bliss without measure.

---

Were I for a week where mirth prevails,  
Or 'twixt two barrels of foaming ale,  
No one beside me but my *paisdin* fair!  
Her health I would quaff in a bumper.  
You are my fond one, &c.

If I had plenty of silver and gold,  
Herds, and cattle, and lands to boot  
That huge Rock of Cashel in bits of gold,  
No other I'd take but you, love!  
You are my fond one, &c.

## reirh-chnoc mna sighe.

Seoirre Robart,\* cct.

Ir fada mé ag ghlaiseaict ar éuairis mo ghrá,  
 Ar furo coillte dúba uaigneac am muagad le fán;  
 A ramuil ní b-fuarar—gíó gur éuaruigeas a lán,  
 O ghlaise na Tuata go bpuac geal na Máig.

Do reólaó me 'n uaignior énoic uairle mná ríge,  
 Do caraó oim rtuairie na rguab-folt na ruiqe;  
 Ba éar, plaoiteac, uualaó, a cuaóa lé ríor,  
 Ar gac taob dá guaille dá luargad ag an n-gaoit.

Do caraó mo ghráó oim, 'r ba nári liom gan ruiqe;  
 Do éuieas mo lám ar a brágaro 'r ar a cíó;  
 Ir é 'dúbarit rí liom, "fás me? ní h-áóbar dúit rínn,  
 Mar ir bean dúbac do 'n áit me do éárlaio ran  
 m-bhuigín!"

---

\* We cannot trace the history of George Roberts, to whom the authorship of this beautiful fairy song is attributed.

Not belonging to that peculiar race of beings—the "good people," we cannot, dare not, say anything about their movements, for such as



## THE DARK FAIRY RATH.

BY GEORGE ROBERTS.

Long, long have I wandered in search of my love,  
O'er moorland and mountain, through greenwood and grove.  
From the banks of the Maig unto Finglas's flood  
I have ne'er seen the peer of this Child of the Wood.

One bright Summer evening alone on my path,  
My steps led me on to the Dark Fairy Rath;  
And, seated anear it, my Fair One I found,  
With her long golden locks trailing down on the ground.

When I met her, though bashfulness held me in check,  
I put my arm gently around her white neck;  
But she said, "Touch me not, and approach me not near;  
I belong to this Rath, and the Fairy Host here."

---

meddle in their affairs are said to seldom escape unscathed. Any of our readers, anxious about their "doings," may consult Crofton Croker, historian to the Munster fairies, and only illustrator of Irish fairy mythology before the public.



“ Ah !” I spake, “ you are burdened with sorrow and  
care ;

But whence do you come ? From Clār Luirc or else-  
where ?

Are you Blanaid the blooming, the queenly, yet coy,  
Or the dame brought by Paris aforetime to Troy ?”

“ I’m neither,’ she said, “ but a meek Irish maid,  
Who years ago dwelt in yon green-hillocked glade,  
And shone all alone, like a lamp in a dome.  
Come ! take off your arms ! I’ll be late for my home !”

“ O, Pearl of my soul, I feel sad and forlorn  
To see your bright cheeks fairy-stricken and worn.  
From your kindred and friends far away were you borne  
To the Hill of Cnoc-Greine,\* to languish and mourn !”

And I said to myself, as I thought on her charms,  
“ O, how fondly I’d lock this young lass in my arms !  
How I’d love her deep eyes, full of radiance and mirth,  
Like new-risen stars that shine down upon earth !”

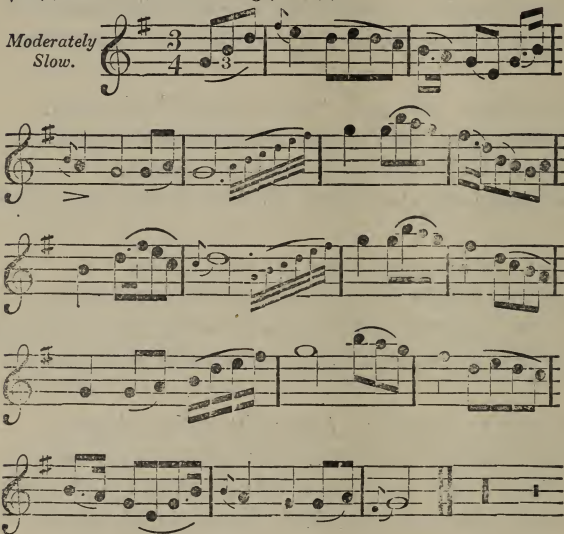
Then I twined round her waist my two arms as a zone,  
And I fondly embraced her to make her my own ;  
But, when I glanced up, behold ! nought could I see.  
She had fled from my sight as the bird from the tree !

---

\* *Anglicised Knockgreney, i. e., The Hill of the Sun.*

# bean dubh an ghleanna.

Fonn:—Bean Dubh an Ghleanna.



Atá bó 'gam ar an rliab,

'S táim le réal na diais,

O caillear mo ciall le núadcar!

Da reola roim 'r rian,

Ann gac áit dá n-gabaó an grian,

Go d-tionnturóeann a mair am éiréóna!

## THE DARK MAIDEN OF THE VALLEY.

---

WE cannot ascertain the authorship of this air, but the words which accompany it are attributed to *Emonn an Chnoic* (Ned of the Hills), who flourished about the year 1739, and of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

The allusion to "Georgey" in the third stanza, meaning the second monarch of that name, shows it to have been composed early in the eighteenth century.

There is much simplicity in the style and composition of this song; perhaps more than in any other in our volume; from which we may infer that it is the production of a peasant of the humbler class of society.

The air must be played in slow time, and rather mournfully.

---

On the hill I have a cow,  
And have herded it till now,  
Since a fair maiden stole my reason.  
I led her to and fro,  
Wheresoever the winds blow,  
Till the sun shines at noontide in season.

Nuairi féadaim féin ann rúo,  
 Ann gac áit a m-bíod' mo rún  
 Ruithean óm' fúl rruic deóma!  
 A Rí g'óil na g-cómaét!  
 Go b-fóirir ar mo cúir,  
 Marir bean Dub ón n-Gleann do bheodáig me!

bean Dub an Ghleanna!  
 An bhean Dub do b'feanna!  
 bean Dub ba deire gáire  
 Na b-fúl a ghuao mar an ala,  
 S a pib mar an rneaéta!  
 'S a com reang, ungil, álunn,  
 ní 'l ogánae cailce,  
 O bhaile Aeta Cliaé go Gaillim;  
 Ná ar rúo go Tuaim Uí Mheáma!  
 Naé b-fúl ag tpiall 'r ag tappung,  
 Ar eadaié donna deara  
 Ag tnuic leir an m-bean Dub álunn!

Gheabainn-re bean ran Múmain,  
 Tpiur ban a laigeann,  
 Agus bean o rí g'geal Seoirre,  
 bean na lúbaé bué  
 O'fáirgioc mé le na cpioré  
 bean agus oá mile bó lé,



I glance above afar,  
Where my true-love shines a star—  
My spirit sinks, hardly to rally.  
O, mighty King and Lord,  
Thy help to me accord,  
To win the Dark Maiden of the valley!

Dark Maiden, first and best,  
Who hast robbed me of my rest,  
O, maiden, most beautiful and tender;  
With swan-like neck so bright,  
With bosom snowy-white,  
With waist so delicate and slender,—  
Not a youth from Dublin town  
Unto Galway of renown,  
Or thence to Toomevara, but is laden  
On steeds bounding free,  
With love-gifts to thee,  
My loveliest, my Dark own Maiden!

In Momonia\* I could find  
Many damsels to my mind,  
And in Leinster—nay, England, a many,  
One from Georgey, without art,  
Who would clasp me to her heart,  
And a beauty is the lass among many

---

\* Munster.

Iníon óg an lapaó  
 Ata go teinn dubaó diaómaó,  
 Ag iarraió mire o'fágaíl le póraó!  
 'S oá b-faóainnre féin mo jóga!  
 De miná deara an domáin  
 Ar i an bhean Dub ó 'n n-íleann do b'fearr  
 liom.

An té cíóreaó mo teaó,  
 'S gan do óion air aó fearg,  
 Na íuge 'muó coir taoib an bótaí!  
 Nuair éiríóeann an beaó,  
 Agus óéingíon a neaó,  
 Le grian 'í le tear an t-íarraíó!  
 Nuair éiríóeann ruar an t-ílat  
 Ní fanan uirte don ínear,  
 Aó ag tnút leir an an m-braínnre ír óige,  
 Mo óailín plúmaó, deaí,  
 O'éalaíó uaim le ríreap,  
 Mo óús céaó ílán go deó lé!

The daughter of the Earl,  
Who walks in silk and pearl,  
    Would fain have me netted in her thrall yet  
But could I have my choice,  
How much would I rejoice  
    To wed thee, my Dark Maiden, of all yet !

My hut may stand unseen,  
But 'tis thatched with rushes green,  
    And around it the bee is a hummer,  
And it shines day by day,  
In the glory and the ray  
    Of the Eire-loving sunlight of Summer.  
But when maidens grow old,  
They are viewed with glances cold,  
    And we chuse, then, the gay and youthful-  
        hearted.  
Thou hast left me, blooming flower,  
In a dark and evil hour,  
    But I mourn thee as one who has departed.

## inghion uí thearailt.

Domhnall na Buile, cct.\*

Atá lile gan ríamal o'fuil Shearailt na rár-feap,  
 I ríoinneanra a tearoar as fáiríob iuil,  
 Ní faicim a ramuil as tairíol na ríáire,  
 A n-inniolltaót pearran—a g-cáil 'r a g-clóó,  
 Spáó na rún í an múirínín marzalaó,  
 Bláó na n-úball í a o-túir an t-ramíraó  
 Lúibín laóanta—ala an cúirp báin,  
 An fínne-bean fára-óiríob áluinn óg!

I ríogullaó, muiríaraó, uilleannaó, ómbíraó,  
 Coóallaó, cluáirí, as fáir go feóir,  
 A carín-fólt cparínníraó, ríonna-géal, fáinníraó,  
 Cnotaó as tuírim go bárrí a bhrós:—  
 Go tríníraó, táclaó, cláirí-tíub, tairíomíraó,  
 Cíoríra, cárríra, cáblaó, camarríraó,  
 Bíraó, barríra-bos, baóallaó, bláirí,  
 Ólaíraó óríollaó, 'r a ríáil marí ór.

\* Of *Domhnall na Buile* (i. e. Domhnall the mad or crazy) the reputed author of this ballad, we have nothing to say, except that his claim to the authorship is disputed, some asserting it to be the joint production

## THE GERALDINE'S DAUGHTER.

BY DOMHNALL NA BUILE.

---

There's a beauteous lily, a blooming flower,  
A damsel of the Geraldine's race—  
I know not her peer in city or bower,  
For comely figure or lovely face ;  
The love of my soul, my life and my light she is !  
Sweet as the apple-tree blossom, and bright she is,  
A dazzling, a white-breasted, white-plumaged swan,  
Is she, this wonder of radiance and grace !

Her tresses fall down in many a cluster,  
Braided, yet free, on the emerald ground,  
Shining with glorious and golden lustre,  
And bright green ribbons flowing all round,  
They beam on the sight serenely and shiningly—  
O ! I have gazed on them fondly and piningly !  
Gracefully plaited and braided they are,  
Yet in luxuriance flowing unbound !

---

*of Seaghan Clarach Mhic Domhnaill, and Uilliam Dall O'Hearnain celebrated poets, who, it is said, composed each half stanza alternately.*

Bíon Cupid na h-actaó go geanaíuúil, gráómar,  
 Ír fírréan an leanb ó'fuis Paris vóib;  
 Ír follur na leacain as cairmire go rána,  
 Lonnpaó an t-rneaáta le ríáil an móir.  
 Rín-porí méiró-ílar, péarílaó geamíaraó,  
 Bpaóite caolaó ari éadan leanabaó,  
 Cpuinn-óic cópa ír geanamnaíge ínáit,  
 'S íle an cúim-áilce í náí lámuígeaó fíor.

Ír binne íut gearr-íuib, balram-buíg, mánlaó,  
 An leinb-r éanann le íuú-íut ceól;  
 As íeinnim-círt íall-íorít éeapavíor ráime,  
 An íuíreann vo éeagavíge an éláííreac vóib;  
 Íaoileann máoríra, béaraó, banamíúil,  
 Naoríeanra, éríígeaó, éeapícaó, ííreannamíar,  
 Mílír-bean upíamíraó, míoáar, ían éám,  
 'S v'íeapíraíb a cúmáinn tá táin ían íreoir!

Ír muiíraí vo 'n aingíar a h-áarí go íáit-ílic,  
 Doineanra, vpaíanta, a m-beapínníin íleó,  
 'S ar tuille rá maár ceangal le íeáíían íeal,  
 Cupaó náí b'ainvír a v-táíííne an óil:—  
 A máíarí úíí-ééíb, éuín-éaom, éapíanníraó,  
 Thus íííííam Conntae, 'r íéííííae íavíonra,  
 Chúííííínn, 'r marííra calma, cáííí,  
 Chum íeapíam a í-comííra, 'r a n-íáíííra ílíoí.



Love glows and sparkles from all her features,  
And all the graces that Love bestows—  
You see in the face of this first of creatures  
The brightness of snow, the bloom of the rose ;  
Her blue eyes shine ever tender and tenderer,  
And her fair eye-brows ever seem slenderer,  
And pure is the bosom, and pure is the heart  
Of this fairest flower of any that blows.

The songs of her fallen land she singeth  
Sweetly and softly, with tone and fire—  
Each glorious air and melody ringeth  
Forth all silvery from her lyre.  
A maiden she is of rich hospitality,  
Noble, and gifted with every high quality,  
Innocent, good, but so lovely withal,  
That her beauty has wrought desolation most dire !

She hath a pride in the fame of her father—  
A hero fierce on the battle-plain—  
And her lover, who never was slow to gather  
Bright wreaths amid the festival train,  
And her mother, the bold, the learned, the meek-minded,  
Shield and support of the feeble and weak-minded ;  
One, who if battle threatened the land,  
Would stand unmoved 'mid its reddest rain.

Dá o-taḡaḡ fear forrurḡa, fonnḡar, fáit-ḡlic,  
 Cumaraḡ, nearḡmaḡ, faoi lán an t-feoil;  
 Fionn-ḡlaid fonnur do ḡlacaḡ le ḡráḡ í,  
 A n-olḡge na h-eaḡuilḡ an báin-ḡneir, moḡamuil:—  
 Lucy ḡléigiol féim Ní ḡheamuilḡ í,\*  
 Do ḡrú na n-ḡréaḡaḡ o-trean, reaoḡ o'earḡair rí,  
 Seang-bean maireaḡ, na labairḡa ráim,  
 Fuair clú 'ḡur beannaḡt ó'n n-ḡáim ḡo veo.

---

\* At page 33 there is a slight allusion to the heroine of this ballad—a lady named Fitzgerald, a native of Ballykenely, in the county of Cork, which was a portion of the family estate at the time, and is still held by their descendants. So captivating were her personal charms that she became the theme of the Munster poets, by whom she was celebrated in more than a thousand and one ballads, two of which we have given in our present volume. She had a brother named Pierse, a celebrated poet, of whom many anecdotes are related by the peasantry of his native district, one of which is as follows:—

One day passing a nook, close by his land, where the tide flowed in

---

May there soon come a hero to seek her—  
 Some stalwart lord of a kingly race—  
 None could he find higher-minded, yet meeker,  
 None of more beautiful figure and face.  
 From the grand Geraldines, foes of iniquity,  
 Sprang she, this maiden of Grecian antiquity;  
 Blessings are on her from poet and sage,  
 And her glory all Time can never efface!

---

from the main ocean at high water, and meeting a brother bard he accosted him thus :—

Ceisd agam ort a shair-fhir,  
 Os tu is deanaighe d'fhag an cuan ;  
 Ca mheid galun saile  
 Tan g-Crampan sa Chill Moluadh?

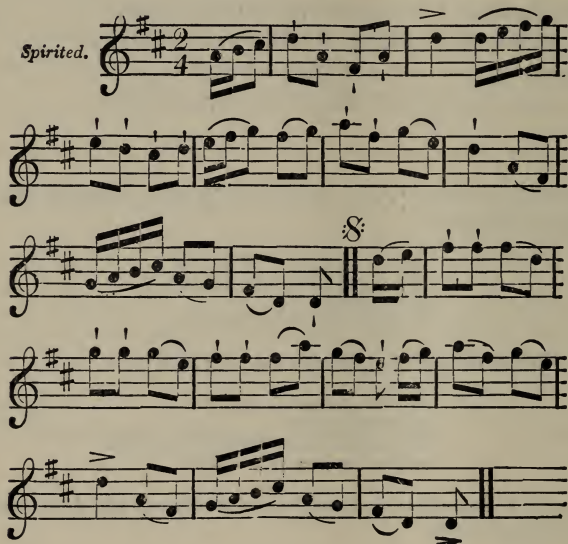
To which he received the following sarcastic reply :—

Ni feidir a thomhas le cairtibh,  
 Ata se laidir luath ;  
 San mheid na faghadh slighe san Ath dhe,  
 Geabhadh se an fanadh o thuaig.

It would be impossible to convey the extraordinary wit of this answer in an English version.

## LEATHER AWAY WITH THE WATTLE, O!

Tomár míc Coitih, cœ.



Δ παοιρ 'ρ μέ ζο όéανδ,  
 Διρ έαοδ ένοιέ ηε η-αιρ αν έόίδ;\*  
 Όο ηυις μέ ηéal ας έιρσεάετ,  
 έε ηυιέ ηα η-éαν ας έαντιν έεόίλ;

---

\* The Cove of Cork, now Queenstown.

## LEATHER AWAY WITH THE WATTLE, O!

BY THOMAS COTTER.

THIS spirited air escaped the notice of our most eminent collector, Bunting.

The words are the production of a violent Jacobite. By leathering away with a wattle, he implies his determination to decide all political differences by an appeal to "physical force."

The wattle was a stout cudgel, or *Ailpin*, in frequent requisition at country fairs and faction fights early in the present century.

Cearnaid, or Cearnuit, referred to in the third stanza, was a beautiful bondmaid of Cormac, King of Ireland in the third century: She was obliged to grind a certain quantity of corn every day with a quern, or handmill, until the king, observing her beauty, sent across the sea for a millwright, who constructed a mill on the stream of Nith, which flows from the fountain of *Neamhnach*, to the north-east of Tara; and all ancient authorities and traditions agree that this was the first mill erected in Ireland.—See *Petrie's "Essay on Tara Hill,"* 4to. Dublin: 1839. *Keating's Ireland*, vol. i., p. 418. Dublin: 1809.

Last night, when stars did glisten,  
By a hill-side near the Cove,  
I sat a while to listen,  
The sweet bird's pleasant lays of love.

Le m' éaoib sup éearicar ppéiríbean,  
 ba íaoimíar, rnuiríte, rnaroa, a rnoí;  
 'S a olaoi-fólt cnaíac péarilaó  
 air fao aś téaóť zo h-alc na veóis.  
 ba íeal a íné mar íneaóťa rleíb,  
 ba éear a ríém, cneac, 'r a clóó,  
 'S ar ppar oo rppaeś ar éaóaoib,  
 "Leather away with the Wattle, O!"

A bpaóíte ceapťa, caola,  
 Air a h-éaoan tair, ían rnar, ían rmól,  
 ba rín a rorś mar bpaon ílar,  
 aś rle o 'n aeóar ar bárrí an íeóir:  
 Sneáťa íeal ían aolunś,  
 zo íeap a í-cať le vaíť an ríóir  
 'S níor b'aíťnro oo 'n éisre,  
 Cia 'co rťaoí na leacain óis;  
 Ar cneapťa caom—o' aítíur ríeal,  
 zo m-beíť an Régr aś teáťť a í-copíoin,  
 Le 'r b-ronn a beíť íeal aś éirveáťť,  
 Le "Leather away with the Wattle, O!"

O'íaríaríeap íém oo'n rppéiríbean,  
 An íeóirí sup tu an bpuingíoll óś;  
 A maóaríe na laoc meap,  
 A í-cať na TPAE le'í milleaó tpeoin,



A damsel tall of stature,  
With golden tresses long and low,  
Which—loveliest sight in nature !—  
Down to the bright green grass did flow ;  
And breast as fair,—as snow in air,  
Without compare for beauteous show,  
Stood near, and sang me sweetly,  
“ Come, Leather away with the Wattle, O !”

Her eyebrows dark and slender,  
Were each bended like a bow ;  
Her eyes beamed love as tender  
As only poets feel and know ;  
Her face where rose and lily  
Were both pourtrayed in brightest glow ;  
Her mien, so mild and stilly,  
All made my full heart overflow.  
A tale she told,—of that Prince bold  
Whose crown of gold the Gael doth hold.  
I hearkened all delighted  
To “ Leather away with the Wattle, O !”

I asked this lovely creature  
Was *she* Helen famed of yore :  
(So like she seemed in feature)  
Whose name will live for evermore—

Nó 'n aingir mílir Déiríre,  
 O EIRE rug clann uirneac mór,  
 Nó 'n bean dá n-foirtéar Ceannuit,  
 Ain caire géar cuir muilíon dóib,  
 Melpomene,—Cassandra féin,  
 Muirinn, Meiré, nó 'n aingir ós  
 'S gur binne liom do bhráda,  
 Ná "Leather away with the Wattle, O!"

O'fheagain dam an rpeiríbean,  
 A m-bráda binne, blaíra, beoil;  
 A o-teangain mílir saoióeilge  
 Do cuir go caoin an ceart a g-cóir;  
 Cia ríle tu le h-éiread  
 A n-gleire goil na m-bruingiolle ós,  
 M' ainim-rí ní léir dúit;  
 Ar fearó an méir do canair fóir.  
 Mire an maighean—Innir Eilge,  
 Le fada a b-péinn fá glaraib bhoín!  
 As tnuir go g-cloirín glaoúac fearra,  
 Ain "Leather away with the Wattle, O!"

Cia treargaraó go raon laí,  
 Na céadta o'fuiréann Ainir 'r Eogain;  
 Do balbairó ár n-éigre  
 'S do cuiréad ár g-cléir an earbair lóin;

Or Deirdre, meekest, fairest,  
Whom Uisneach's sons wrought direful woe—  
Or Cearnuit, richest, rarest,  
Who first made mills on water go—  
Or Meadhbh the young,—of ringlets long,  
So sweet her song along did flow,  
Her song so rich and charming,  
Of "Leather away with the Wattle, O!"

And thus in tones unbroken,  
While sweet music filled her eye,  
In accents blandly spoken,  
The damsel warbled this reply—  
Albeit I know and blame not  
Your marvellous poetic lore,  
You know my ancient name not,  
Though once renowned from shore to shore;  
I am *Inis* famed,—of *Heroes* named,  
Forsaken, lost in pain and woe,  
But waiting for a chorus,  
To "Leather away with the Wattle, O!"

They died in war for ages,  
The brave sons of Art and Eoghan ;  
Mute are our bards and sages,  
And oh ! our priests are sad and lone.

An tairsoil do 'n b-flait éactac,  
 Go h-eirne tabairtair fearoa coróin,  
 'S muactair puic an béarla  
 Le ceata pléar tar calait fóir,  
 'S ar fearamuil, fearoac,—roilb, raoróa,  
 Clanna Saothál gan éar as ól  
 'S go caoin dá rpreasao ar téaoa,  
 "Leather away with the Wattle, O!"

---

caoine chille cais.\*

---

Creao déanpamaoio fearoa gan aómao,  
 Atá veirne na s-coillte ar lár?  
 Níl tráct ar Chille Chair ná a teaglac,  
 'S ní bainfeair a cling† go brát!  
 An áit úo 'na s-comnuigeac an Dia-bean,  
 Fuair gairm 'r meróir tar mná,  
 Bhíoeac lairlaíoe‡ as tarpuing tar toinn ann,  
 'S an t-airpuonn bínn dá páo.

---

\* Kilcash, a small country village situated about six miles east of the town of Clonmel, at the foot of *Sliabh na m-ban* mountain, and formerly the seat of a branch of the Butler family, and a place of note in its time. The only vestiges now remaining to attract the traveller's attention are the walls of the castle.

“This venerable mansion, for many centuries the residence of a branch of the Butler family, and attractive theme of travellers and tourists, was finally prostrated in the year 1800, and the materials sold for a trifling consideration to a Mr. James Power, a merchant of Carrick-on-Suir, by (the then) Lord Ormonde, father to the present

But Charles, despising danger,  
 Will soon ascend green Eire's throne,  
 And drive the Saxon stranger  
 Afar from hence to seek his own.  
 Then, full of soul,—and freed from dole,  
 Without control the wine shall flow ;  
 And we shall sing in chorus,  
 “ Come, Leather away with the Wattle, O ! ”

---

### A LAMENT FOR KILCASH.

---

Oh, sorrow the saddest and sorest !  
 Kilcash's attractions are fled—  
 Felled lie the high trees of its forest,  
 And its bells hang silent and dead.  
 There dwelt the fair Lady, the Vaunted,  
 Who spread through the island her fame,  
 There the Mass and the Vespers were chanted,  
 And thither the proud Earls came !

---

representative of that noble family.”—See Lynch's grand edition of *Castlehaven's Memoirs*, p. 23, note.\* Dublin: 1815.

The song is probably the composition of a student named Lane, whom Lady Iveagh educated at her own expense for the priesthood, and from whose pen another song will be found in Hardiman's “*Irish Minstrelsy*,” vol. ii., p. 267.

† *Cling*, death-bell, or knell.

‡ *Iarlaidhe, Earls*. To escape “the machinations of Shaftesbury and the party who wished to excite another persecution against the Catholics of England, by the fabrication of Popish plots, pretended

1ṛ é mo ÷peac-ṛaṛa ! 'ṛ mo léan-ḡoirṛ !  
 Do ḡeatarṛe bpeáḡa néata aṛ lár !  
 An *Avenue* ḡreanta ṛaoi ṛaoṛaṛ,  
 'S ḡan ṛoṛḡ' aṛ aon taobṛ do 'n *Walk* !  
 An Chúirṛ bpeáḡa a ṛileac an bṛaon oí,  
 'S an ḡarṛaṛó ṛéim ḡo tláṛ,  
 'S an leabṛaṛ no maṛbṛ do léaḡtar  
 An t-ḡarboḡ\* 'ṛ *Lady 'Veagh* !†

Ní ÷luinnim ṛuaim laṛa ná ḡéi ann,  
 Ná ṛiolairṛ aḡ oéanaṛó aeṛiṛ coir cuain ;  
 Ná ṛiú na m-beacṛa ÷um ṛaoṛaṛ,  
 Thaḡarṛaṛac mil aḡur céiri do 'n t-ṛluaiḡ !  
 Ní'l ceol bínn milṛ na n-éan ann,  
 Le h-amairṛ an lae ÷ul uainn,  
 Ná 'n ÷uaiṛín a m-báiri na n-ḡeas ann,  
 O'ṛ í ÷uirṛeac an ṛaoḡal ÷um ṛuain.

Nuair ṛiḡeaṛó na ṛuic ṛaoi na ṛléibṛe,  
 'S an ḡuna le na o-taobṛ, 'ṛ an líon ;  
 Féacṛan ṛiaṛ a nuar le léan, aṛ  
 An m-baile ṛuair *Sway* ann ḡac tíṛ ;—

---

conspiracies, and meditated assassinations, Lord Castlehaven came to Ireland, and died at his sister's house in Kilcash, county of Tipperary, Oct. 11, 1684."—Lynch's *Castlehaven Memoirs*, p. 26.

\* Bishop Butler of West-Court, Callan, a man eminent for his unaffected piety, and sanctity of life.

† *Lady Iveagh*, "Margaret Bourke, eldest daughter of William, Earl of Clanricarde, first married to Brian Magennis, Viscount *Iveagh* ; and



I am worn by anguish unspoken  
As I gaze on its glories defaced,  
Its beautiful gates lying broken,  
Its gardens all desert and waste.  
Its courts, that in lightning and thunder  
Stood firm, are, alas ! all decayed ;  
And the Lady Iveagh sleepeth under  
The sod, in the greenwood shade.

No more on a Summer-day sunny  
Shall I hear the thrush sing from his lair,  
No more see the bee bearing honey  
At noon through the odorous air.  
Hushed now in the thicket so shady,  
The dove hath forgotten her call,  
And mute in the grave lies the Lady  
Whose voice was the sweetest of all !

As the deer from the brow of the mountain,  
When chased by the hunter and hound,  
Looks down upon forest and fountain,  
And all the green scenery round ;

---

secondly to the Hon. Col. Thomas Butler, of Kilcash, county Tipperary, where she died 19th of July, 1744. She was a lady of great personal charms, and a bright example of every female virtue Her piety, charity, and universal benevolence, are eloquently described in the funeral sermon preached after her death, by the Rev. Richard Hogan, and printed in Kilkenny.”—Hardiman’s “Irish Minstrelsy,” vol. ii., p. 417.

An fáitce b'neága doibinn na maobtaí,  
 'S gan foras ar don taoib ó'n t-rín,  
 páirc an *Phaddock* 'na *Dairy*,  
 Maí a m-bíodac an eilic as óéanao a ríic.

A tá ceó as tuitim ar émaobaí ann,  
 Ná glanan mé grian, ná lá;  
 Tá rmúro as tuitim o 'n r'éirí ann,  
 'S a curó uirge go léirí as tríaí;—  
 Ní 'l coll, ní 'l cuilion, ní 'l caoir' ann!  
 Aco cloca 'sur maol clocháin,  
 páirc an f'ogaoir\* gan émaobí ann.  
 'S o'iméirí an *Game* cum fágaí!

Anoír maí báirí airí gac mí-éneann,  
 Chuairt príonhí na n-éaoibéalí tar ráil;  
 A nún me h-aingí na míne,  
 Fuairí gairim ran b-fhainc 'r ran Spáinn—

---

The family of Magennis, with whom the subject of this song was connected, are thus described by *O'Dubhagáin* (O'Dugan), an Irish topographer of the fourteenth century :—

"Chief over the noble clan Aodh  
 Is the exalted and agreeable Magennis;  
 They settled on the fertile hill;  
 They took possession of all Ulidia."

They were descended from the famous warrior *Conall Cearnach* and were the head of the *Clanna Rudhraidhe* of Ulster. Their possessions were the

So I on thy drear desolation  
Gaze, O, my Kilcash, upon thee!  
On thy ruin and black devastation,  
So doleful and woful to see!

There is mist on thy woods and thy meadows;  
The sun appears shorn of his beams;  
Thy gardens are shrouded in shadows,  
And the beauty is gone from thy streams.  
The hare has forsaken his cover;  
The wild fowl is lost to the lake;  
Desolation hath shadowed thee over,  
And left thee—all briar and brake!

And I weep while I pen the sad story—  
Our Prince has gone over the main,  
With a damsel, the pride and the glory  
Not more of Green Eire than Spain.

---

baronies of Iveagh and Lecale, and part of Mourne, in the county of Down. The last wife of the celebrated Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, was Mary Catherine Magennis, of Iveagh.

In 1689, Lord Iveagh, husband of the lady commemorated in this song, furnished King James with two regiments of infantry and dragoons. After the war, he entered the Austrian service with a choice battalion of five hundred men—*Green Book*.

\* *Forghaois*, a rabbit burrow.

† *Prionnsa na n-Gaoidheal*, *Prince of the Gael*. The poet here alludes to the exiled Duke of Ormond.

Anoir atá a cuallaét ná caoine,  
 Gheibead aingíon buíde 'sur bán,  
 Ar í ná tógfaid reilb na n-uaine  
 Aco cairde na b-fíorí boctán!

Aitcím ar Mhuirne 'r ar Iosa  
 Go u-taíad sí 'míú éúgáinn plán?  
 Go m-beit "maicíde fada" ag gabáil tímcioll,  
 Ceól bérlinn 'r teinte cnám:—  
 Go u-tógfaí an baile-í ar rinnrioi,  
 Cill Chair bheága 'míú go h-áir,  
 'S go bíad nó go u-tiocfaid an oílionn,  
 Ní faicfeá í 'míú ar lár!

The Poor and the Helpless bewail her ;  
The Cripple, the Blind, and the Old ;  
She never stood forth as their jailer,  
But gave them her silver and gold.

O, GOD ! I beseech thee to send her  
Home here to the land of her birth !  
We shall then have rejoicing and splendour,  
And revel in plenty and mirth.  
And our land shall be highly exalted ;  
And till the dread dawn of that day  
When the race of Old Time shall have halted,  
It shall flourish in glory alway !



binn lísín aorach an bhrogha.  
 brian na flaitearra, cct.

Fonn :—Binn lísín aorach an Bhrogha.



Lá meathraic ná ma-bar-ra liom féin,  
 ar binn lísín aorach an bhrogha;  
 as eiriocht le binn-ghué na n-éan,  
 as cantainn ar ghéagaib coir aban :—



## THE FAIRY RATH OF BRUFF.

BY BRIAN O'FLAHERTY.

THIS song and air take their name from the celebrated fairy fort situated at the town of Bruff, in the county of Limerick, and like many others in this collection would have probably been lost, or left in the "world of spirits," had it not fallen into our hands.

Brian O'Flaherty, the author, was an humble peasant, a mason by trade, and for aught we know, he may have been "master-builder" to his friends—the fairies and "good people" of Bruff.

He was a native of Bruff, or its vicinity, but we cannot discover when he lived. It appears he was not numbered among the bards of his day, but was considered rather presumptive in assuming the name, and for such conduct he was cited, prosecuted, and expelled, at one of the Bardic Sessions then held in Munster. However, Brian was not so easily got rid of, and in order to gain favour, he mustered up all the natural talent he was possessed of, and composed the present song.

Bruff is situated on the banks of the river *Camog* (*Anglicised* "The Morning Star"), and lies about fifteen miles from Limerick. Tradition informs us that the banks of this river up to the town were formerly laid out with beautiful gardens, where all species of plants and trees peculiar to this country grew, and was much admired for being the resort of birds of all kinds, from the melody of whose notes it gained the appellation of *Binn* (melodious). At the west side of the town there is a little eminence called *Líos* (Fort), and there is also a castle, or *Brogha*, which is supposed to have been built by the De Lacy family shortly after the English invasion.

The birds carolled songs of delight,  
And the flowers bloomed bright on my path,  
As I stood all alone on the height  
Where rises Bruff's old Fairy Rath.

An “bneac cairðbrioc” ran líng úo faoi péim,  
 .as naince ra n-ḡaorta le fonn,  
 Máir teinn lib-ri maḡaie rúl na béil.  
 Tá leigear luat ón éas oib’oul ann!

Níor éian dúinn coir vian t-rúill na réao,  
 ‘Mar mian le rir Eimonn oul ann,  
 An trát éuall cúḡainn an ḡrian-mílir béit,  
 ḡo vian ‘r í ‘n-éas-éruic ḡo lom!  
 A ciab-folt breáḡ, maḡaie ḡo réar,  
 as rár léi-ri moimpe ‘r na veais;  
 “A bhiaim oíl! creao é ‘n vian-ḡol ro ḡníoir,  
 ‘Do ciap me ḡo h-aeḡib ór mo éionn!”

Ní rḡaoilcreao-ra ppiom-pún mo rḡéil,  
 ḡo n-ínnri cá taob’ oíom ar ḡabair?  
 An tú doibill-beas, éaoim-éleapac, élaon,  
 ‘Mar líonair ḡo léir me vo o’ ḡreann!  
 No ‘n t-rít-bean éug buíom-truip na Trae,  
 ḡur líonaoar ḡréasuis ‘na veabais;  
 nó ‘n bhruḡveac le’r élaioveas lé ḡan péim,  
 Clann Uirnic na tréin-ḡir, ḡan éabair!

“Ní oíob me, cia oít liom vo rḡéal,  
 Aet riḡe-bean ó ‘n o-tréan-lior úo tall!  
 ‘Do ríor-ḡoin vo ríor-ḡol a ḡ-céin,  
 ‘S ar teinn liom tú traocra as neart ḡall!

Before me, unstirred by the wind,  
That beautiful lake lay outspread,  
Whose waters give sight to the Blind,  
And would almost awaken the Dead !

As I gazed on the silvery stream,  
So loved by the heroes of old,  
There neared me, as though in a dream,  
A maiden with tresses of gold.  
I wept, but she smilingly said—  
“ Whence, Brian, my dearest, those tears ?”  
And the words of the gentle-souled maid  
Seemed to pierce through my bosom like spears.

“ O, rather,” I cried, “ lovely One,  
Tell *me* who you are, and from whom !  
Are you Aoibhill, and come here alone  
To sadden my spirit with gloom ?  
Or she who brought legions to Troy,  
When the Grecians crossed over the wave ?  
Or the dame that was doomed to destroy  
The children of Uisnigh the brave ?”

“ I am none of all three,” she replied,  
“ But a fairy from yonder green mound—  
Who heard how you sorrowed and sighed  
As you strayed o’er this elf-haunted ground.

Glac inntrín ! Fais cloíóeam 'na m-beirí faobair,  
 Ais paimnce air éaoil-eac go reang ;  
 Fais tímcioll gac crioic 'na b-fağair gaoiréil,  
 Go n-innrii vo rgeal doib gan cam ?"

O'éirdear le binn-ğut a béil,  
 'S o'éirğior vo léim air mo bonn ;  
 O'innrior ġur teinn cúir mo rgeíl,  
 Le ling-ğoil nac léigionn dam labairt !  
 Bíoğgan mo ériore rğis le léan,  
 Ağur rílim fuil ériéan ar mo éeann ;  
 Mo éaoín-rioirğ oá leağao 'nam marí éaoi,  
 Ağ ríoi-ríle véaria go riom !

Ağ an mín-t-riuit nuair bím-ri liom réin,  
 Ar binn lirín aoiaç an bhiroğa ;  
 Ağ rmaoineam air ġníomairéaib an t-raoğail,  
 An iorbarir ar ġhaoiréil ağ neart ġall,  
 Tá Fleet na o-rii ríğçe go riéan,  
 'S an Stíobarir ran Séamur 'na éeann ;\*  
 Looirğ oá líonaç faoi réim,  
 Mile 'r reaçt ġ-céao ann gac long.

---

\* *Ceann, head, chief, captain, leader, James, the Chevalier de St. George.*

---

And now gird around you your sword,  
And spring on your swift-footed steed—  
And call on the Gael, serf and lord,  
And Eire's green land shall be freed !”

So spake she in musical tones,  
And I started as wakened from sleep,  
I told her the cause of my groans,  
And the anguish that forced me to weep—  
Why my eyes were thus blinded with tears,  
And my bosom tormented with pains,  
Why my heart had been breaking for years,  
And the blood growing cold in my veins.

She vanished on hearing my tale,  
But at evening I often roam still  
To lament the sad fate of the Gael,  
And to weep upon Bruff's Fairy Hill.  
O ! may we soon see the three Kings,\*  
And JAMES, above all, in this land !  
May the winds on their favoring wings  
Waft swiftly their fleet to our strand !

---

\* The King of Ireland, England, and Scotland.

## CÁIT NÍ NEILL.

Ánoir ó éarladó, a b-ppíorún áro me, a n-geíðeanh  
éruaidó,

'S go maéunn do rtaíh, marí a b-ful mo gíadó geal, 'r go  
b-pógrun í;

Do buailfin mo láim óear aih a b-íagaro, nó faoi na  
coimín caoil,

Ar é 'ouðairt Cáit liom, "geaðao náime, marí a o-tóigfin  
óiom!"

Ní éogrago óiot, a rtaíh mo éroiðe, marí ír tú bheoið me  
'maoih,

Chur raígeao am éroiðe, ná léigirfin óiom, go b-íat me  
m'rae!

Dá m-beit an Chúirt na ruíge, 'r mé le crioða tríoo, 'r  
mo éuir óá pléio,

Le torago cloróim, do bainfin óioð tú, a Cháit ní Néill!

Ír inte éiðtear, an ala mín, náí éáineao béal,

'Na b-ful ghuaidg a cinn na lúba buíðe léi, ag fáí go  
féar;

Ír geal a píb, ír ruíte a cóm, 'r a cnáma go léih,

A b-ful ar ruo ríor, go báih a tríoiðe, níí cáim rae'r  
raogal.



KATE NI NEILL.

---

Now that, in prison, and all forsaken, my fate I rue,  
Fain would I seek her, my own true-love, and wed her  
too,  
Around her white waist I'd press my arm with pleasure  
new,  
But still she tells—"O, leave me! leave me! you shame  
me, you!"

No, no, my darling, I'll never shame you; but all night long  
You wound my bosom! I'm grown most feeble—I once  
so strong!  
Come good or evil, come Death or Life, or come Right or  
Wrong,  
Sweet Kate Ni Neill, love, I'd choose you only among the  
throng.

Your lovely features, O, glorious creature, attract all eyes!  
Your golden tresses flow brightly downward in dazzling  
guise;  
Your neck so snow-white, your waist so slender, your  
features fair,  
Exalt you over all mortal maidens beyond compare!

Τά ταιλε γνίωμαρτα 'ζαμ λε η-ηρηντ οητ, α ρέιμ-βεαν  
 ρυαιητ,  
 ηρ μεαρ νο ρηριοβτά, βανα καολ, ηρ λέιη 'ρ αρ λυαιτ;  
 Όο ρυιτρά *Reel* αιη ρυιο αν τιζε, ζο μεαρ έαοηομ, βυαν,  
 'S λε ζυτ νο όιηη, ζο ζ-όύηρεάδα céao λαοό όυη ρυαιη!

Ζαό βείτ όεαρ νό ο-ταζαό όύζαμπα, ηί βειόηηη ράρσα  
 λέι,  
 Τηη ηα λόηζ α ζ-εαητ 'ρ α ζ-όύηταρ, 'ρ α ράζαη λε  
 βείβ;  
 Ρόητ Ματζαηηηα αιη ραο ζαη όύηταρ, αν Σπαίηηη 'ρ αν  
 Ζηηείζ,  
 Ζο η'φεαηη ηιομπα βείτ αιη λεαβαό όλύηη λεατ α Χαίτ  
 ηί ηείλλ.

Ζηλααηηηη όύζαμ tú ζαη βα ζαη ρύηητ, ζαη άηηεαη  
 ρηηείό,  
 'S αρ λεατ νο ριύβαλπαηηη ηαιοιοη οηιύότα, αιη βάρηη αν  
 ρέηη;  
 Αρ έ ηο όηεαό ζο όύβαό ζαη μέ 'ζυρ tú, α βλάτ ηα  
 ζ-εηαοβ!  
 Α ζ-αηηοιλλ Μύηαη 'ρ ζαη νο λεαβαό ρύηηη, άετ Οάη  
 βοζ Όείλ!

O ! beauteous damsel, the light and lustre of Eire's  
land,  
Yours is the ready, the quick yet steady, the writer's hand !  
Yours is the light foot, the bounding figure for saraband,  
And yours the voice that nor king nor hero could e'er  
withstand.

To all the lasses I have met with my heart was steel,  
No wealth, nor honour, could ever tempt me to them to  
kneel,  
Not all Portumna, not Spain or Hellas, could make me  
feel  
One moment faithless to you, my darling, sweet Kate  
Ni Neill !

O ! were you landless, and owned not even one blade of  
grass,  
All other damsels, the dead or living, you'd still surpass !  
O, woe and sorrow ! how sadly fare I ! alas ! alas !  
Without my Kate, without friends or money, without a  
glass !

# ROIS gheal dubh.\*

Fonn:—Róir gheal Dubh.

*Not too Slow.*

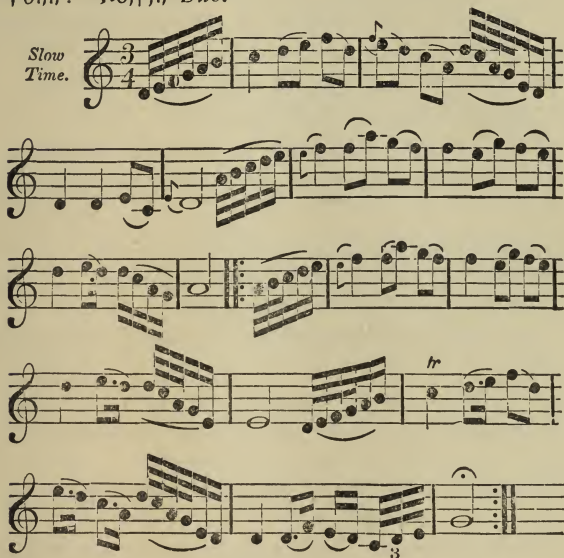
The musical score is written on five staves in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and slurs. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *m. f.* (mezzo-forte), *Cres.* (crescendo), and *Dim.* (diminuendo). There are also articulation marks like accents and slurs. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final note.

1r pava an féim do chú mé féim ó n-de go 'nuig,  
 An imioll rleib 'nuic go h-imiollda, éadrom, mar  
 b'eólaic dam;  
 Loic Eirne do léimear, cia sup móri an rruic,  
 'S gan do gile gheime am déig-ri, aic mo Róir gheal Dub!

\* We present the reader with two different settings of this air, for from their extraordinary beauty we could not justly omit either. *Rois*

## BLACK-HAIRED FAIR ROSE.

Fonn :—Róirín Dubh.



Since last night's star, afar, afar Heaven saw my speed,  
 I seem'd to fly o'er mountains high, on magic steed,  
 I dashed through Erne :—the world may learn the cause  
     from *Love* ;  
 For, light or sun shone on me none, but *Roisin Dubh* !

*Gheal Dubh* (Black-haired Fair Rose), sometimes written *Roisin Dubh* (Dark-haired little Rose), is supposed to be one of these names by which Ireland is known in the language of allegory.

ʒo o-tí an t-aonað má éiḡionn tu aḡ oíol vo rṫuic,  
 mú éiḡir, ná fan véanað fan oíðe amuið ?  
 bíoð bułtaíð ar vo óóirre 'r móir-ḡlaíṫ cip,  
 nó ar baogal ouit an cléirioð, ar an Róir ḡheal Dub!

A Róirín ná bíoð bñón oir, ná cáṫ anoir,  
 tá vo páirúín o Phápa na Róma aḡao ;  
 tá na bñáirre teaðt tar ráile, 'r aḡ tñiall tar muir,  
 S ní ceilṫoir pñon Spáinneað ar mo Róir ḡheal Dub!

Ta ḡráð 'ḡam am láir ouit le bliagáin a muḡ,  
 ḡráð cñáirðe! ḡráð cármair! ḡráð ciapairðe!  
 ḡráð o'fás mé ḡan rláinte! ḡan mian! ḡan muið!  
 'S ʒo bñáð, bñáð, ní 'l aon fágáil aḡam ar mo Róir ḡheal  
 Dub!

Vo fñúbalṫainn-rí an Mhúmain leat, 'r ciúmaíṫ na ḡ-cnoc,  
 Mar fñúil ʒo b-ṫaḡainn mún oir, nó páirṫ le cion ;  
 A éñaoð-éñrēa, tñiḡṫeari óúinne, ʒo b-fñúil ḡráð 'ḡao  
 oam ;  
 'S ḡur b'í plúr-ṫḡoir na m-ban múinte, mo Róir ḡheal  
 Dub!

beíð an fñirḡe na tuilte ñearḡa, 'r an rñéir na fñúil,  
 beíð an ṫaoḡal na éoḡað éñoirðearḡ ar óñuim na ḡ-cnoc,  
 beíð ḡað ḡleann rñéirbe ar fñuio éñionn, 'r móinte ar  
 cñið!

Lá éiḡin rñúl a n-éaḡṫaíð mo Róir ḡheal Dub!



My friends! my prayers for marts and fairs are these  
alone—

That buyers haste home ere evening come, and sun be  
gone;

For, doors, bolts, all, will yield and fall, where picklocks  
move—

And faith the Clerk may seize i' the dark, my *Roisin Dubh*!

O, Roisin mine! droop not nor pine, look not so dull!  
The Pope from Rome hath sent thee home a pardon full!  
The priests are near: O! never fear! from Heaven above  
They come to thee—they come to free my *Roisin Dubh*!

Thee have I loved—for thee have roved o'er land and sea!  
My heart was sore;—it evermore beat but for thee.  
I could but weep—I could not sleep—I could not move;  
For, night and day, I dreamt alway of *Roisin Dubh*!

Through Munster's lands, by shores and strands, far could  
I roam,

If I might get my loved one yet, and bring her home.  
O, sweetest flower, that blooms in bower, or dell, or grove,  
Thou lovest me, and I love thee, my *Roisin Dubh*!

The sea shall burn, the earth shall mourn—the skies rain  
blood—

The world shall rise in dread surprise and warful mood—  
And hill and lake in Eire shake, and hawk turn dove—  
Ere you shall pine, ere you decline, my *Roisin Dubh*!

## ROISIN DUBH.\*

1ṛ mairṡ vo 'n té úo v'áṛi b'éigíon uul tar fáile roir!  
 'S naḁ boḁt vo 'n tréan-ḁlann vo ḁaitṡeaḁ éalóó ṡan  
 ṡṡáṡ tar muir!

Tá láim an tréatúir aṡ ṡṡuor 'ṡa ṡaobaḁ,—ṡúo a buaḁ  
 a muṡ,—

Támaoio, tréigṡe, ṡát áṛi n-éalóó uait, a Róirín Dub!

1ṛ buan ṡmuainṡe mo ḁṡoiḁe oṡt a ṡtóir, a noḁt,  
 Ao úit-ṡi 1ṛ ṡṡom ḁaoimim ṡan ṡṡit, ṡan toḁt!  
 Oṡ ṡan inneaḁ ṡaḁ mo ṡaegil leat, a blát na ṡub',  
 ḁḁt ṡaṡaoir! táim a n-ḁaoiṡṡe uait, a Róirín Dub!

Ba ḁear mo úóit ṡeaḁ vo bí me ṡóṡa le'm ṡtóirín ṡéin,  
 A v-túir m'óige bí mé ṡṡmóig lé ṡan earbaḁ aon níó;  
 ḁḁt mo úit-ṡuirt! táimc aoir ḁam, 'ṡ v'éaloiḁ mo ḁṡuit!  
 'S aṡ éigíon ḁam tú tréigíon, a Róirín Dub!

Ba ḁear vo ḁlóó aṡ ṡaḁ aon ḁor, a ḁor, a ḁṡaoib uibláḁ!  
 Ba mait vo ḁóirín aṡ bóṡoib ṡlan, núaḁ, ṡaḁ lá,—  
 Uḁ! cuimníḁ a Róirín aṡ ṡaḁ móiḁe vo ḁṡṡair ṡein ḁam,  
 ṡiḁ' ṡuṡ b'éigíon ḁam vo tréigíon aṡ fáile a muṡ!

---

\* The original song of *Roisin Dubh* is supposed to have been composed in the reign of Elizabeth for the celebrated *Aodh Ua Domhnaill*, (Hugh Roe O'Donnell), Prince of Tirconnell. The allegorical allusions

LITTLE BLACK-HAIRED ROSE.

---

O, bitter woe, that we must go, across the sea !  
O, grief of griefs, that Lords and Chiefs, their homes must  
flee !

A tyrant-band o'erruns the land, this land so green,  
And, though we grieve, we still must leave, our Dark  
*Roisin !*

My darling Dove, my Life, my Love, to me so dear,  
Once torn apart from you, my heart will break, I fear,  
O, golden Flower of Beauty's bower ! O, radiant Queen !  
I mourn in bonds ; my soul desponds ; my Dark *Roisin !*

In hope and joy, while yet a boy, I wooed my bride ;  
I sought not pelf ; I sought herself, and nought beside,  
But health is flown, 'tis old I'm grown ; and though I ween  
My heart will break, I must forsake my Dark *Roisin !*

The fairest Fair you ever were ; the peerless Maid ;  
For bards and priests your daily feasts were richly laid.  
Amid my dole, on you my soul still loves to lean,  
Though I must brave the stormy wave, my Dark *Roisin !*

---

to Ireland under the name of *Roisin*, have long been forgotten, and it is now known by the peasantry merely as a love song.

Cuimhníod fód arí gac cómhád mín, cóiri, gan élaoin,  
Cuimhníod a ríóiri gur leatra a pórad me a o-túir mo  
íaeigil!

Cuimhníod a óisbean an leabaid a córuigead úuit féin 'í  
dam,  
blát na ríor, 'í ríoié na món-mháig, mo Róirín Dubh!

Naé b-fuil mo páirt leat a dúl fáinnead na n-duál car  
m-buioe!

Naé tú mo ghrád-ra o'á b-fuil do'n Adam-clainn, a  
cailín éaoin!

Gonuis an lá 'niuig a n-ghíom ná páirtib ní b-fuarí tú  
guit,

'S naé cruaid an cár gur cuiread ghráin oit, a Róirín  
Dubh!

Ná bíodead bhíon oit a Róirín! aco bíod do éoit,  
Tá do cáirde ag teact tar fáile gan íráir a noct;  
Tiocfad a lán do éreib na Sháinne leó a noit,  
'S beir a Róirín gan bhíon na éois rín, 'í go deo fad  
cion!

Go o-tig' an tríad an rín céad rlán leat a ríorí mo cuim,  
Go o-tiocfad an lá ran míle rlán leat, a éiríde naé  
tim!

Bíod gáirídead, táim do t-fágbáil a ríóiri, a niuig!  
Aco rillíead le átar 'í móir-gáirídear, arí mo Róirín Dubh!

In years gone by, how you and I seemed glad and blest !  
My wedded wife, you cheered my life, you warmed my  
breast !

The fairest one the living sun e'er decked with sheen,  
The brightest rose that buds or blows, is Dark *Roisin* !

My guiding Star of Hope you are, all glow and grace,  
My blooming Love, my Spouse above all Adam's race ;  
In deed or thought you cherish nought of low or mean ;  
The base alone can hate my own—my Dark *Roisin* !

O, never mourn as one forlorn, but bide your hour ;  
Your friends ere long, combined and strong, will prove  
their power.

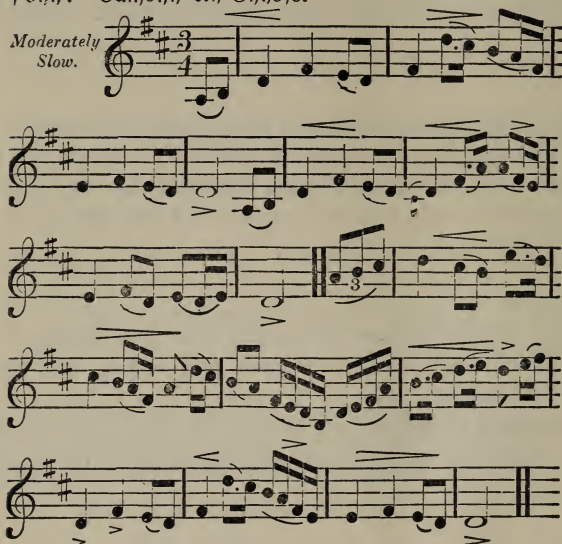
From distant Spain will sail a train to change the scene  
That makes you sad, for one more glad, my Dark *Roisin* !

Till then, adieu ! my Fond and True : adieu, till then !  
Though now you grieve, still, still believe we'll meet again ;  
I'll yet return, with hopes that burn, and broad-sword  
keen ;

Fear not, nor think you e'er can sink, my Dark *Roisin* !

## eamonn an chnoic.

Fonn:—Eamonn An Chnoic.

*Moderately  
Slow.*

Cia h-é rin amuic,  
 'Na b-fuil faobair ar a gúic,  
 As faobair mo dóruir dúnta?  
 Mire Eamonn an Chnoic,  
 'Tá báirté fuair, fliuc,  
 O fíor-fíubal pléibte 'r gleannta!



## EDMUND OF THE HILL.

AIR:—" *Edmund of the Hill.*"

---

EDMUND O'RYAN, better known as *Eamonn an Chnoic* (Edmund, or Ned of the Hill), was born at Shanbohy, in the parish of Temple-beg, in the upper half barony of Kilnemanagh, in Tipperary, previous to the wars of 1690. His father, who possessed a considerable amount of property after the confiscations and plunders of 1641, was descended from the valiant and warlike race of the O'Ryan's, of Kilnelongurty, many of whom lost their lives and properties in the obstinate, but ineffectual struggle for independence, by the Earl of Desmond, in the reign of Elizabeth. His mother was of the ancient family of the O'Dwyers, lords of Kilnemanagh. Edmund was intended for the priesthood; but by an affair in which he took a prominent part after his return from the Continent, where he had studied for the clerical profession, he had to relinquish that idea. After many strange vicissitudes in life, his body now lies interred near Faill an Chluig, in the parish of Toem, in the upper half barony of Kilnemanagh, near the Hollyford copper mine, and the precise spot is marked on sheet 45 of the Ordnance Survey of Tipperary, as the grave of *Eamonn an Chnoic*.

---

"You, with voice shrill and sharp,  
Like the high tones of a harp,  
Why knock you at my door like a warning?"  
"I am Ned of the Hill,  
I am wet, cold, and chill,  
Toiling o'er hill and vale since morning!"—

Δ λαός οὐλ' ἵ' ἄ' κύρο,  
 Ὀρεῶν ὀρέανταιν-ῖν οὐίτ,  
 Μὴν ἄ' ὕ-κυρῖνν οἷτ βεῖνν ὅα μ' ὕνα.  
 'S ὅο β-φυῖλ πύῖτοαῖ ὅο τῖυῖ,  
 Ὅά ῖοῖ-ῖέτοε ῖοῖτ,  
 'S ὅο μ-βεῶμαοῖρ ἀμῶν μύῖτοα!

Ἴρ παῶα μῖρε ἀμυῖδ,  
 Παοῖ ῖνεᾶῖτα 'ῖυρ παοῖ ῖιοῖ.  
 'S ὅαν ὀάναῖτ ἀῖαμ ἀῖ ἀον νεᾶῖ;  
 Μο ῖεῖρρεᾶῖ ὅαν ῖῖυρ,  
 Μο βῖαναρ ὅαν κυρ,  
 Ἀ'ῖ ὅαν ἱαῶ ἀῖαμ ἀῖ ἀον ῖοῖ!  
 Μῖ'λ καμῶα ἀῖαμ,  
 Ἴρ ὀαῖνῖο ἱοῖμ ῖαν,  
 Ὅο ὕλαῖφαῖ μέ μοῖ ἡά ὀεᾶναῖ,  
 'S ὅο ὕ-καῖῖρεᾶῖ μέ ὀυῖ,  
 Ταῖ ῖαῖνῖε ῖοῖρ,  
 Οῖρ ἀνν ἡᾶῖ β-φυῖλ μο ὕαῖὀαῖτα.

Ἀ κύῖλ ἄλυῖνν ὀεᾶρ,  
 'ἡα β-ῖαῖνῖῖοε καῖ,  
 Ἴρ βρεᾶῖ 'ῖυρ ἀῖ ὕλαῖ ὀο ῖῖῖλε!  
 ὅο β-φυῖλ μο ῖοῖοῖ ὀά ῖῖαῖ,  
 Μαῖ ὀο ῖῖῖοῖῖταοῖ ὕαῖ,  
 Ἴε βῖαῖαῖ μῖοῖ ῖαῖα ἀῖ τῖῖῖε ἱεᾶτ.

“ Ah, my love, is it you ?  
What on earth can I do ?  
My gown cannot yield you a corner.  
Ah ! they’ll soon find you out—  
They’ll shoot you, never doubt,  
And it’s I that will then be a mourner !”

“ Long I’m wandering in woe,  
In frost and in snow,  
No house can I enter boldly ;  
My ploughs lie unyoked—  
My fields weeds have choked—  
And my friends they look on me coldly !  
Forsaken of all,  
My heart is in thrall :  
All-withered lies my life’s garland,  
I must look afar  
For a brighter star,  
Must seek my home in a far land !

“ O ! thou of neck fair,  
And curling hair,  
With blue eyes flashing and sparkling !  
For a year and more  
Has my heart been sore,  
And my soul for thee been darkling.

Dá b-*fa*gáinn-*ri* le ceap,  
 Ceo *rine* *rior* leat,  
 Is éadrom 'r ar deap do *fiú*bálfaínn  
 So b-*fuil* mo *rmaointe* a bean,  
 A*ri* éalógaó leat  
 Faoi coille*ti*b ag *rpealaó* an *orúcta*!

A cumáinn 'r a *feap*,  
 Ra*ca*maoio-ne *real*,  
 Faoi coille*ti*b ag *rpealaó* an *orúcta*!  
 Ma*ri* a b-*fa*gmaoio an b*reac*,  
 'S an lon a*ri* a neao,  
 An *riaó* 'sur an poc a *búi*che;—  
 Na h-éiní*nió*e binne,  
 A*ri* *géiginió*e *rein*neao,  
 S an *cuai*cín a*ri* bá*ri* a*ri* ú*ri*-*glai*r,  
 So b*rá*t b*rá*t *óí* *tioc*paó  
 An bá*r* an á*ri* n-*goi*neao,  
 A lá*ri* na coille *cú*bá*ri*ta.

Be*ri* *r*géal*a* uaim *rior*,  
 So h-*ain*gí*ri* *cuim* an t-*fuil*t,  
 Sur *caillea*o*ari* na neio a n-éan*la*it;  
 Sur a*ri*ao*ri* do *tu*it  
 An *rnea*cta a*ri* a *choic*\*  
 Amaó a*ri* *feao* na h-*Ei*nn!

---

\* From this and the preceding line it would appear that the song was composed in the year of the great frost, 1739.

O, could we but both,—  
You nothing loth,—  
Escape to the wood and forest,  
What Light and Calm,  
What healing balm,  
Should I have for my sorrows sorest !

“ My fond one and dear,  
The greenwood is near,  
And the lake where the trout is springing—  
You will see the doe,  
The deer and the roe,  
And will hear the sweet birds singing,  
The blackbird and the thrush  
In the hawthorn bush,  
And the lone cuckoo from his high nest,  
And you never need fear,  
That Death would be near,  
In this bright scenery divinest !

“ O ! could the sweet dove,  
The maiden of my love,  
But know how fettered is her lover  
The snows all the night  
Fell in valley and on height,  
Through our fated island over,

Ὅα μαίνοῦς ἕομαι ποιεῖ,  
 ὅσοι γὰρ ὁμοῦν ὁ ἴμιος,  
 Ῥαῖσιν γὰρ αἱ μὴ αὖ τ' ἐλάττω,  
 ἢ ὅσοι μ' ἐλαττω ἕομαι ἀνίμω,  
 Ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐλάττω γὰρ ἔμην,  
 ἢ ἂν πᾶσι ὅσοι μ' ἐλάττω πρὸς ἕομαι !

Fonn:—Ὡς Σῖοδα ἀτά αὖ Βῆλλυτ α Βῆλααττι.

*Spinter.*

PART II.  
 Another Set.

D.C.



But ere the sun's rays  
 Glance over seven days,  
 She and I, as I hope, will renew love ;  
 And rather would I be  
 Deep drowned in the sea,  
 Than be faithless to her, my true love !

## THE WALLET OF SILK.

THE air here given originated in the following anecdote :—

One of these young men, better known among the community as "poor scholars," whom a thirst for education, in bygone days, sent from various parts of the kingdom to the south, was accosted in the following manner, by a young woman, perhaps the daughter of his host, in reference to the *wallet* or *satchel*, in which he carried his book.

"*An síoda ata ad wallet,  
 An síoda ata ad wallet,  
 An síoda ata ad wallet a bhuachaill ?  
 An síoda ata ad wallet,  
 An síoda ata ad wallet,  
 No abhla do bhlaiseach mna uaisle !*"

To which he replied :—

"*Ní síoda ata am wallet,  
 Ní síoda ata am wallet,  
 Ní síoda ata am wallet a stuaire !  
 Ní síoda ata am wallet,  
 Ní síoda ata am wallet,  
 Na abhla do bhlaiseach mna uaisle !*"

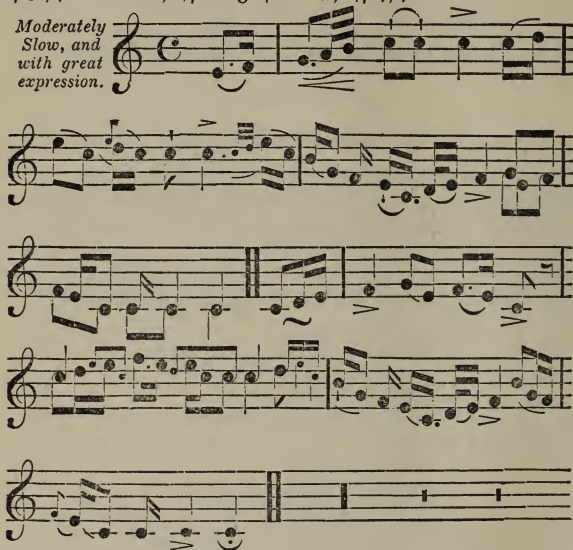
"Is it silk that's in your wallet,  
 Is it silk that's in your wallet.  
 Is it silk that's in your wallet, my buachaill ?  
 Is it silk that's in your wallet,  
 Is it silk that's in your wallet,  
 Or apples for ladies to eat of ?"

"'Tis not silk I have in my wallet,  
 'Tis not silk I have in my wallet,  
 'Tis not silk I have in my wallet, my fair one !  
 'Tis not silk I have in my wallet,  
 'Tis not silk I have in my wallet,  
 Nor apples for ladies to eat of !"

# a mhaire 'gus a mhuirnin.

Fonn :—A Mháire agus a Mhuirín.

*Moderately  
Slow, and  
with great  
expression.*



A Mháire 'gus a mhuirín, 'r a lúibín ta g-caob-folt,  
An cuimín leat marí do fíu-blamaoir ar úrúicíníóe an  
féin glair;  
A bláé na n-aball g-cúbairé, na g-cnó buiré, 'r na  
g-caoraó,  
Do páirt-rí níon úrúitairéar, cé úbác taoim do t-éilíom!

---

MY DARLING MARY.

---

THIS beautiful love-song is the composition of one of the humbler rank of the peasantry, and breathes, like all other poems of the same class, the most intense feeling of deep affection, and burning tenderness of expression.

To show with what fidelity Mangan has adhered to the original, we need only refer our readers to the following literal translation of the first stanza :—

O, my darling Mary—my fair one of the ringlets,  
Do you remember how we together trod the dew on the green grass ;  
Blossom of the sweet-scented apple-tree—the golden nuts—and berries ;  
Your affection never deserted me—tho' in sadness you have left me.

---

O, ringletted young maiden ! O, my own darling Mary !  
We've trod the dew together in the fields green and airy,  
O ! blossom of the apple-tree ! my heart's fount of glad-  
ness !

I always loved you fondly, though you have left me now  
in sadness.

Δ ἤγάθ' οὐλ' ῥ' αὖ μινίν, τὰρ ταοῖβ' ἕομι οἰῶδε εἰσιν ?  
 ἦναιρ' αὖτις μὲν μοι μινίτιν γο μ-βειῶεαμ ἀγ' αἰντ' ἑ  
 να δέϊλε ;  
 Μο λάμ' αἰ το δειμίν, ἀγ' οἰμνιούγαθ' μοι ῥγείλ' οὐιτ,  
 'S γυρ' β'έ το ἤγάθ', αὖ μινίτ'εαμ, βυαῖν' μαῶαρι φλατάρ  
 'Οέ οἰομ !

'Οά μ-βειτ' αὖ ῥιορ' ἀγ' μοι οἰμνιούγαθ' μοι ῥγείλ' οὐιτ,  
 βυαῖν' οἰμνιού,  
 'Οά μ-βειτ' αὖ ῥιορ' (οἰμνιού), βειῶεαθ' μαῶαρ' οἰμνιού  
 αἰρ,  
 Μο δέϊλε-μαῶαρι αἰμνιού, ῥ' δέϊλε εἰλε δά λυαθ' λεί,  
 'S τὰρ μινά οἰμνιού Εἰμνιού, ἡ ἰ μοι ἤγάθ' γαλ' νά  
 ῥαδ-ῥαῖν.

Δ δαῖν' βρεῖγ' αἰμνιού—αἰμνιού μοι λάμ' οὐ,  
 Δ δὴλ' οἰμνιού να γ-οἰμνιού ῥ' αὖ ἡμνιού βαν Εἰμνιού ;  
 'Οο μινιού οὐ οἰμνιού, ῥ' ῥαῖορ' νίλ' λείγιορ' αἰρ,  
 Οἰμνιού το β'αῖλ' ἕομι το τ-οἰμνιού ῥ' αὖ οἰμνιού-ἤγάθ' νά  
 ῥαδ-ῥαῖν οὐ.

'Οά μ-βειῶιμν-ῥι αἰμνιού αἰμνιού ῥαῖν' αὖ μ-βειῶιμν Εἰμνιού,  
 'S Μάμ' να η-γαλ' μ-βρεῖγ' να βρεῖγ' αἰμνιού οἰμνιού ;  
 ἡ ῥγείλ' ῥ' αἰμνιού οἰμνιού το μ-αἰμνιού οἰμνιού ἡ-εἰμνιού,  
 'S το γαδ-ῥαῖν αἰμνιού μοι οἰμνιού " ἡμνιού βαν Εἰμνιού."

'Οά μ-βειῶιμν-ῥι αἰμνιού ἡ-αἰμνιού ῥαῖν' οἰμνιού ῥαῖν' οἰμνιού,  
 'S μαῶαρι αἰμνιού φλατάρ' οἰμνιού μ-αἰμνιού το ῥαῖν' οἰμνιού ;  
 'Οο δαδ-ῥαῖν αἰμνιού αἰμνιού αὖ οἰμνιού ἡ-εἰμνιού-ῥαῖν,  
 'S λείγιορ' οἰμνιού ἡ-αἰμνιού αὖ οἰμνιού ῥαῖν' οἰμνιού ἡ-εἰμνιού !

My purest love, my true love, come some night to me  
kindly,

We both will talk together of the love I gave you blindly,  
With my arm around your slender waist, I'll tell how you  
won me,

And how 'twas you, my Mary, shut Heaven's gates upon me.

O! if my brother knew but of my woe and my sorrow,  
A bitter heart he'd have through many a day and  
morrow;

O! none of Eire's maidens do I prize like to you, love,  
And yet you now forsake me, though I thought you my  
true love!

O, loveliest of damsels, the sad truth must be spoken,  
But, maid of golden tresses, my sore heart you have  
broken;

My suffering is grievous, but I fain must endure it,  
My wound it is a deep one, but you will not cure it.

O! were I in Beinn-Eidir, a fisher skilled and wary,  
And you down in Lough Erin, a salmon, O my Mary,  
I'd rise up in the night-time, and haste to its waters,  
And I'd catch you in my net, before all Eire's daughters!

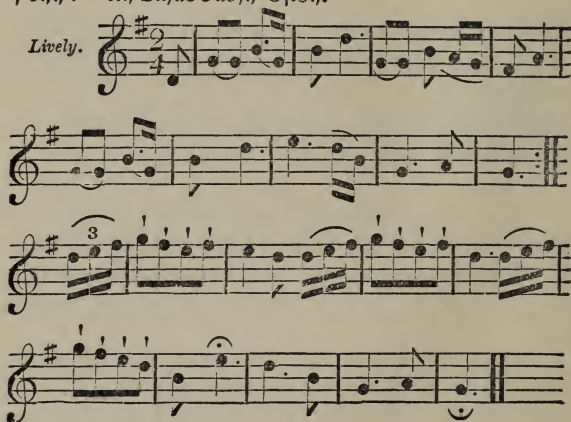
Or if I were a wild duck, and the heath hills before me,  
And Heaven in its glory so blue shining o'er me,  
I'd bring you home, my fair one, and this I tell you plainly,  
That if your father sought you, he should long seek you  
vainly!

Dá m-beirínn-rí a lunoain marí ceann ar an n-*gáirí*,  
 'S ceo agam o'n b-*franncaé* mo long do cupi tar *ráile*;  
 Chúig míle púnta dá m'fíú rin *gac* lá me  
 I rí Máire mo *ioḡa-ra*, 'r do bhonnfain mo *rtát* si.

Eirgíó do fúige a buacailí 'r *gluar* ar do *gearrán*?  
*Gac* bealaé dá m-buailir bíó' ar *tuairis* mo *ían-ḡráó*,  
 Do bíó-rí dá luaó liom o bíóear am *leanb-bán*,  
 'S ba binne liom naoi nuairé í ná cuac 'r ná *orḡáin*

Foehn:—*2n Smacḡaoḡn Grén.*

*Lively.*





O, were I in London, a naval commander,  
 And France gave me charters o'er ocean to wander,  
 'Tis hundreds of thousands of guineas I'd squander  
 On Mary, my darling! no queen should be grander.

Up, boy! Mount your steed! 'Tis a bright eve and airy,  
 And each road you travel inquire for my Mary!  
 She loved me while yet but a child like a fairy—  
 That sweet one whose tones shame the thrush and canary.

---

### THE BROWN LITTLE MALLET.

THE epithet *Smachdaoin Cron* (Brown Little Mallet) was applied to a stout description of tobacco, smuggled into Ireland about the middle of the last century, and in which an extensive traffic was carried on in Munster. There are many songs to this air current among the peasantry; but we believe the following is the first stanza of the earliest known specimen:—

“ *Eirghidh ad shuighe a chailin ?  
 Cuir síos potataoi 's feoil !  
 Sud e nois an garraidhe,  
 Rabaire an Smachdaoin Chroin.* ”

“ *Oro, ro, mo Smachdaoin !  
 Caradh mo chroide, mo Smachdaoin !  
 Oro, ro, mo Smachdaoin !  
 O, mo Smachdaoin Cron !* ”

“ *Arise! get up my girl !  
 Boil potatoes and meat  
 Here comes up the garden  
 The lad with the Smachteen Cron.* ”

“ *Oro, ro, my Smachteen  
 Love of my soul, my Smachteen !  
 Oro, ro, my Smachteen !  
 O my Smachteen Cron !* ”

## an seabhac siubhail.

Муир иа Сиубха, ссг.

Fonn:—An Clár Boz Déil.

Very wild  
and  
irregular.  
Not too  
Slow.

Is é mearoar liom ar leasao túr, 'r áitíob méir,  
Ar earbas ríubail, ar fearam ríuic neam-ghát, ran  
rpéir;  
Ar éreacao tríuc, ar leasao dúil, 'r ar ároisreao béit,  
So b-fuil malartúgaó le teacó vo'n cúir, nó lá bheac'  
Dé!

## THE WANDERING EXILE.

BY MAURICE GRIFFIN.

AIR:—"Soft Deal Board."

THERE are several songs to this air, but we have selected this Jacobite effusion of Maurice Griffin, for the present occasion. The original words will be found in Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. i., p. 238, with a translation by Thomas Furlong.

The original version of "*Clar Bog Deal*" (Soft Deal Board) is better known under the title of "*Caisioll Mumhan*" (Cashel of Munster), and may with justice be attributed to the Rev. Wm. English. The reverend writer, before taking the Augustinian habit, was the author of many beautiful compositions; among which we may reckon the celebrated "*Cois na Brighide*," "By the Bride's Silvery Waters," of which the following is the opening stanza:—

"Cois na Brighde seal do bhiosa go sugach samh,  
Ag dearca síos air aingir chaoin an urladh bhlath;  
Ba ghile a pib na sneachta air craoibh 's na drucht air ban,  
'S ní coigercioch me acht buachaill brioghunhar o Dhun na m-bad."

"By the Brighid awhile I dwelt, merry and gay,  
Glancing down on the mild maiden, of the beaming eye;  
Whose neck is whiter than snow on trees, or dew on lea,  
And I am not a stranger, but a brave youth, from Dun of the boats."

We cannot tell what place is meant by *Dun na m-bad*, which the writer states is his birthplace, unless it be Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford, a place celebrated for its fishing-boats.

Methinks Earth reels and rocks, and feels towns fall and  
towers,  
The gloomy sky looks heavy on high, and blackly lowers.  
The wailing of maids, the hourly raids that waste the land,  
Would seem to say that the Judgment Day is nigh at  
hand.

l̥ é veir̥ an cúinge caṡa cúil, 'r̥ an Spáinneac̥ tréan,  
'San bean-ra v'úmlaio̥ teac̥t gan cúinre, a b-páirt na  
laoc̥ ;

ná rtaoṡaio rúo v́a ḡ-clearaib̥ lúit̥, 'na lann-ḡac̥ n-ḡear̥,  
ḡo ḡ-cait̥pio cúmlaṡt námaio ár̥ n-óuit̥ḡe, ari pán le  
raoḡar̥ !

l̥r veaib̥ óúinn a ḡaiaio ḡlúmm̥il, 'r̥ a páib̥ óil ḡlé,  
ḡo n-ḡeallao rúo ḡo tapaió cóngnaim̥ báic̥, 'r̥ laoc̥ ;  
ḡo r̥iar̥ vo 'n p̥pionnra ḡeannair̥ óút̥ḡair̥ ḡáir̥ve Chéin,  
'Tá aḡ raḡa tñúit̥ le neaṡt an triuir̥ cum teac̥t a réim̥.

l̥r r̥ear̥ ó v'iompaio̥ an aingir̥ lonnraio̥, láioir̥, léir̥,  
ḡo ceair̥ le laoir̥eac̥ laiair̥ ionnraic̥, a b-páirt gan  
pléio̥ ;  
ḡo b-r̥ear̥rair̥ v̥lúit̥-ḡeac̥, trearaḡ, trúpac̥, táin-teac̥,  
tréan,  
v̥o cait̥pioṡ buir̥ ḡo b̥reatain ḡionntac̥ ar̥ áit̥pioḡ ḡaoḡal̥.

beio̥ ceallaḡ 'r̥ úir̥o gan r̥maṡt ann rúo, gan r̥ḡát̥, gan  
baḡḡal̥,

beio̥ reac̥t na v̥-triúḡ maṡ leara ar̥ v̥-túir̥ aḡ pára v̥é;  
beio̥ ceair̥ 'r̥ cúinre bleac̥tmaṡ búac̥ḡ, vo ḡnát̥ aḡ  
ḡaoiḡeíl̥,

'S ár̥ "Seabac̥ Siúbail̥" gan ḡeao vo 'n m-buáio, ḡo  
b̥r̥át̥ a réim̥.

On the battle-plain blood runs like rain : the Spaniard  
brave  
And she who comes to free our homes o'er Ocean's wave,  
Have sworn they will fight for Truth and Right,—fight  
evermore  
Till they drive afar the hounds of War from Banba's shore

Be of cheer, my friend ; we never will bend ! Our barques  
and troops  
Will muster in pride ; and Woe betide the heart that  
droops !  
Our swords we draw for our King and Law, nor we alone—  
Three Princes he hath to clear his path, and rear his  
throne !

Since the Maiden bright, unmatched in might, joined  
Louis of France,  
We have sworn to stand, a marshalled band, with gun  
and lance,  
On the battle-ground, and fight till crowned with victory—  
Yea, till we chase the Sassenach race across the sea !

From tyrannous men our temples then, all free shall rise—  
And the Pope of God will bless our soç, and still our sighs.  
And Right and Might rule day and night in Eire's isle—  
And we shall sing to our exiled King glad hymns the  
while !

ba feargairi rúbać ađ cantain ciuil an dáim, le oíeáć,  
 a m-bailcib Múman go mairioć, muinte, gáiríoeać, glé;  
 gáć oíagán úr do élanua lúgairí, Cháiríeaiğ, 'r Chéin,  
 ađ teaćć go h-úmal gan rtao a g-cúirć, le gíao do 'n  
 rgléir.

### an brannoa.

Diarmuid ma Domhnaill, míc Fingín Chaoil, míc  
 Cháiríeairí, cec.

a óalta óil dári éugara mo ann-raćć oian,  
 geallaim ouit go raćcainn-rí, gíó' fann mo rian;  
 do faircín-rí le carćcannaćć an am gáć bliagáin,  
 aćć ar eagla a beirć cfeargairća ađ an m-brannoa fíar!

ní feargairíeacćć fá n-oearra óam, ná clamparí ríac,  
 ná an'muinn do épairinneacćć mo éeann, gíó' liaćć!  
 ná reacćain oul tarí gairb-énocairb namaraćć líağ,  
 aćć eaglać a beirć cfeargairća ađ an m-brannoa fíar!



With music and song the bardic throng through Munster's  
towns  
Shall chant their joy, and each minstrel boy win laurel  
crowns.  
Each noble chief shall forget his grief, and Lughaidh's  
name  
And Mac Cartha Mór \* shine out as of yore with brighter  
fame.

---

### WHISKEY ON THE WAY.

BY DERMOD MAC DOMHNALL MAC FELIX (THE SLENDER)  
MAC CARTHU.

---

My gay and brilliant friend, though my health is rather  
poor,  
I wouldn't be so slow to cross your hospitable door—  
Once a twelvemonth at the least would I give you up a  
day,  
If I didn't fear the sly assaults of Whiskey on the Way!  
  
'Tis not disturbance of mine ease, not bailiff's grasp I  
dread,  
Nor noises that may rattle through and through my  
hoary head.  
Nor even climbing over craggy hills and mountains grey—  
I'm afraid of nothing earthly but of Whiskey on the Way!

---

Earcaraio do 'n anam—agus namair do 'Dhia,  
 'Dá leagar cuipir dá calmaét gac ball dá o-tpiall,  
 Glaise rtoic 'r aipoe rtillead,—bhrannoa miam,  
 A'cáir-neimhe ba mímie éug mo céann gan éiall!

I' cleaéctad leir an leanb beag—gíó' gann a éiall!  
 Nuair fátalar ar aicinne ná air a fámuil do píann;  
 Go reácnan an laraí ann gac ball dá o-tpiall,  
 'S ní tairé dam poim magsairne an bhrannoa fíar!

Glac-ra rin óm' éaédaire, gíó' gann liom iao,  
 Mo ríata bhuiníolll gan faice bhuic, 'ná bean dá mair!  
 Tabair cuir do o' banaltia i' ceann-ra mian,  
 'S géabair uile am ainim-rí do élann do mair!

### An Ceangal.

A fuaic-fíir gíoióe do gníó an gíeann 'ra rult,  
 Ní fuac doo' mnaoi, ná víb, tug mall me a n-oul,  
 Ná fuac do 'n t-ríge, cé éim supí mair na cnoic,  
 Aét fuac mo éíoióe do bíon do 'n m-bhrannoa agam!

A traitor to the soul it is—to God and Man a foe—  
It makes the veriest sage a fool—it lays the stoutest low—  
The accursed swash, the still-house wash!—it lures but  
to betray—

A serpent oft around my neck was Whiskey on the Way!

The infant child, though all untaught by mother, nurse, or  
sire,

If burned or scorched, in after years will fear and flee the  
fire.

And that's the case, alas! with me—I've been so oft its prey,  
That now I dread like Hell itself all Whiskey on the  
Way!

But, though thus forced to stop at home—a thought that  
makes me sad—

My daughters—comely damsels they! though somewhat  
thinly clad,

Will gladly visit you, my friend, for well I ween that they  
Don't run much risk of being o'ercome by Whiskey on  
the Way!

#### SUMMING-UP.

Believe me, then, O, sprightly friend! O, youth of  
cheerful mind!

'Tis no ill-will to you or yours that keeps me here con-  
fined—

'Tis no dislike to scale the hills or climb the mountains  
grey—

'Tis my sincere and wholesome fear of Whiskey on the Way!

## AN DRAONAN DONN.

Fonn:—An Draonán Donn.

Slow.

*p* *Cres.* *m. f.* *Dim.*

*tr* *p* *hr Cres.* *m. f.*

*Dim.* *p* *Cres.*

*m. f.* *Dim.* *p* *p* *Cres.*

*Dim.* *pp*

Síleán céad fear siar leo féin me an uair o'ólaim liún,  
 'S tíghean dá o-riuan ríor díom as cuimne air a s-comhláó  
 liom;

## THE BROWN SLOE-TREE.

AIR—" *The Brown Sloe Tree.*"

---

THE *Draonan Donn*, i.e., "The Brown Sloe-tree," or "Thorn," is the name of another of those beautiful love-songs peculiar to the Irish peasantry, and which, in almost every instance, have been adapted to our most admired airs. There is some similarity between the air of the *Draonan Donn* and that of the *Rois Gheal Dubh* (Black-haired, fair-skinned Rose), which we give at p. 256. Yet there is a slight difference—only perceptible to a refined ear.

The *Draonan Donn* tree is called "Draonan" from its sharp-pointed prickly thorns. It blossoms early in the month of August, and produces full-ripe sloes in September. With respect to these, much depends on the quality of the soil where the tree grows; if it be fertile, the fruit is nearly as large as a plum; but if in barren soil, as small as the haws which grow on the common *Sgeach gheal*, or hawthorn bush.

The Connacht version of this popular song may be seen in Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. i., p. 234.

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When, amid my gay friends the brown-beaded ale I quaff,  
I droop in deep sorrow, despite the song and laugh—

Sneadta féiríste 'r é dá fíor-cuiri ar Shliabh na m-Ban  
Fionn,\*

'S tá mo shiáó-ra, maí bláí na n-áinne, ar an Odraonan  
Donn!

Dá m-beirínn am báóóir ir veap vo fínámpáinn an fáirge  
a núnn,

'S vo rshíbfínn cúgao líne le báiri mo péann;  
Fápaoir géar! san mé 'r tú, a éráóais mo érióe,  
A n-gléanntán pléibe le h-éirigíó shéine 'r an oiméet na  
luíde!

Cuirim féin mo míle plán leat a baile ne g-cuann,  
'S gac baile beag eile dá m-bíóeac mo éuall ann;  
Ir iomóa bealaí, plúic, palaí; asur bóit'pín cam,  
Tá 'oir mé sur an baile, 'na b-fuil mo rtoipín ann!

Léigfínn-rí leabair gaoiréilge 'sur lairíon oi ar neoin,  
Sghíbfínn-rí ríor é le báiri mo péann;  
Bheirínn as éalógaó paor na léine 'r as fárgaó a com,  
'S an lá ná féarfaínn bean vo b'éagaó, ní'l an báirne  
líom.

---

\* *Sliabh na m-Ban Fionn* (i.e., The Mountain of the Fair-haired Women), forms a long range of hills lying about four miles north-east of the town of Clonmel, and known by the name of *Sliabh na m-ban*, but the origin of the appellation "*fionn*" (fair-haired) is rather mystical. This mountain is remarkable as the place of an encampment of a small body of the Irish in 1798, who were dispersed by the king's troops, on



A thinking on my true-love, who is fairer than the sun,  
And whiter than the white blossom of the Draonan Donn.

O! were I a mariner, 'tis I that would often write  
Across the sea to my darling all the long stilly night:  
My grief and my affliction it is that I cannot pass  
The early morning hours with her, ere the dew gems the  
grass.

A thousand farewells of sorrow to the villages all  
Where I spent my time so blithely from dawn to even-fall.  
O many are the high mountains and dark winding dells  
That sever me from the hamlet where my true-love dwells.

I would read for her in the noon from a Gaelic or Latin  
book;

I would write her pure thoughts down by some clear  
pebbly brook;

I would take her around the waist, and press her to my  
breast,

And the day that I couldn't please her, I'd lose my heart's  
rest!

---

the day after their appearance on the hill, on which occasion some rhymer  
produced a song, of which the following is part:—

"Is dubhach 's as lean liom bualadh an lea ud,  
Do dhul air Ghaoidheil-bhoichd 's na ceadta shlad;  
Gur 'mo fear eadrom 's cobhaire gleigiol  
On am go cheille do gabhag le seal!  
'Na bh-fuil corduighe caola ag buaint luith a n-geag diobh,  
A n-duinseion dhaora go deo faoi ghlas,  
Níor thainig ar *Major* a d-tuis an lae chugain,  
'S ní rabhamair fein ann a g-coir na g-ceart,  
Ach mar seolfaidhe aodhaire le bo chum sleibhe  
Do bhi Gaoidheil-bhoicht air Shliabh na m-ban!"

Tabair do mallact do t-*deair* 'r do o' má*deairín* féin,  
 Náir *éug* beagán tuigrionna *duit* mo láim do léagáim,\*  
 I'mo*ch* ar maidin *cuirinn* *éugao-ra* brí*g* mo r*g*éil,  
 Bí*o*ch mo beanna*o*ct agao go *g-carrair* oir*t* a n-uai*g*near mé

A mhui*re* *óil*ir! creao do *óe*an*ra*o má im*ti*g*ean* tú  
 uaim,

Ní'l eolur *éum* do *éig*e 'gam, do *éa*glai*g*, ná do *é*luio,  
 Tá mo má*deairín* *raoi* lea*o*-*tiom*, 'r m'*deair* ran uai*o*.  
 Tá mo mui*ntir* ar *rao* a b-*raoi*g liom, 'r mo *g*rá*o* a  
 b-*rao* uaim!

Má*r* ag im*éa*o*t* a táir uaim anoir a mui*ntirín*, go  
 b-*fill*ea*o* tú r*l*án!

I*r* *deair*b*éa* gur m*air*b*é* tú mo *é*roi*o*e ann mo lár,  
 Ní'l coite 'gam do *cuir*in do *ó*ia*g*, ná bá*o*;  
 Tá'n *fa*i*g*e na tuil*te* eadrai*nn*, 'r ní eól *oam* r*na*m!

---

"To me how woful was that day's battle  
 Gained over the Gael, of whom were hundreds slain;  
 And many youths of powerful arm,  
 Were then unjustly seized,  
 With slender ropes now their limbs are fettered  
 In foul dark dungeons 'neath bolts and locks.  
 Our Major was not with us early,  
 To lead us, as was his duty;  
 But like cattle driven by herdsmen,  
 Were the Gael that day on Sliabh na m-ban!"

\* See the penal enactment against education at page 39.

On the subject of education in Ireland we have the following testimony from Mr. Christopher Anderson, an honest intelligent Scotchman: "I may assure the reader, that such has been the eagerness of the Irish to obtain education, that children have been known to acquire the first elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic, without a book—without a pen—without a slate? And indeed the place of meeting was no other

A shame for her father and her mother it was indeed,  
That they never taught my darling either to write or  
read,  
"Twere a task so delightful to write to her o'er and o'er,  
But my blessing be on her till we both meet once  
more !

O ! holiest Virgin Mother, let me not lose my love !  
Far away from her, alas ! this dark day I rove ;  
My mother is in trouble ; my father is dead and gone,  
And I, I am left friendless,—friendless and all alone !

I entreat, O fairest maiden, that you and I may not  
part,  
Though your smiles and your glances have broken my  
sad heart ;  
Alas ! that the wide ocean should roll between us dark,  
And I be left pining here, without a fisher's bark !

---

than a graveyard ! The long flat stones with their inscriptions were used instead of books, while a bit of chalk and the stones together served for all the rest ! But then this eagerness for knowledge, though more generally felt, is not novel. Let any one inquire minutely into local circumstances during the last fifty or sixty years, and he will find it here and there as a strong feature of the Irish character. When we advert to the native Irish and education in their native tongue, we see what avidity can suggest. Then we can mention evening scholars, who have been endeavouring literally to go on by the help of moonlight, for want of a candle, and even men and women, particularly within these few years, acquiring an ability to read in so short a period, that, until the facts of the case are examined or witnessed, the statement might seem incredible." — *Sketches of the Native Irish*, p. 205. Third edition. 12mo. London : 1846.

# aisling eadhbhaird do nozlaich.

Fonn :—Orzul an Dornu zo Cuih O!

*Quick and graceful.*

*Cres. f*

[The last two lines of each verse are to be repeated.]

Λά 'ζυρ μέ ας ταιριόει' αρι μαροιν αμ δοναρι,  
 'S ταιρνεαμ' na ζημέne αρι an η-οριύετ, O.  
 Το έαριλαρό an αινζιρι na ρεαραμ' le m' έαοδ-ρα,  
 ζο βαρριαμυλ, βεαρας, ζαν पूयि. α!

## EDWARD NAGLE'S VISION.

AIR—"Open the Door, O."

THIS song is the production of Edward Nagle, a native of Cork city and brother to the poet, James Nagle. The brothers lived about 1760.

Edward Nagle was a tailor; he refers to his profession in the tenth stanza; and it is probable that his friends shared the feelings of "*le pauvre et vieux grand père*" of the greatest of modern song writers :—

"La vieux tailleur s'ecrie : 'Eh quoi ! ma fille  
Ne m'a donné qu'un faiseur de chansons !  
Mieux jour et nuit vaudrait tenir l'aiguille  
Que, faible écho, mourir en de vains sons'"

*Béranger. La Tailleur et la Fée.*

To the air of "Open the Door," Moore has composed his beautiful song on Sarah Curran, "She is far from the land where her young Hero sleeps."

As I wandered abroad in the purple of dawn,  
Ere the flowers yet woke to the air, O !  
I met a young maiden who trod the green lawn,  
So stately, so comely, so fair, O !

ba áluinn a peapra, ba taitneamh, oíéimheac,  
     ba camapra péalac a cúl, O!  
 ba blátmair a mala mair ghearra le caol-pínn,  
     ba leathan a h-éadan gan rmuít, O!

Sgáil gheal gan rgamal na maíar-mor ghearra,  
     Sneacta 'sur caora 'na gnúir, O!  
 Ráirte gan armuít, áco labairtá beara,  
     blarua, 'sur bréirte ciuin, O!

A brághair mair an rneacta le taitneamh na gheime,  
     Searam mair gheir ar an rruíll, O!  
 ba blátmair a mama 'r a leabair-érob doíua,  
     ba taitneamh, caol-dear, a cóm, O!

Le na breághact vo meara sur peapra banóirte í;  
     *Pallas, no Venus, no Juno!*  
 nó 'n rtaírbéan le'r caillioz gan arioc na céarua,  
     A g-carmairt na Tíae íoir go dúba, O!

No 'n mánla vo tairtoil tar calair a g-céim real,  
     O Thairt mic Tíén na o-truú, O!  
 nó 'n báin-éneir óar b' ainim oi Taire ba taobh-geal,  
     ' anb na gheirte 'r a plúir, O!



Her figure was queenly ; her ringletted hair  
Fell down in rich curls o'er her face, O !  
Her white marble brow was beyond all compare  
For beauty, and lustre, and grace, O !

Her blue eyes were stars that not Death could eclipse—  
On her cheek shone the lily and rose, O !  
Like honey, sweet words ever dropped from her lips,  
As morning's dew-pearls upon snows, O !

O ! 'twas bliss beyond all bliss to gaze on her breast,  
Milk-white as the swan's on the lake, O !  
Her neck, and her hand, that no mortal e'er pressed—  
I felt I could die for her sake, O !

From her figure I deemed her a goddess at least,  
A Pallas, or Venus, or Juno—  
Or that wonderful damsel renowned through the East  
For whose sake Troy was burned too soon, O !

Or her who, far voyaging over the sea,  
From Taile obtained a release, O !  
Or Taise, the fairest of damosels, she,  
Who of old was the glory of Greece, O !

Nó 'n áruir an Fhíri Deacairi ba úearb na rgealta,  
 An aingiri do claoaó le Fionn, O!  
 Nó 'n rtaio-bhuingiolll cáilce rári b'ainim ri Déiríope,  
 So h-Albain o'éalaig le tpiúri, O!

O'áruaigear so meanmnaó m'aigne a néinfeact,  
 Do labairar léiri so ciuin, O!  
 A ghráó gíl na g-caiao 'r a tairge mo óléib-ri,  
 Tabairi do g'éas óam so olúit, O!

"Scráille riri magairó tu," mairar an béit liom,  
 Meairim gur léitir do do óúl, O!  
 Oáilimri fairie leat! reacainn do plae oim,  
 Ná fairig m'éasac ra plúio, O!

Ir ceáiríra riri cealgaio meairim, cé o'aoirar,  
 T-ainimri, léig óam ari o-túir, O!  
 Ir ghrána do leacaó 'r ar rearb do b'reitíre,  
 Mealla na m-béite ann do rúin, O!

Ná cáin-ri mo leacaó 'r na h-abair-ri bréas liom,  
 Taitníóean mo briaéra 'r mo lute, O!  
 Le rtaio-bhuingiolll bairi-fionn do mairib na h-Eipeann,  
 M'ainim-ri easbair, a rúin, O!

Or her who eloped with the Fionn of yore,  
As Seanachies tell in their tales, O !  
Or Deirdre, whom Naois, out of love for her, bore  
To Alba of stormiest gales, O !

Awakening up, as it were, from a trance,  
Thus spake I the maiden so bland, O !  
“ My treasure, my brightest ! O grant me one glance,  
And give me your lily-white hand, O !”

“ False flattering man !” cried the maiden to me,  
“ Why the hair on your head has grown grey, O !  
Shame on you, old wretch, to think I could agree  
To wed one of your age and your way, O !”

Quoth I, “ I’m a tailor.” “ A tailor, forsooth !”  
She exclaimed. “ You go on a bad plan, O !  
You’re an ugly old brute, and you don’t speak the truth,  
And I fear you’re a very sad man, O !”

Look at me more nearly,” I said with a smile,  
“ For mine is a very wide fame, O !  
I am loved by the daughters of Eire’s green isle ;  
And Edward, ’tis true, is my name, O !”

Σπιάό λιον το λεακα, το μάλα, το λέιτ-μοιρζ,  
 Ραδαρ αν βείτ λιον ανη γύο, Ο !  
 Σπιάό λιον το ρεαρρα, το ρεαρραϊν, το ερίετς,  
 Ταιτνεαϊν μο ελέιθ-ρι το ετιν, Ο !

Φωνη :—Τομνδεαλβας Λατομ.

*Lively.*



“Ah! now,” said the maiden, “I know who you are—  
 I love your high forehead so pale, O!  
 Your bearing bespeaks you as fashioned for war—  
 Yes! you are the Prince of the Gael, O!”

### TURLOGH THE BRAVE.

TOIRDHEALBHACH LAIDIR (*i.e.*, Turlogh the Brave, Valiant, Stout, or Mighty) flourished about the middle of the last century. His real name was Turlogh O'Brien, and he belonged to the family from whom *Leim Ui Bhrian* (Lemebrían), a townland in the county of Waterford, takes its name. He frequented all the fairs and patterns of Munster, particularly those of his own county; and, from his stalwart appearance, was an object of terror wherever he went. We remember the following stanzas of a doggerel rhyme attributed to him, when clearing a fair green, or pattern:—

“*Cumadh na beiridhean tu bainge dham?  
 Cumadh na cuirean tu im air?  
 Cumadh na teighir go dtí an maraga,  
 Ag ceanach luadh pinghine d'uibhe dham!*”

“Why don't you boil up the milk for me?  
 Why don't you thicken it with butter?  
 Why don't you hasten to market,  
 To buy me a pen'orth of eggs there?”

“*Hurroo! ce bhuaileach mo mhadra?  
 Hurroo! ce straeach mo chaba?  
 Hurroo! ce dhearfach nach gaige me?  
 'S gur bainim dam Toirdhealbhach Laidir!*”

“Hurrah! who'd sneer at my little dog?  
 Hurrah! who'd tear my old cape off?  
 Hurrah! who'd say I'm not a gentleman!  
 For my name is Turlogh the Mighty!”

# aisling phaoiric cundun.

Φωνη :—Αη Στάσις Εόρηαυ.

*Moderately Slow.*

*Cres. m. f. Dim. p*

*Cres. m. f. p m. f. f*

*Dim. p m. f. m. f.*

Μαριον 'r me am αοναμ κορ ταοβ κοιλλε ουλλε-ζλαρε,  
 Ας οεαναμ μο h-ιομανναο βα ζναταο με ανη;  
 'S μημε αιρ λυρνε Ρhoebur τρε ζεαζαιβ λε ρυτνεζλαμε;  
 Α πλεριποτ ce cμιορσαλ-γιορμαο φαοβραο να ο-τονη;—



## PATRICK CONDON'S VISION.

AIR :—" *The Little Stack of Barley.*"

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PATRICK CONDON, the author of this song, was a native of the barony of Imokilly, county of Cork, and resided about four miles from the town of Youghal. About thirty years ago he emigrated to North America, and settled near Quebec.

The Englishman who has ever, in the course of his travels, chanced to come into proximity with an Irish "hedge school," will be at no loss to conjecture the origin of the frequent allusions to heathen mythology in these songs. They are to be traced, we may say, exclusively to that intimate acquaintance with the classics which the Munster peasant used to acquire from the instructions of the road-side schoolmaster. Many of the Kerry rustics speak Latin like citizens of old Rome, and frequently, though ignorant of a syllable of English, conversed in the language of Cicero and Virgil with some of the most learned and intellectual of English tourists. Alas ! that the acuteness of intellect for which the Irish peasant is remarkable should not have afforded a hint to our rulers, amid their many and fruitless attempts at what is called conciliation ! Would it not be a policy equally worthy of their judgment, and deserving of praise in itself, to establish schools for the Irish in which they might be taught, at least, the elementary principles of education through the medium of their native tongue ? This course, long advocated by the most enlightened of every class and creed, has been lately brought forward in an able manner by Mr. Christopher Anderson in his *Sketches of the Native Irish*.

---

The evening was waning : long, long I stood pondering  
Nigh a greenwood on my desolate lot.  
The setting sun's glory then set me a-wondering,  
And the deep tone of the stream in the grot.

Ealta iomdha éanlaic ari cnaobaiḃ go miocair-éirpe,  
 As réiread 'r as reinne-binne ari géaga gac crann,  
 Bhuic 'r Sionais claonaó iomh fáol-coin ari mipeirite,  
 'S laocnaó go h-inniollta dá o-traochaó gac am !

Iar g-caiteam eirneac enó dam bíó buacaó ari bile as ríle,  
 Luadail laet gan time pinead paoran do'n b-fann ;  
 Sáram bíó gan gnuaim ann, do fuair, 'r mile-blaire,  
 Stuidim asur ionnar-éirite glé-tuigre am ceann ;—  
 Sur caras trío an m-buan-oirpe a nuar cúgam ari  
 fuinniom-puice.

Uairleact na b-pinne-ban a rgeim-éirite nári gann ;  
 Ainngi doibinn uamad, lán-buacaó tar éinne-Scuite,  
 Buadaó, binn, mílir, miocair. réim tar gac oream.

Do b'fada, olaoiteac, péarlaó, a cnaob-folt a titim-  
 bhuirpe,

Oreimpeac, car, ionannua, a b-rig néata ó na ceann ;  
 A dearca bíó mar réalta na rpéire le iúitne-glaine,  
 Géir-daic no gile an lile, nam-éunnn a com ;

Ba dear, ba éunnn a deara, le céile do cupeas ruigte  
 A réal bí go pnotal-éirpe a m-bpéirpe lán lonn.

'S blát an oiaoin tre caoraó na rgeim 'r na veirg-luigne,  
 Niam rige puit-te oile a réigmeas go bonn.

Do fearaim ri liom fuar 'r do buan-amarc mire ire,

A o-tuaimm sur bhuingiolll inniolll déite bí ann,  
 Nó ceactar bí an rpéir-bean le caomnar na oirpe-geinte,  
 A téarnaó cum feitim inte tréimpe gan beann ;

The birds on the boughs were melodiously singing, too,  
Even though the night was advancing apace ;  
Voices of fox-hunters,—voices were ringing, too,  
And deep-mouthed hounds followed up the long chase.

Nut-trees around me grew beauteous and flourishing—  
Of the ripe fruit I partook without fear—  
Sweet was their flavour,—sweet, healthful, and nourish-  
ing—

Honey I too found—the best of good cheer !  
When, lo ! I beheld a fair maiden draw near to me ;  
The noblest of maidens in figure and mind—  
One who hath been, and will ever be dear to me—  
Lovely and mild above all of her kind !

Long were her locks, hanging down in rich tresses all—  
Golden and plaited, luxuriant and curled ;  
Her eyes shone like stars of that Heaven which blesses  
all :

Swan-white was her bosom, the pride of the world.  
Her marvellous face like the rose and the lily shone ;  
Pearl-like her teeth were as ever were seen ;  
In her calm beauty she proudly, yet stilly shone—  
Meek as a vestal, yet grand as a Queen.

Long-time I gazed on her, keenly and silently—  
Who might she be, this young damsel sublime ?  
Had she been chased from a foreign land violently ?  
Had she come hither to wile away time ?

Ůřiorřaō mē ůo řřēiřře caoin, nēata, ceairt, clirře-  
řřnuōte,

"An tu *Calypso* no *Ceres*, no *Hecate* na řřann,  
*Minerva* nō *Thetis* ůo řřēin-řřireaō longā ar uirře,  
*Batea* řřair, no *Hebe* řřear, ōn řřēiřřim řřut řřann !

Ni ceaōar ůiōb ů'āř řřuaōar aō ůuantaiř ar irē. mīře,  
āct aingir ēlaiōte, řřearřarřa, řře ionaōclann na  
n-řřall ;

S ar řřairř ůiř an uair 'na m-beaō mōř-ēāct 'ř mīře  
řřiř n-ōliřē,

Sāřam cřuin n būř n'ainřēiře beaō řřearōa 'řuiř řřan  
mēall :

Cur cūř ā řřeaō neam-řřuama, le řřuaimēnt mar ēulle,  
'ř řřēē,

Le ar an nīō būř řř-řairřēiře řři řřarřa lear tall

'S ar řřearř ůiř naō buan řřēiř an ēuall řřo řřa řř-řinne  
řřřiōřōa,

ā laōt řřa līōn beaō řřarřa řřiř, biōō m'anam leir ā  
n-řřeall.

Was she Calypso ? I questioned her pleasantly—

Ceres, or Hecate the bright undefiled ?

Thetis, who sank the stout vessels incessantly ?

Bateia the tender, or Hebe the mild ?

“None of all those whom you name”—she replied to  
me :

“One broken-hearted by strangers am I ;

But the day draweth near when the rights now denied to  
me

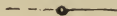
All shall flame forth like the stars in the sky.

Yet twenty-five years and you'll witness my glorious-  
ness :

Doubt me not, friend, for in GOD is my trust ;

And they who exult in their barren victoriousness,

Suddenly, soon, shall go down to the dust !”



# aisling chonnochubair uí shuillíobhain.

Fonn :—"Sean-bean Chríon an Dhan-táin."

Tré m' aisling a mair 'r me'm fuan táin,  
 Do dhearcara ríoguin na g-cuac m-bán;  
 Bhíó lairair trí litir, ag ceardac 'r a coimeardair,  
 Na h-ácta 'r ní 'l fíor cia fuair bárr!

A cairn-folt tréllreac ir leabair o'fár,  
 Go camairac, olaiteac, tuig, tior, 'tá;  
 'Na m-beartair a tigeac fíra, go baéalíac, buidear,  
 O baear a cinn gíl go bonn tréac.

Ba cáilce a déio-míon, ba ró blát,  
 A mbéal-tana b'éireactac cómpáó;  
 A mair-moirg élaona, 'r a mala dear m-cora,  
 Mar éarraigfeó caol-pinn a g-clóó 'táio.

Ba fánuil a rgeim-deac, 'r a leabair-brágaro,  
 Fíra rneacta na h-aon-oíóce a n-gleann-táin.  
 'S a leabair-érob aolra. ba cáilce lag-méarac,  
 Do rpreagac air téa-o-éruit gac rtreann-cán.



## THE VISION OF CONOR O'SULLIVAN.

AIR :—" *The Growling Old Woman.*"

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Last night, amid dreams without number,  
I beheld a bright vision in slumber ;  
A maiden with rose-red and lily-white features,  
Disrobed of all earthly cumber.

Her hair o'er her shoulder was flowing  
In clusters all golden and glowing,  
Luxuriant and thick as in meads are the grass-blades  
That the scythe of the mower is mowing.

With her brilliant eyes, glancing so keenly,  
Her lips, smiling sweet and serenely,  
Her pearly-white teeth and her high-arched eye-brows,  
She looked most commanding and queenly.

Her long taper fingers might dally  
With the harp in some grove or green alley ;  
And her ivory neck and her beautiful bosom  
Were white as the snows of the valley.

A nuair mearar í t'eac't am cóim-óáil,  
 Facaím go h-íreall le móir-óáil;  
 Fearaím go caoin uirí a h-ainim, 'r bhíís a turair,  
 Nó 'n baile 'na m-bíon ní gac cíuin-tíáit.

'Do f'reagair an míogain go mó íám,  
 'S ba taitníomac binn-ghuic a cóim-íáó;  
 Míre bean dílis na b-pláta do díbríog,  
 A'r Albain íoime íeo, gíó beó 'táio!

A cumainn ná tréig míre a n-óó-lár,  
 Suig annro taob' f'miom go fóill, má  
 Ir tú 'n f'inne-bean t-Séamuir,—buime na laóímaó,  
 Tabair cruinnear gac ígél dani, nó g'eabao báp!

Dearbairt oíaoíte 'gur íean dáim,  
 Thairiangair Naomh 'r gac oíeam íháís;  
 Go o-tairtíolrac mílte íá aimaib líomta,  
 Air Charolur Stíobairt tar mall-tíáís.

A óalta ná bíóó fearoa ag cann-íán,  
 Spíeagac do óíoióe 'noir, ní h-ionnn-tíáit;  
 An am aníao óíóíir an óabair a n-gaoir óuit,  
 Bíao ígáipe air gac oaoirte 'na íamair-már.

Bowing down now before her so lowly,  
With words that came trembling and slowly,  
I asked what her name was, and where I might worship  
At the shrine of a being so holy!

“This nation is thy land and my land,”  
She answered me with a sad smile, and  
The sweetest of tones—“I, alas! am the spouse of  
The long-banished chiefs of our island!”

“Ah! dimmed is that island’s fair glory,  
And through sorrow her children grow hoary;  
Yet, seat thee beside me, O, Nurse of the Heroes,  
And tell me thy tragical story!”

The Druids and Sages unfold it—  
The Prophets and Saints have foretold it,  
That the Stuart would come o’er the sea with his legions,  
And that all Eire’s tribes should behold it!

“Away, then, with sighing and mourning,  
The hearts in men’s bosoms are burning  
To free this green land—oh! be sure you will soon see  
The days of her greatness returning!

Dóiníó gáir-maoiríte le lútgáir,  
 'S taoirgais tráit fionta ór cionn cláir;  
 Déantar cnáim-éinnnte, ašur réio rroc na píbe,  
 Ašur gléartar gaó caoin-éruir 'r tiom-páin?

Iar o-teachtan cum tise go Cionn-t-Sáil,  
 Do'n laóirao rin laoiréac na o-trúp láin;  
 Beir gaoiréil-boct aš coimglis,—véanaó éirilis 'r  
 oiošaltair,  
 Air méirlioca 'n féill oirb óá g-cúrráil!

---

freagraoh dhonnchaoth ui shuillliobham  
 air chonchubhar.

Fonn:—"Sean-bean éirion an oiantáin."

---

An géalcan-éruir caoin cáilce. feang mnáimuil,  
 Do dearcair tré o' rmaointe go leabair-blát;  
 A pearra 'r a gnóimha, 'r a mama gíó' h-aoibinn,  
 Níl tairbe oioó ann aó ion-clár.

Ir dearmao ruigte 'šur feall tráit,  
 Air bhanba éinn-gearrta cóm-cáig;  
 Ní glacac iona cuim tú, ná neac eile oos' rínnpear,  
 Go g-carac ruiré-lionta gaó aba lán.

“Up, heroes, ye valiant and peerless !  
Up, raise the loud war-shout so fearless !  
While bonfires shall blaze, and the bagpipe and trumpet  
Make joyous a land now so cheerless !

“For the troops of King Louis shall aid us;—  
The chains that now gall and degrade us  
Shall crumble to dust, and our bright swords shall  
slaughter  
The wretches whose wiles have betrayed us !”

---

DONOGH O’SULLIVAN’S REPLY TO CONOR  
O’SULLIVAN.

AIR :—“ *The Growling Old Woman.*”

---

That maiden so fair and so slender,  
Whom you saw in your vision of splendor,  
Can give you, alas ! no hope and no fancy  
That Time will not make you surrender.

’Tis a dream that was longtime departed  
That of Banba, the generous-hearted,  
Till the streams and the rivers roll back to their sources,  
The aims of her sons will be thwarted !

1r taitníomac linn gan fóbat o'rágail  
 Ailí banaltara cíoc-geal na o-tríom-óáin;  
 Thug geallamuin vílir le fearaí gac n-óíneac,  
 'Do garrabó gíoiúe-éilíoe an rann-gáir.

Tar calait glar taoine no a n-gleann-m-báin,  
 'Dá o-tagaó vo laoiúeac fíua fhríann-cáin;  
 Bíaó aguinne taoirig ba cáilma a n-ghíom-geil,  
 'Do leagrabó neart raiúe vo gáim-ráin.

Ais bratannaig líomta na n-aball m-blát,  
 Ba fearigac líomta 'na lom-óáil;  
 'So macaíre an cóimearguir dá o-tagaó, vo cíúpeaí  
 'Do Chapolur Stíobair, 'na éoll-óáo!\*

Gé raóa beit íreall a b-ponn rágáin,  
 Ag fearaí le daoire gac tríom-cáin;  
 'Do'o éangal a n-geiblíoc ná rgarabó leat cóitúe,  
 'So o-tagaó vo éaoirig 'so Cionn-t-Sáil!

An rgamal ro líonta vo éióm cáe,  
 An anbhúo Muimíng, gan *power* clát;  
 Ba meara óuit líne ílíocét Chairíl a n-íocétar,  
 Ná earbabó guir píbe, 'sur tiom-pán?

---

\* *Toll-dad.* Topsy-turvy.



We love the Antique and the Olden,  
We gladly glance back to the golden  
And valorful times of our sages and heroes,  
But those shall no more be beholden !

Were Louis to come with his legions  
O'er ocean from France's proud regions,  
There are hosts in the island to meet him in battle,  
Who would scatter his soldiers like pigeons !

The armies of Britain wield ample  
Resources to vanquish and trample.  
Charles Stuart's o'erthrow, should he venture o'er  
hither,  
Will be dreadful beyond all example !

Long you groan under sorrows unspoken—  
But the slumbering band hath not woken,  
Till a nobler Kinsale\* shall atone for the former,  
Your fetters will never be broken !

The cloud hangeth dark o'er our nation;  
Momonía drees black tribulation,  
And worse than the want of your "bagpipes and tim-  
brels"  
Is, alas ! Cashel's deep degradation !

---

\* An allusion to the battle of Kinsale, A.D. 1601

# AISLING AN ATHAR PADRAIC UÍ BHRÍAIN.

Tógfaid ré a tuille 'r bhíon síb,  
 An aisling do éonaic ar Mhóirín;  
     An banaltara b'éagach,  
     Do táil ar gach aois neach,  
 O n'íméig a céile—mo bhíon í!

A cneap mar an rneasta ba mó mhin,  
 A bar faoi na leacain 'r í deór-ghuile;  
     A mama-beag gléiseal,  
     Ag conairc an béarla;  
 Tá rlamad gan triaocá—gan comnuige!

I' é dúbairc an mac-allad do glór-éadain,  
 An b-fuil tú do éola a Mhóirín?  
     Eirgid coir toinne,  
     'Sur deapc ar an daoine,  
 Tá teacht éigainn dar taoide le móir-buirín!

An-rin beid agao-ra do éorruige  
 Aisgion go fairring 'r óir buirde,  
     Mar éabair do na céasta,  
     Tá 'c cneasta 'r a béice,  
 Tá g-cneasta 'r tá g-céara le móir-éior!

THE REV. PATRICK O'BRIEN'S VISION.

---

The marvellous vision I've lately seen  
Will banish, my friend, your sorrow and spleen,  
'Twas her whom her spouse has, alas, forsaken,  
The gay, the good, the kind Moirin!

Her fair smooth skin it shone like snow—  
Her bosom heaved with many a throe,  
That bosom the English wolves have mangled  
And her head reclined on her white arm low

And thus methought I softly spake :—  
Moirin, Moirin, dost thou sleep or wake ?  
O ! look forth seaward, and see what heroes  
Are sailing hither for thy sweet sake !

D ! soon again, shalt thou have, as of old,  
Bright heaps of silver and yellow gold,  
And soon shall thine arm raise up the Fallen,  
Now trampled by Tyranny uncontrolled.

Δτά éanlaic na coille go ró-bínn,  
 Δ n-éinfeacht a feinnim a nótaíde;  
     Go meanamnac, doiaç,  
     Dá inrínt dá céile,  
 Ná beir feaig míc Dé linn a g-cóinnaithe!

Do éualaó dá feinnim ar céol-píib,  
 Go b-fuil Coileac 'r Fíolar ar veómaigeacht;  
     Do píocar na rúile,  
     Ar an n-ouine náir dúitcar,  
 Bheir a suinn a lúntaí na comnuige;

Beir *Hector* 'r *Cæsar* go beól-bínn,  
*Bowler* 'r *Ranger* a geónaithe;  
     'S geaillfíad 'ca ar raotcar,  
     O Chairíoll go béara,  
 Go o-éitíó a n-éinfeacht an óiluithe!

Ann rin go foineac póir-fuigeaí,  
 An ouine náir íleac le Mórín;  
     'S cruinneóac na céanta,  
     Do maicib na h-Einnionn,  
 Go mullaç Chnoic Shéine le céol-rít!

Tuçtar éúgáinn *Punch* a suir beoir ghoirde,  
 'S biootar dá o-tarraig a g-cóinnuithe?  
     Cuir an ainéire ar cáirde  
     Go maision a máiaç;  
 'S gan caraó go brác ná go veó ói!

The very birds of the forest sing  
The prophecy of thy coming Spring—  
    “Gone by,” they warble, “for ever and ever  
Is the anger of the Almighty King!”

I heard the bagpipes playing an air  
Of an Eagle and Cock—a wondrous pair—  
    Who will pick the eyes of a certain man out  
Now throned in London’s regal chair!

My Hector and Cæsar, they rage and fret,  
And Bowler and Ranger howl and sweat;  
    They are coursing from Cashel to broad Berehaven,  
And will rend the hare asunder yet!

And then in Wedlock’s golden chains  
Will the Hero clasp Moirin of the Plains—  
    And Eire’s nobles will all assemble  
On green Cnoc Greine to fairy strains.

Bring hither punch and foaming ale!  
We must not droop, we will not wail!  
    Away with sorrow! and may she never  
Come back to us with her doleful tale!

bé faio do béiré rḡillling am róicín,  
 ní rḡarḡainn le cuiseácta mhóirín;  
     Olḡamaoio rḡáinte,  
     An ḡir atá n-óán oí,  
 Chum cuioiúḡaḡ ḡo bḡác lé, 'r ḡo deó 'ḡir!

Atá cluiḡce le h-imirḡ aḡ móirín,  
 Tuitḡeáḡ an Cuḡata 'r ní bḡón linn;  
     Atá aon-a-harḡ rḡérḡte,  
     'S an ḡiḡ oul ar éiḡin,  
 'S an ḡan-ḡiḡḡain 'na óéiḡ rin a tóḡuiḡeáḡ!

Ann rin pḡeabḡaíḡ ar bóirḡ ríor,  
 An Cionáḡ ir ḡaḡa ḡáoi céó-ḡiaoiḡeáḡ;  
     ḡḡuabḡaíḡ a n-éinḡeáḡ,  
     Na bearḡta le céile,  
 'S bainḡeáḡ rḡillling ḡan baḡḡaḡar, 'r c'ḡiḡinn oíḡḡ!

Beirḡ cḡaipiḡḡe oá n-óéanaḡ aḡ Seoḡḡrin,  
 ḡaoi ḡuaḡim an éaḡaḡ nári cóḡuiḡeáḡ;  
     Beirḡ hata maiḡ béaḡbaiḡ,  
     Ar Ohoḡnall na ḡḡéine,  
 Oá cāḡam ir na rḡéarḡta le móri-ḡḡoiḡe!

ḡo m-bainḡearḡ an bḡíḡḡe oá tóin ríor,  
 An ouine nári mḡian beirḡ aḡ ól oíḡe,  
     ḡaoi ḡuaḡim an rḡéil rin,  
     'S tuille ná oéarḡaḡ;  
 Oá m-beirḡinn-rí ḡan léine! ḡan cóiḡin!



As long as I have a shilling to spend  
My fair Moirin I will ever defend !

Here's now to the health of him who will wed her !  
And guard and guide her as her friend !

Moirin is about to hazard a game,  
The Knave will be beaten with utter shame—

And the King and the Queen—who nobody pities,  
Will fly, and forfeit name and fame.

Then up shall spring on the table so proud  
The Five, long under a darkling cloud—

He will seize on the Crown, and grasp the shilling,  
And win, with the game, the cheers of the Crowd.

Then Georgey will quake, and shake, and bow,  
He is left in the lurch, he discovers now !

But “ Dan of the Sun ” will fling high his beaver  
With a joyous heart and a beaming brow.

Now here's to Moirin, and to her success !  
And may he be stripped of breeches and dress

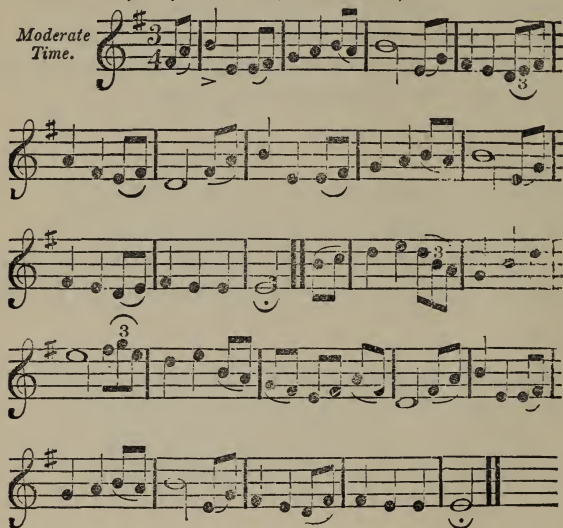
Who would wrong her in aught, whether priest or  
layman,  
Or cause her a moment's pain or distress !

AN ABHAINN LAOI.

EÓGAN (an méirín) Mheic Cárriúais, cct.

Fonh:—Uir. Eirne nī 'neóragh nīa h-í.

Moderate  
Time.



A cumplaét glan éaoim-éio taé éaoim.

Uir-léigionta go líonmhar a n-dán;

Bhúir n-óútráco ag géar-molaó laoi,

(ba íaoéar a n-inntleacé ir fearr)

## THE RIVER LEE.

BY EOGHAN MAC CARTHY (THE SMALL-FINGERED).

AIR:—“*For Eire (Ireland) I'd not tell her Name.*”

The original words to this beautiful air will be found at p. 132 of a volume of “Irish Popular Songs,” edited by Mr. Edward Walsh, and published by Mr. James M'Glashan, from which we quote the first stanza:—

“*A raoir's me tearnamh air neoin,  
Air an taobh thall don teora 'na m-bim;  
Do thaobhnaig an speirbhean am choir,  
D'fhag taomnach. breoidhte, lag, sinn.  
Do gheilleas du meinn 's da clodh,  
Da briathra 's da beol tana, binn;  
Do leimeas fa dhein dul na coir  
'S air Eire ní 'neosfainn cia hí !’*”

“One evening as I happen'd to stray  
By the lands that are bordering on mine,  
A maiden came full on my way,  
Who left me in anguish to pine—  
The slave of the charms, and the mien,  
And the silver-toned voice of the dame,  
To meet her I sped o'er the green;  
Yet for Ireland I'd tell not her name!”

“The pleasant waters of the river Laoi” (Lee) have their source in the romantic lake of Gougane Barra in West Muscraidhe (Muskerry). Spenser describes it as—

“The spreading Lee that, like an island fayre,  
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood.”

The length of the river from its source to the city of Cork has been computed to be twenty-six Irish miles.

Bright Host of the musical tongue,  
Rich Branches of Knowledge's Tree,  
O, why have you left so unsung  
The praise of the blue-billowed Lee?

An lúb-íínoṭac, glé-ḡmortal, mín,  
 1ṛ féile ar bit fíon-uirge cáil ;  
 Sur túirling ṡac réan le na taoib,  
 'Do b'féiríí fá níṡeacṡ neime o'fáṡail.

1ṛ cúbarṡa 'ṛ ar cmaob-ṡorriṡac bíṡean,  
 ṡac ṡaorṡa 'na tímcíoll aṡ fár ;  
 Fá ab'laiṡ, fá ṡaoraiṡ, fá fíon,  
 aṡ claonaṡ ṡo h-íocṡar a tríaṡa !  
 aball-ṡorriṡ fá ṡéaṡab aṡ luiṡe,  
 ar an b-féarí-ṡlar an uair líonaíṡ a m-blát,  
 mar lúb-ṡorriṡ *Hesperia* do bí,  
 'Dá ṡaomnaṡ le ṡmaoiṡeacṡ ar feaṡ ṡpár.

Ba níṡac flaiṡ féile ar ṡac taoib,  
 ṡo féarṡac, ṡo fíonmáí do ṡnát ;  
 'S túirling na cléíṡe o'íonraiṡe,  
 na ṡaorí-fearí ; na tíṡeapaṡa breaṡa ;  
 1ṛ oúbaṡ líom a méim 'ṛ a ṡ-cíor,  
 na ṡtéiṡib dá ṡníom íorí ṡách ;  
 'S an ṡríonṡra an *Altona* 'na luiṡe,  
 náí ṡríeṡ cpeioíom Chríorṡ ar a ṡtác !

The "Church's true son" mentioned in the last stanza of this song was Donchadh Mac Carthaigh (Donogh Mac Carthy) Earl of Clancarty, who lost an estate of £60,000 per annum by his attachment to his unfortunate King James II. He died at Altona, 1734.

The family of Mac Carthy traced their immediate pedigree up to the commencement of the third century, from which period they were the lords of *Deas Mumha*, or South Munster. The great antiquity of this family has been commemorated by Denis Florence MacCarthy, one of Eire's sweetest bards :—

"Montmorenci, Medina, unheard was your rank  
 By the dark eyed Iberian and light-hearted Frank,  
 And your ancestors wandered, obscure and unknown  
 By the smooth Guadalquiver, and sunny Garonne—

That river so shining, so smooth,  
 So famed for both waters and shore !  
 No pleasure were greater, in sooth,  
 Than to dwell on its banks evermore !

Around it the wild flowers blow,  
 And the peaches and plums in the beams  
 Of the sun ripen redly, and grow  
 Even down to the brink of the streams.  
 Each valley, and garden, and bower  
 Shines brightly with apples of gold—  
 'Twould seem that some magical power  
 Renewed here the marvels of old !

And yet, though the Nobles and Priests,  
 And Gaels of both high and low ranks,  
 Tell tales, and indulge in gay feasts  
 On its dark-green and flowery banks,  
 I mourn for the Great who are gone—  
 And who met by the Lee long ago—  
 But most for the Church's true son,  
 Who now in Altona lies low !

Ere Venice had wedded the sea, or enrolled  
 The name of a Doge on the proud book of Gold ;  
 When her glory was all to come on like the morrow,  
 There were chieftains and Kings of the clan of Mac Caura !  
 \* \* \* \*

Mac Caura, the pride of thy house has gone by,  
 But its name cannot fade, and its fame cannot die,  
 Though the Arigideen, with its silver waves, shine  
 Around no green forests or castles of thine,  
 Though the shrines that you founded no incense doth hallow,  
 Nor hymns float in peace down the echoing Allo ;  
 One treasure thou keepest, one hope for the morrow,  
 True hearts yet beat of the clan of Mac Caura."

*The "Clan of Mac Cartha," by D. F. Mac Carthy.*

A most interesting memoir of the Mac Carthys may be seen in the  
 "Green Book," by the late J. C. O'Callaghan, Esq.

## slán chum pàdraic sarséal.\*

A phàdraic Sàirréal rlán go o-tí' tú!  
 O cùaoair do 'n f'hàine 'r do chàmpaib' r'gaoilte,  
 Ag véanaib' do g'eapáin leir na Ríge,  
 'S o'pás tú eir'e 'sur g'aoireil-boict claoirte  
 Och! ochón!

\* Patrick Sarsfield was descended from an ancient family, consisting of several honourable branches, one of which owned the title of Lord Kilmallock. Patrick inherited, from his elder brother, the family castle and estate of Lucan, County Dublin, with £2,000 a year. He first served in France, as Ensign to Monmouth's regiment; then, as Lieutenant to the Guards in England; whence, in 1688, he followed James II. into France. In March, 1689, he accompanied James into Ireland, and was made Colonel of Horse, Brigadier, and Commander of the force appointed to protect Connacht from the Inniskilling or Northern rebels. This he did, till the effects of the unfortunate affair of Newton-Butler, July 31st, and the raising of the blockade of Derry, by the landing of Major-General Kirke's troops from England, compelled him to retire to Athlone. That autumn, however, he retook Sligo, and entirely expelled the enemy from Connacht. In July, 1690, he served as Major-General at the battle of the Boyne. By his noble exhortations, and his memorable surprise of the English battering artillery, ammunition, &c., August 12th, only about seven miles from the besiegers' camp, he mainly contributed to the triumphant defence of Limerick. In December and January, 1690-91, he foiled the military efforts of the English, aided by treachery, to cross the Shannon into Connacht, and was, soon after, made a Lieutenant-General, and ennobled as Earl of Lucan, by James II. In June and July he was at the gallant defence of Athlone, and the fatal, though



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A FAREWELL TO PATRICK SARSFIELD.

---

Farewell, O, Patrick Sarsfield ! May luck be on your path !

Your camp is broken up—your work is marred for years;  
But you go to kindle into flame the king of France's wrath,  
Though you leave sick Eire in tears.  
Och ! ochone !

---

nobly-contested, battle of Aughrim. Soon after he detected, denounced, and arrested, for corresponding with the enemy, his intimate friend and neighbour Colonel Henry Luttrell, of Luttrellstown. But that traitor was either too wary, or too powerful, to be condemned. After the Treaty of Limerick, in October, 1691, to which his Lordship was a chief contracting party, he used all his influence to make as many as possible of the Irish adhere to the cause of James, and accompanied the national army to France ; thus sacrificing to his loyalty his fine estates, and the best prospects of advancement from William III. In 1692 he was appointed by James to the command of his Second Troop of Irish Horse-Guards—the King's son, the Duke of Berwick, having the First Troop. In the defeat at Steenkirk, in July, 1692, of the English and Allies, under William III., by the French, under the celebrated Marshal de Luxembourg, Lord Lucan was complimented by the Marshal, for having acted in a manner worthy of his military reputation in Ireland. In March, 1693, his Lordship was created *Maréchal-de-Camp*, by Louis XIV. ; and at the great overthrow, in July, of the Allies under William III., by Luxembourg, at the battle of Landen, he received his death-wound. Lord Lucan's character may be comprised in the words, simplicity, disinterestedness, honour, loyalty, and bravery. In person, he was a man of prodigious size. By his wife Honora de Burgo, second daughter to William, seventh Earl of Clanrickard, he left one son, who, after serving under his illustrious stepfather, the Marshal Duke of Berwick, died in Flanders, without issue.

A Phádraic Sáinnéal is ouine le Dia tú  
 is beannaigíte an talam; ar fíúbaíl tú maí ari;  
 Go m-beannaighe an Shealaó gheal 'r an Ghrian ouit,\*  
 O éus tú an lá o láma Ríó William leat.

Och ! etc.

A Phádraic 'Sáinnéal suíde gac n-ouine leat,  
 Mo suíde-rí féin 'r suíde míc Muirne leat;  
 O éois tú an t-At-Caol† as gabáil tpe bhiorra ouit,  
 'S gur as Cuíllinn O' g-Cuanac‡ buaóas leat luimneac.

Och ! etc.

\* *Go m-beannaighe an Ghealach gheal's an Ghrian duit*, i.e., May the bright Sun and Moon bless thee, a mode of salutation not found in ancient Irish compositions.

† *At Caol*, Narrow Ford, the name of the castle guarding the passage over the *Little Brosna* river at Birr (or Parsonstown), King's County.

‡ At Ballyneety (*Baile an Fhaoitig*, i.e., the town of the Whites), near Cullen, he surprised the great Williamite convoy, to the loss of which the raising of the siege of Limerick is mainly attributable. David Bruoder, a cotemporary poet, commemorates the event in a ballad of twenty-five stanzas, from which we extract the following :—

" *An tan do thiomsuig pearsa an Phrionnsa,  
 Neart a thruip's a airneise;  
 Timchioll innill Inse Sionna,  
 'S Muimhnig uile fa mheala;  
 Níor fhag bumba, bad na uma,  
 Na ban bonn da b-pras-ghreithibh,  
 A m-Baile an Fhaoitig gan a sgaoile,  
 Mar ghal coinnle a n-dail speire.*

" *Do shuíl nach crionfadh clu na sgríbe,  
 Fuigfíod fillte a b-paípearaidh  
 Tuairm aithne air 'uair na faille'  
 Fuair an seabhac slan-easgadh  
 Se chead foghmhar, míle's nochad,  
 Aois nach onna tath-eifíocht.  
 'Bliaghna an Choimhdhe, d'fhiad s n aoine  
 P'an is ainnsin nach eidir."*

May the white sun and moon rain glory on your head,  
 All hero, as you are, and holy Man of God !  
 To you the Saxons owe a many an hour of dread,  
 In the land you have often trod.  
 Och ! ochone !

The Son of Mary guard you and bless you to the end !  
 'Tis altered is the time since your legions were astir,  
 When, at Cullen, you were hailed as the Conqueror and  
 Friend,  
 And you crossed Narrow-water, near Birr.\*  
 Och ! ochone !

---

\* Sarsfield was at Birr in the spring of 1689, when deputed by the Duke of Tyrconnell to inspect the national troops there ; and also in September, 1690, when the Castle was attacked by the Duke of Berwick.

" All Momonia was stricken with sorrow,  
 When the Prince did, without restraint,  
 Muster his mighty troops and artillery  
 On the borders of Inishannon ;  
 But Sarsfield left not a bomb, boat, or mortar,  
 Or a farthing's worth of their brass equipments  
 Without scattering them in Ballyneety,  
 As the wind extinguishes the flame of a candle.

" That this event might not be forgotten,  
 I will leave recorded the time and place  
 Of the victory gained by our gallant hero.  
 Six hundred autumns, one thousand, and ninety  
 Have elapsed, since the Man-God suffered, on Friday,  
 A most dreadful pain and penalty."

Seabao-ra riap an rliab-ra am aonar,  
 S géabao a mar a nír már féioir;  
 h ann do éonaric mé an éampa saod'lach,  
 An rneam boct rilte nári éuir le na céile.

Och! etc.

brire na Cruimminne\* 'r brire na Boinne,†  
 'S an trímúgað brire as móta Shráinne óige;‡  
 An ceatramaoð brire an Eac-Ohrum via-Doimnaig,  
 'S buaileas buille órum oruinn as Tobar an Doimnaig,  
 Och! etc.

Mo éúig céao rlan éúgaib a hallaoi luimnið,  
 'S cum na buirni áluinn do bí 'nári g-cuirdeactað;  
 Bhréac teinte cnáma 'suinn, ir cáirtaige imearcta,  
 'S briacta Dé rá léagað go minic dúinn.

Och! etc.

\* No details of this affair at *Cruimmin* have reached us. It was probably some local event of the Rapparee, or Guerilla warfare, between the campaign of 1689 and 1690.

† The army of King James at the Boyne, was only from twenty to twenty-three thousand men, with six field-pieces. William's army contained between forty and fifty thousand men (vastly superior to their opponents in equipments and discipline), with from fifty to sixty heavy cannon, exclusive of field mortars. Yet James's army had none of their cannon captured, and but one pair of colours (if we may credit the hostile accounts, which *falsely* claim the capture of two more), and is admitted to have made an honourable retreat. On William's side, the battle was fought almost entirely by his Continental auxiliaries; his army being composed of men from ten European nations.

‡ The rout at the Moat at Greenoge, in the spring of 1691, was pro-

I'll journey to the North, over mount, moor, and wave.

'Twas there I first beheld, drawn up in file and line,  
The brilliant Irish hosts—they were the bravest of the  
Brave!

But, alas! they scorned to combine!

Och! ochone!

I saw the royal Boyne, when its billows flashed with blood,

I fought at Graine Og, where a thousand horsemen fell;  
On the dark, empurpled field of Aughrim,\* too I stood,

On the plain by Tubberdonny's Well.†

Och! ochone!

To the heroes of Limerick, the City of the Fights,

Be my best blessing, borne on the wings of the air!

We had card-playing there, o'er our camp fires at night,

And the Word of Life, too, and prayer.

Och! ochone!

---

bably owing to the Irish there having been under such a commander as Clifford, who, in the following September, caused the fall of Limerick, by allowing the enemy to cross the Shannon.

\* The battle of Aughrim (*Cath Eachdhruim*), was fought on Sunday, 12th July, 1691. The Irish army, under Lieutenant-General St. Ruth, consisted of about 15,000 men, and its artillery of nine field-pieces. The Williamite army, under Baron de Ginkell, amounted to between twenty and thirty thousand men, with a vastly superior artillery. Up to the death of St. Ruth, about sunset, the engagement was so much in favour of the Irish, that it is generally considered that the loss of their General alone prevented them obtaining a complete victory.

In this action, as at the Boyne (*Boinn*), William's force was mostly composed of Continental troops. James's army, with the exception of a few French officers, was entirely Irish.

† *Tobar an Domhnaigh* (Tubberdonny), situated in the County of Louth,

A lunoain Doine\* bolgac cúgao-ra  
 Ain nóir na rgaile ain lapa le púgaoir :  
 'S a liaét farraire fada pionn-lúbač,  
 San forr' ó 'n n-gaoit, 'ná cmao dá g-cúmoac !  
 Och ! etc.

Do bí mé ain rliab la breagha gréine  
 Do conaig na Sagraannaic a b-počair a céile ;  
 An cóir capall ba deire bí n-eire,  
 O' ! coiméao dam na boaois go m-bainfeao ge arao ?  
 Och ! etc.

Ir iomda faigtoir meaghač, meanamnač,  
 Do gaib an t-rliže-r le reat reatmuine ;  
 Fae gnao, fae piceao, fae cloioeam cinn airgto,  
 Aet tá rao rinte rior an Eac-oiruim !  
 Och ! etc.

---

about two and a half miles from the towns of Dunleer and Ardee respectively, and nine miles from Drogheda. We cannot name the occurrence which the poet refers to ; but in other versions of this song, current in Munster, the line runs thus :—"Do chailleamair an Franncach an ceannphuirt ba mho 'guinn"—"We have lost the Frenchman, our greatest bulwark"—which evidently refers to St. Ruth.



---

But, for you, Londonderry, may plague smite and slay

Your people!—May Ruin desolate you, stone by stone!  
Through you a many a gallant youth lies coffinless to-day,  
With the winds for mourners alone!

Och ! ochone !

I clomb the high hill on a fair summer noon,

And saw the Saxon muster, clad in armour, blinding  
bright.

Oh, rage withheld my hand, or gunsman and dragoon  
Should have supped with Satan that night!

Och ! ochone !

How many a noble soldier, how many a cavalier,

Careered along this road, seven fleeting weeks ago,  
With silver-hilted sword, with matchlock, and with spear,  
Who now, *mo bhron*,† lieth low!

Och ! ochone !

---

\* For an account of the monstrous exaggerations to which the boasted defence of Derry has been indebted for so much unmerited celebrity, see O'Callaghan's *Green Book*, p. 78.

† *Mo bhron*, pronounced *mo vrone*, literally, my sorrow.

Cia rúo tall ari énoc bheinn-Eirí?\*

Sáizoirí boct mé le Rí Sámur;

Do bí mé a nuiríais a n-arm 'r a n-éasac,

Adt'táim h-bliagha ag iarraid óirice!

Och! etc.

Ir é mo éreac mar do cáilleamair Diaimuro,

Bhí ceann an ríadairíe ari halbairt iarriunn;

Bhí a feoil dá ríaca 'r a briaac dá ríallac,

'S gan págail áiríac 'ge dá b-ríagac ré Dia ari!

Och! etc.

Ir é mo éreac-ra an ríaríe dá tógban,

An dá fearíe óeas do bí ór cionn feóirach;

Mo óiar óearíabríacar ar íao ir gíeó líom.

Adt mo cúig céao óíot cúirí Diaimuro an t-óig-fearí!

Och! etc.

Do cuireac an céao bñre oiríunn ag oiríceao na Boinne,

An óara bñre ag oiríceao na Sláinge†

An trímíagac bñre an Eac-óruim Uí Cheallai

'S Eiríe cúbaríe mo cúig céao ríán leat!

Och! etc.

---

\* *Beinn Eidir*, now the Hill of Howth.

† There is no account of any fighting at the Slaney, during the War of the Revolution in Ireland; perhaps the allusion is but an interpoliation, as this was taken down from the lips of the peasantry.

All hail to thee, Beinn Eadair ! But, ah ! on thy brow  
I see a limping soldier, who battled, and who bled  
Last year in the cause of the Stuart, though now  
The worthy is begging his bread !  
Och ! ochone !

And *Diarmuid* ! oh, *Diarmuid* ! he perished in the strife,\*  
His head it was spiked on a halbert high ;  
His colours they were trampled ; he had no chance of life ;  
If the Lord God himself stood by !  
Och ! ochone !

But most, oh, my woe ! I lament, and lament  
For the ten valiant heroes who dwelt nigh the Nore ;  
And my three blessed brothers ! They left me, and they  
went  
To the wars, and returned no more !  
Och ! ochone !

On the Bridge of the Boyne was our first overthrow ;  
By Slaney, the next, for we battled without rest !  
The third was at Aughrim. Oh, Eire ! thy woe  
Is a sword in my bleeding breast !  
Och ! ochone !

---

\* It is probable that *Diarmuid* was a Rapparee, or Irish Guerilla ; for whose head the Williamite government gave two pounds sterling.

An uair laḡ an teac bí an deatac v́ar múcad,  
 'S clann bhil bhradaig\* v́ar n-ghera le púgar;  
 Níl don *Volley-shot* dá rḡaoilroir fúinne,  
 Ná riarraideac *Colonel Mitchel*† ar leasac *Lord Lucan*!  
 Och! etc.

Tá learpúgar ag O'Ceallaiḡ‡ nac ḡaimín ná fuigleac,  
 Acḡ raigroimíre tara déanacḡ ḡairḡe le píceac;  
 A págarac iad a n-Éac-óruim na rraḡannaḡ rínḡe,  
 Mar bheideac feoil cāpail ag maḡraíre dá rraoile!  
 Och! etc.

Ann rúo acá ríac bárr uairle Eimonn  
 Duicíre, búricaig,§ 'r mac Ríḡ Séamur;  
 Captaoin Talbóro cpoíre na féile,  
 'S páraiaic Sáiréal! ḡraḡ ban Eimonn.  
 Och! ochón!

\* The poet here calls the Williamite soldiers "*The Sons of Billy the Thief*."

† Colonel John Michelburne, Governor of Derry, who commanded a regiment of foot in William's service in Ireland.

‡ Colonel Charles O'Kelly, author of the "*Macarice Excidium*," or, perhaps, his son Captain Denis O'Kelly, who commanded a troop in Lord Galmoy's regiment of horse at Aughrim, and had a horse shot under him at that battle.

§ Of the De Burgos, or Burkes, of Norman, or French origin, five noblemen fought for King James, viz., Lords Clanrickard, Castleconnell, Brittas, Bophin, and Galway. The son of royal James alluded to, is

O ! the roof above our heads it was barbarously fired,  
 While the black Orange guns blazed and bellowed around !  
 And as volley followed volley, Colonel Mitchel inquired  
 Whether Lucan still stood his ground.  
 Och ! ochone !

But O'Kelly still remains, to defy and to toil ;  
 He has memories that Hell won't permit him to forget,  
 And a sword that will make the blue blood flow like oil  
 Upon many an Aughrim yet !  
 Och ! ochone !

And I never shall believe that my fatherland can fall,  
 With the Burkes, and the Dukes, and the son of Royal  
 James ;  
 And Talbot the Captain, and Sarsfield, above all  
 The beloved of damsels and dames.  
 Och ! ochone !

---

the famous James Fitz James, Duke of Berwick, and subsequently Marshal, Duke, and Peer of France.

The following stanza, which should come in as the sixteenth in the song, was not versified by Mangan. We subjoin it here, with a literal translation :—

“ *Cia sud tall ag dorus na ceardcha ?  
 Na ceil air Rìgh Uilliam e, mise Brian laidir,  
 Fan ad sheasamh a bhodaig go g-caithfidh gran leat,  
 A ghiolla na praisge nì bh-facfaid go brath leat.*

“ Who is that halting at the forge door ?  
 Hide it not from King William—I am Brian the Stalwart ;  
 Stand, you churl, till I have a shot at you ;  
 But, you stirabout pot-licker, I'll not mind you.”

# bruach na carraige baine

Fonn:—Bruac na Carraige Báine.

*Soft, and  
somewhat  
Slow.*

Síar coir abain gan bhréig, gan dobat,  
 Acá'n aingirí éim-tair, mánlaó;  
 'Níar gile a com 'ná Ala air an o-tonn,  
 O batair go bonn a bhróige!



## THE BRINK OF THE WHITE ROCK.

TRANSLATED BY COLONEL BLACKER.

---

BRUACH NA CARRAIGE BAINE.—Bruach and Carrick are the names of two townlands lying contiguous to each other on the river Bann, and forming a part of the demesne of Carrick Blacker, an ancient seat of the Blacker family, near Portadown, in the county of Armagh.

As the family residence was changed to this particular locality from another part of the property, on the marriage of William Blacker, Esq., with Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Colonel Robert Stuart, of the Irry, county Tyrone, and granddaughter of the first Lord Castlestewart, about, or shortly previous to, the year 1666, and as the subjoined poem coincides in its general structure and style with that period (being at least a century older than the succeeding effusion), there can be little difficulty in affixing very nearly a date to its composition as an *Epithalamium*, or “welcome home” song.

To their successor in the fifth generation, Colonel Blacker, the present proprietor of Carrick Blacker, we owe the following very graceful, as well as close translation. It may be added, however, that the title “Braes of Carrick-Bann,” adopted by the translator, does not correctly represent the Irish title, which should be “The Brink of the White Rock.”

---

By yonder stream a maiden dwells,  
Who every other maid excels;  
Less fair the swan, in snowy pride,  
That graceful stems sweet Banna's tide.

1r í an rtaio-bean í do éiríodais mo éiríodé,  
 'S o' fás m' innninn bhrónaó,  
 Léigior le fásail, ní'l agam sa bhrá,  
 O dúiltair mo shráó seail daíra!

Do b'feairi liom féin 'ná Eiríe móir,  
 'S ná fadóbhior Ríó na Sbíinne!  
 So m-beirínn-rí 'r tura a lúb na rinne,  
 A g-coillte a bhráó ó ár g-cáirne;  
 Tura 'sur mire a beir póroa, a shráó,  
 Le don-toil aóar 'r mátar,  
 A máigíon ós 'r míre póg,  
 Shian na Cairge báine!

1r léanmair mo éiríur le tréimre gan ruóar,  
 1r baógaláó so g-cuirfeair cum fásain me!  
 Le géar-feairc do'n bhrúingíoll 1r néata ran éirínné,  
 'Do éirí cearta air uiréarbaó pláinte!  
 'Do bí a h-éadan mar luirne na shéine tre éiríodá,  
 Téir éanlaic cum ruóair le le shráó ói;  
 Tagan tréin-fíri 'r mógte tar tréan-muir da h-ámarc,  
 1r í Shian na Cairge báine!

'Do b'í *Helen* an aingíri éirí an Trae fóir na laraí,  
 Ba néata mar labairí fáió!  
 Cuir *Ajax* 'r *Achill*, 'r na tréin-fíri cum caó,  
 'mo léan, 1r lé coilleaó na ráir-fíri!

The leech in vain would seek to cure  
The pangs of soul that I endure,  
Since of each joy and hope bereft,  
That stately fair my sight has left.

Dear is my native isle, but she  
That maid is dearer far to me ;  
To me her favour greater gain  
Than all the boasted wealth of Spain.  
Fair-hair'd object of my love,  
I would that in some happy grove  
'Twere mine to hail thee as my bride,  
Of Carrick Braes the virgin pride.

But, oh ! forbidden for a while  
To revel in that sunny smile,  
I seek some distant forest gloom,  
To mourn in heaviness my doom,  
And hear the wild birds warbling sing ;  
While o'er the seas come Prince and King  
In hopes to bask beneath the rays  
Of her, the Sun of Carrick Braes.

The lovely Queen, whose fatal charms  
Call'd Greece's bravest sons to arms  
(Historic bards record their names  
Who wrapp'd the stately Troy in flames),

Do m' an r'péiribean lé an báiri a m-béara 'r a b-pearra,  
 'S 'dob' éisíon dóib' cara tar fáile,  
 A géile do 'n aingiri a g-cláir na banba,  
 Air bhruac na Cairge báine !\*

Do maóainn le m' buirdean tar fairge a loing,  
 'S do éuirpinn mo rmuainte a o-táct oí ;  
 Oá párgaó le m' émoróe air áro-leabaó m'ín,  
 'S ní rgarrainn le m' fáogal ar r'cát lé !  
 Raóao gan móill a n-aim an Rí,  
 Tá ceannar oá o'muim le fágal oam,  
 Fíllfeao air fá coimhic ná naoim  
 Go bhruac na Cairge báine !

A b'uingiolll gan teimíol do buaóais taitníom mo émoróe,  
 'Nar binne do laoróe 'ná 'n cláirpíoc ;  
 Nar géile do gnaoi ná rneacta air an g-craoib,  
 Le o' m'ail-piorg g'pinn do éráóair me !  
 Fíll oim a pír le taitníom gan móill,  
 'S tabairfar o'muinn o'uit páraim.  
 Cairíom air raoigéal a b-foóar air n-gaoróeal,  
 Air bhruac na Cairge báine !

I' méinn liom rgarao ó gaó raoğaltaó air talaim,  
 Le géar-fearic do o' p'earrainn a r'cáir-bean ;  
 Níor baogal o'uit mairg, le o' fáogal oá mairpín,  
 Ní éiréirín air a b-feacaó o' m'náib tu !

Less worthy than this maid by far,  
To bid those heroes rush to war;  
The heart more willing homage pays  
To Banna's maid, on Carrick Braes.

With her I'd roam o'er ocean's wave,  
And ne'er to part each danger brave;  
And as I pressed her to my heart,  
My soul's most inward thoughts impart.  
But now I'll seek to win a name—  
A soldier—on the field of fame,  
In hopes, returning crowned with praise,  
To win the gem of Carrick Braes.

Oh, peerless maid, without a stain,  
Whose song transcends the harper's strain;  
Whose radiant eyes their glances throw  
From features like the driven snow;  
Return, return, without delay,  
While I atoning homage pay,  
And let us spend our blissful days  
'Mid those we love on Carrick Braes.

Oh, were each earthly treasure mine,  
For thee I would it all resign;  
Each fond regret my ardent love  
Shall place my dear one far above.

Τριῶν ἑὸν καὶ καὶε μὰ ῥ' ἑὸν ἑὸν μο ῥεῖρα  
 Τὰ μεῖν ῥ' ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν,  
 ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν—μὰ ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν,  
 ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν!

ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν,  
 ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν;  
 ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν,  
 ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν,  
 ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν;  
 ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν,  
 ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν ἑὸν!



Come, maiden, where, beyond the sea,  
Both health and riches wait on thee ;  
Repress each lingering thought that stays  
On home, and friends, and Carrick Braes.

Lov'd charmer of the flaxen hair,  
I'll deck thee forth with anxious care ;  
All dressed in silken sheen so fine,  
The costliest in the land to shine ;  
Unnumber'd herds shall low for thee,  
Her honey store prepare, the bee ;  
While rings of gold adorn thy hands,  
And menials wait on thy commands ;  
And friends behold, in fond amaze,  
Thy splendour upon Carrick Braes.

# A RAIBH TU AG AN Ț-CARRAIG?

Fonn:—A raib tu ag an Ț-Carrraig.



A raib tú ag an Ț-Carrraig 'r a b-feacaó tú féin mo ȡráó?  
 A b-feacaó tú ȡile, 'ȡur rinne 'ȡur rȡéim na mná?

---

HAVE YOU BEEN AT CARRICK?

---

The Irish text of this song (slightly altered), together with the translation by the late Edward Walsh, has been copied from Walsh's "Irish Popular Songs." Published by M'Glashan : Dublin, 1847.

It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Dominic O'Mongan, or Mungan, and was composed early in the last century, for a celebrated beauty of her day; Eliza Blacker, of Carrick, County of Armagh, who became afterwards Lady Dunkin, of Upper Clogher Court, Bushmills, County of Antrim, now called Dunderave Castle, and still held by her grandson, Sir Edmund Workman MacNaghten, Bart., M.P. for that County.

Miss Blacker was the eldest daughter of William Blacker, Esq., of Carrick, by his wife Letitia, sister and co-heiress of the Right Honorable Edward Cary, of Dungiven Castle, M.P. for the County of Londonderry, and the great-grand-daughter of the parties mentioned in the introduction to the preceding poem. The present house of Carrick (or Carrick Blacker) beautifully situated on the river Bann, is the ancient seat of the Blacker family. The building, commenced previous to the Revolution of 1688-9, was not finished until 1692. It is about a mile and a-half from Portadown, and now the residence of Lieut.-Col. William Blacker, D.L., the present head and representative of this family.

Dominic O'Mongan was a gentleman Bard, who was blind from his birth, and a native of the County of Tyrone. Bunting notices him at p. 78 of his *Ancient Music of Ireland*, to which we refer the reader.

---

Have you been at Carrick, and saw you my true-love  
there?

And saw you her features, all beautiful, bright, and fair?

Δ β-ρεααὸ τὺ 'n τ-αball ba cúbhaḡ 'r ba mílre blát?  
 Δ β-ρεααὸ τὺ mo *Valentine*, no a β-φuil rí oá claoiḡ  
 maḡ 'táim?

'Oo bíor aḡ an ḡ-Carraig, 'r 'oo éonairc mé ann 'oo ḡráḡ;  
 'Oo éonairc mé ḡile, 'ḡur rinne, 'ḡur rḡéim na mná;  
 'Oo éonairc mé 'n τ-αball ba cúbhaḡ 'r ba mílre blát,  
 'Oo éonairc mé 'oo *Valentine*, 'r ní'l rí oá claoiḡ' maḡ  
 'táir!

\* \* \* \* \*

Nuair bím-rí am éoḡla bíon oḡnaḡ ḡan bḡéiḡ am éliaḡ,  
 'S mé 'm luigḡ ioir énoaib ḡo o-ḡiḡeaḡ an ḡrḡin a niaḡ  
 Δ rúin oíl 'r a éoḡair, ní'l foḡtaḡt mo éúir aḡt 'Dia,  
 S ḡo n-oearinaḡ loḡ fola 'oo folaḡ mo fúl aḡ oiaḡ!

Nó ḡo o-ḡiḡiḡ an éairḡ air láir an fḡḡmair buirḡ  
 'S la feile páḡraic lá nó oó'na oiaḡ;  
 ḡo b-fáraḡ an blát bán ḡre láir mo éómaḡ éaoil,  
 páirḡ ooo ḡráḡ ḡo bḡát nī caḡarraḡ 'oo mnaoi!

Siúo í ríor an Ríog-bean áluinn óḡ,  
 Δ β-φuil a ḡruaiḡ rḡaoilte ríor ḡo beál a bḡḡḡ;  
 Ir í 'n eaḡa í maḡ líḡir 'oo ríolḡaḡ ó 'n τ-ráp-φuil móir,  
 Δ éariaḡ ḡeal mo époirḡ rḡiḡ, céaḡ míle fáilte ríómaḡ!

Saw you the most fragrant, flow'ring, sweet apple-tree?—  
O! saw you my lov'd one, and pines she in grief, like  
me?

I have been at Carrick, and saw thy own true love there;  
And saw, too, her features, all beautiful, bright, and fair;  
And saw the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-tree—  
I saw thy lov'd one—she pines not in grief, like thee!

\* \* \* \* \*

When seeking to slumber, my bosom is rent with sighs—  
I toss on my pillow till morning's blest beams arise;  
No aid, bright beloved! can reach me save GOD above  
For a blood-lake is form'd of the light of my eyes with  
love!

Until yellow Autumn shall usher the Paschal day,  
And Patrick's gay festival come in its train alway—  
Until through my coffin the blossoming boughs shall  
grow,  
My love on another I'll never in life bestow!

Lo! yonder the maiden illustrious, queen-like, high,  
With long-flowing tresses, adown to her sandal-tie;  
Swan, fair as the lily, descended of high degree,  
A myriad of welcomes, dear maid of my heart, to thee!

## Fonn:—Bruach na Carraige Báine.

*Gently,  
but not  
Slow.*

*m. f.*

*p*

*Cres.* *Dim.* *Cres.*

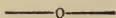
*f* *m. f.*

*Dim.* *p*

As our little volume has now drawn to a close, we cannot allow this page to remain blank, and therefore present our readers with another setting of that beautiful air *Bruach na Carraige Báine* (the “Brink of the White Rock”), at p. 336; and with it we take leave of our kind patrons for the present.



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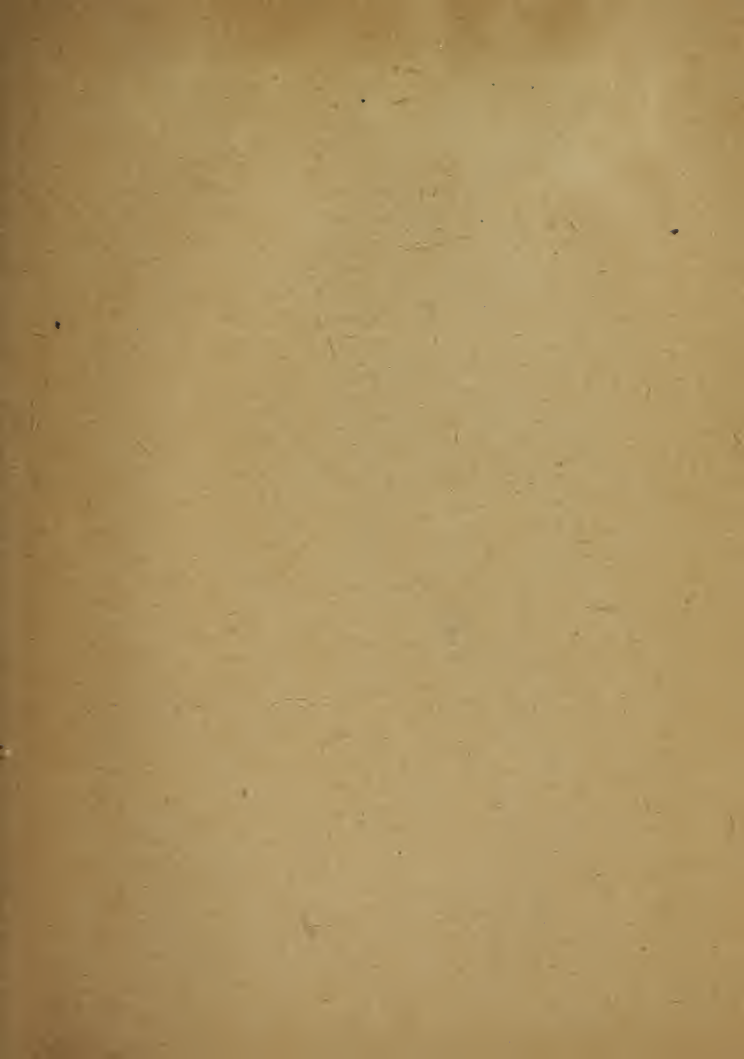
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